WEEK ENDING AUG. 4, 1928

5c

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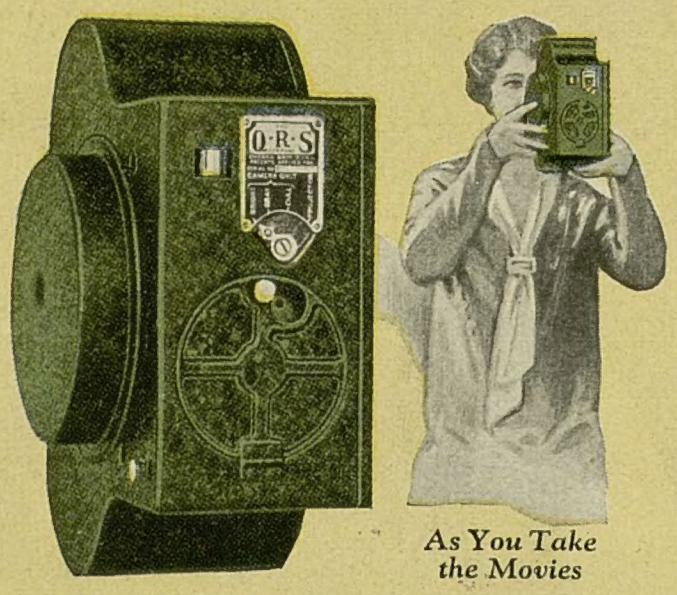

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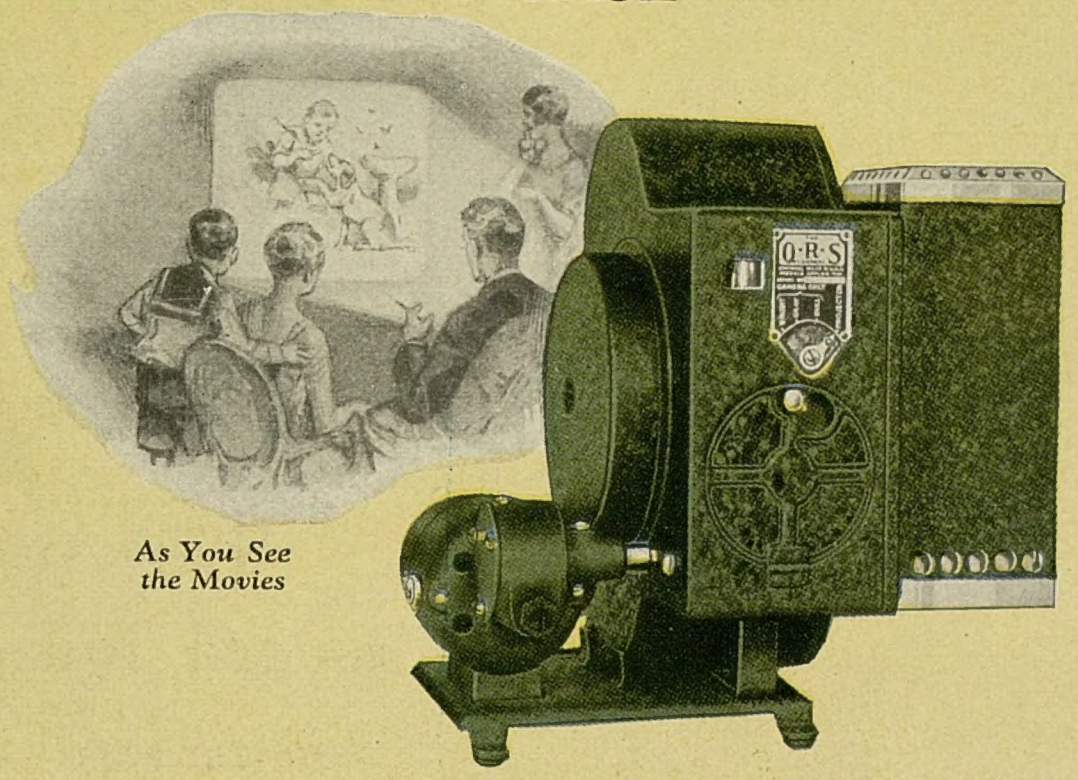

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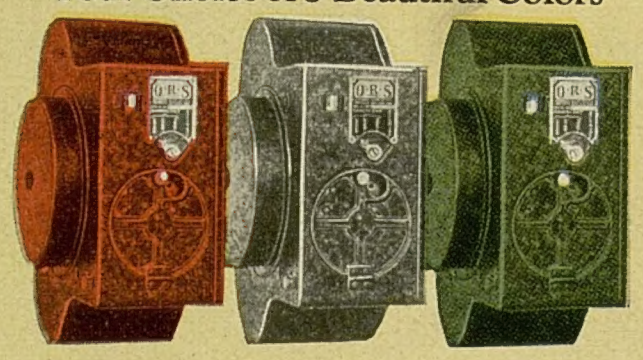

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

AUG. 4, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 31

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

WHY WE PRINT SO MANY WAR STORIES

Ten years ago this week the great offensive of the Allies was under way. Ten years ago this week the French and Americans entered Fère-en-Tardenois. Ten years ago Thursday the French took Soissons. Ten years ago Saturday the Americans occupied Fismes and the Germans retreated across the Vesle.

The war was at its climax. It was the beginning of the end.

Now, in 1928, some of our readers wonder why we talk so much about war. Well, it seems to us that at this time the topic makes perhaps its widest appeal.

Just about now there is a sort of pleasant haze about the war. Its horrors are in some degree forgotten. Those who took part in it are still young enough to be interested in reminiscence: it has not had time to become reminuisance.

Some of us remember when Grandfather, a member of the G. A. R. or the Confederate Veterans, sat around of an evening talking about Shiloh. He

> Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
> Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.

—whereupon yawns came to young faces.

That happens when war is in the sere and yellow leaf. This is a young war. It will be sere and yellow in 1958 or thereafter.

However, we think this will be the last great outburst of interest in what we now call the World War. "Ten years ago today" means something. Seventeen or eighteen is less interesting. By the time the twentieth anniversaries have arrived we shall be occupied with other matters.

We are going to have shortly two very interesting articles on the first Battle of the Marne. One is about Joffre; the other by the German historian Emil Ludwig.

It seems foolish to have two such articles unless we have our perspective right.

The Marne was one of the greatest battles in history. If Creasy were writing again he would revise his list of Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World to include the Battle of the Marne.

Until they were stopped at the Marne the Germans' march was almost unimpeded. If the Marne had gone differently it is hard to see how the French Republic could have survived.

This battle prevented William II from swelling around Europe for twenty years as a second Napoleon. No doubt he would have been looked upon as greater than Napoleon.

The course of history could hardly have undergone a more important change than that which was headed off by France's absurd, immortal taxicab army. What it would have meant to the United States of America can only be conjectured. It cannot well be exaggerated.

So we are not dismayed when we receive letters asking why we continue to print so many war stories. The reason is that they interest a vast number of people who are now, and for the next fifteen years will be, in the very prime of their lives. And why not? We have been seeing at close range as great events, in kind, as have ever taken place.

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MADE IN BILLIONS FOR AMERICA'S MILLIONS

Meet the DUCHESS

A Story of Love Among the Movies

By

DIXIE WILLSON

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

(Reading time: 31 minutes 18 seconds.)

ONE noon in the famous Restaurant Marchese, a man in pale cream striped pajamas sat at a table ordering luncheon. He ordered crab meat, iced coffee, and two pieces of lemon pie.

A bald-headed, fat, perspiring gentleman in a tan business suit sat at the next table fussing with a calendar.

"Is it the tenth of January?" he asked the waitress. "Yes, it is," he answered himself.

An orchestra in a gold balcony was playing jazz. Cigarette smoke floated in hazy colors through strips of light from odd shaped colored windows. Across the front of the restaurant, behind a railing of black velvet rope, two lines of people, waiting for tables, were staring at the gentleman in pajamas, trying to hear what he ordered.

A handsome man is not concerned by staring people. Edmonde André knew that wherever he went people were watching him and asking each other, "Who is the distinguished looking, dark, handsome man with the foreign eyes?"

The waitress knocked against his chair.

"I beg your pardon," she said.

She had a voice that made you look to see who was speaking: "youah—pahdon," a soft, lazy drawl.

Edmonde André looked up. She was very pretty—a fluff of short red curls, eyes dark blue, slanting almost, a little triangular cleft in her chin.

"New waitress," Edmonde André said to the fat man with the calendar.

"Thought so," the fat one said. "Served Hollandaise instead of butter with my artichoke!"

Silk draperies against the walls moved in a breeze from French doors that were wide open, under the gold balcony—into a patio—a fountain playing in a pool in a black tile floor, and on a bronze bar across a coconut palm tree, a cockatoo strutting orange and scarlet feathers against a sky as blue as an artist's painting.

At a table near the open doors six men in penitentiary stripes were clowning with a set of false whiskers. The people behind the velvet rope pushed and crowded to see what everyone was laughing at.

A little old lady with a poke bonnet and white curls, lace mitts, black lace hoops, and pantalets, came past the lines of people waiting, came inside the rope, and one of the waitresses showed her where a table for one was marked "Reserved." She turned her hoops sideways to get between the tables, lifted ruffles of lace so she could pass the crowded chairs.

"Hello, Babe," one of the men in penitentiary suits called to her. "Was it you lost a diamond ring this morning?"

"Hell, no!" she said. "I never had one!" She hung a flowered bag over the back of the chair at the table marked "Reserved."

"Want to go stepping tonight?" the man in penitentiary stripes asked her. "Redondo or somewhere?"

"I'm working all night tonight," she said.

In a paradise of mountains, blue sky, and blue sea is a little world as gossamer as a cobweb in the morning, yet as real as roast beef and brown gravy on Sunday! It is Hollywood.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"TOO bad they don't feature you according to how the women look at you," he said.

[MEET THE DUCHESS
Continued from page seven]

"They're going to finish The Court of King Louis tonight," she said. "I'm doing the crippled boy troubadour. The boss likes the limp I do."

She untied her bonnet and took it off. The white curls came off too, fastened to the bonnet, and then she had short, sleek brown hair and impudent eyes.

"Save up twenty dollars and take me to Sebastian's big night tomorrow at the Cotton Club," she said to the man who had asked her to Redondo. She told the waitress she wanted frankfurters and sauerkraut.

ON a business boulevard in Hollywood is the famous Restaurant Marchese, across the street from an office building three blocks long, four stories high, and sixty feet wide, a building made for the mahogany desks and velvet carpets of the offices of the Super-Films Corporation, and behind which a factory is making dreams.

Bring back the past! Capture the present! Foresee the future like a loom turning out a hank of wool!

Behind that "wall" are the streets, gardens, carpenters' shops, and huge dreary barns of covered stages of a studio—the scattered scraps of Coney Island, a pyramid of Egypt, the campus of Vassar, Cæsar's palace, the village of New York in 1650, the poppy fields of Flanders, Main Street in Mars—

And where you who have to see it cannot miss it—the Daily Call:

Picture No. 902. The Royal Kiss. Director, Haskins.
Ready to work at 9 A. M. Int. French cathedral. Stg. No. 1.
Estelle Taylor. Dinner gown. Hairdresser.
12 nuns. 20 peasants. 1 beggar. 1 gendarme. Musicians. One hundred French Revolutionists ready to leave studio at 7 P. M. for Pasadena.

Picture No. 903. Prisoners. Director, Jarvis Hall.
Weather permitting, ready to work at the ranch at 9 A. M. Ext. Western cabin.
Jack Holt. 12 Indians. 40 horses. Penitentiary road gang.
In case bad weather, ready to work at 9 A. M.
Int. Bar Y Saloon. Stg. No. 8.

Picture No. 904. Captain Romance. Director, John French.
Ready to work at 11 A. M. Int. Library. Safe and desk. Stg. No. 7.
Florence Vidor. Hairdresser.
1 maid. 1 butler. 2 men in cutaways.

Picture No. 905. Three Miles to Heaven. Director, Meggs.
Ready to work at 8 A. M. Int. Tenement. Stg. No. 3.
Nessa Marlowe. Hairdresser.
1 Italian fruit peddler. 3 ragged children. 1 waiter from cheap restaurant. Musicians.

Along the boulevard all day the city goes by, traffic goes by, open market places shelve and unshelve the wealth of California, and behind the wall that factory of dreams goes on, no less a factory than Grossman's factory of shoe laces and tin foil, or Busby's chocolate candies and novelties.

In a factory the whistle blows at noon and the factory hands stop to eat.

The Restaurant Marchese, across the street from Mars, Coney Island, and Rome, is the lunch counter of the stars, and a carnival for the curious.

And because the curious will crowd against a velvet rope and wait two hours for tables at which to hear the voices, look in the eyes, and breathe the air of aplomb, the Restaurant Marchese is the *famous* Restaurant Marchese!

Nudging. Pointing. Whispering. Pardon me—can you see?—does Douglas Fairbanks wear a wedding ring? Imagine Claire Windsor! Three lumps of sugar in her tea! Sh! Listen! What nationality is that language? Hungarian? Oh, Vilma Banky orders lunch in Hungarian!

The little girl in black lace hoops powdered her nose with a rabbit's foot hanging from her wrist by a gold chain. "Bisque tortoni for dessert, Bessie, with hot chocolate," she said to the waitress.

Under the balcony, chairs moved away from a table, and three cowboys in chaps and yellow satin shirts got up with clanking spurs and went out on the patio, where patches of sunlight zigzagged across lazy wicker chairs, through the triangles of a trellis covered with blooming rambler roses. A striped gold and black awning held by wrought iron spears made a roof over the trellis and the fountain and the scarlet cockatoo.

The cowboys slapped sombreros down on the tile floor, helped themselves to three chairs, moved away from the spray of the fountain, and one with a banjo began a syncopating "whang-a-tang-a-*pang*-tang, *whang*-tang" with the orchestra, the other two starting a whining tenor jazz:

"Maybe I will see her Mon-day,
Maybe Tues-day,
Maybe not—"

The girl tending the black velvet rope let three people in to fill the places the cowboys had left. A couple got up to dance in a twenty-foot space of polished floor. The man was tall and boyish and slender, with a mop of gold hair ridiculously beautiful for a man, white flannel trousers, a striped blue and white college blazer.

The girl was in scarlet—a gown of flame colored chiffon, scarlet lips, wide drooping hat, high heeled scarlet slippers, hair and eyes like a night in Spain.

"There! That's Sterling Holloway dancing," the people nudged and whispered. "The man with all the blond hair is Sterling Holloway! Who's the marvelous girl? Oh, it's the new star they say is only seventeen! Isn't she marvelous? Five diamond bracelets!"

A gentleman in a business suit at a single table asked the little waitress with red hair if the girl on the dance floor was Nessa Marlowe.

"I don't know," the waitress said. "I've only been here today."

A lady, alone, looked up from lighting a cigarette and told him yes, it was Nessa Marlowe.

"Quite a sensation, isn't she?" she said.

The gentleman said yes, he thought she certainly was!

From one table to another, the head waitress answered questions for the curious. Is that Estelle Taylor—the gorgeous girl in the peasant dress? Who's she lunching with—holding his hand? She's been holding it for fifteen minutes! Her *hus*band! You mean that handsome thing is Jack Dempsey? Who'd ever think—oh, *really* is W. C. Fields here? I *adore* him! Oh, I'm looking right *at* him! I simply *love* him. What a scream of a putty nose he's wearing!

He saw Sara Tolliver staring with eyes that seemed almost frightened at a scar across his shoulder—three jagged, ugly marks! "Leopard scar," he said.

"It's his own nose," the head waitress said patiently.

When she passed the velvet rope, someone caught her arm and asked her a question, the answer to which a dozen turned to hear.

"In the pajamas? It's Mr. Edmonde André," she said. "What picture? I'll find out."

She went across to the table where Edmonde André was waiting for dessert.

"Mr. André," she said with a weary little sigh, "what's the picture you're doing, to tell the rubbernecks again? Oh, Gawd!"

"Captain Romance," he told her.

"Is it Paris you're from, or where?" she said.

"Cairo," he told her. "Born in a yacht on the Nile. Who's the new waitress?"

She said it was Sara Tolliver—certainly awkward with a tray!

"All right to look at," Edmonde André said.

Sara Tolliver, bringing him two pieces of lemon pie (Norma Talmadge Special Meringue Glacé), heard what he said, and, with her fingers very nervous and her face very pink, served the pie on the wrong side of the table.

."Cairo—rescued from the Nile—" a plump lady, staring at Edmonde André through a pince-nez, said into the ear trumpet of an angular gentleman to the right of her.

The fat man seated near Edmonde André was in the press department of Super-Films.

"Too bad they don't feature you according to how the women look at you," he said. "Too bad you can't get a contract."

"Can't get anything without pull," Edmonde André said. "I'm going to rush Marlowe. She picks her own leading men."

"I'll run you a coupla stories," the fat one said. "How long you been here from Cairo?"

"Four years," André told him. "My mother is of a dynasty of Egyptian kings, so they wouldn't let me leave the country. I had to get out wrapped in a bale of silk, in a caravan."

"Come on over to the office after lunch," the pressman said. "Got any pictures with any camels or native clothes or anything?"

"Yes, certainly," André told him.

He left three dollar bills at the table with his check, and he and the fat one went out together, everybody looking after him.

Wait for traffic. People up and down the hot midday street. Open lunch counter next door. Open lunch counters all along the block. High stools full of Knights of the Garter, Northwest police, slave girls of Rome, beggars, peasants, nobility of The Tale of Two Cities. Cæsar, driving a Ford, came out of a parking place across the corner, and turned into traffic down the boulevard.

WHEN the traffic officer changed the signal, Edmonde André and the pressman got across the street with Pocahontas and a dozen Indian squaws, some bearded Bolshevists, Topsy, Eva, and the six men in penitentiary stripes.

The Indians and Bolshevists went on down the block to where the bus gate went into the lot.

The pressman took Edmonde André in the main office door, through a reception room furnished in red velvet and gold, through a little wooden gate with a secret combination, down a hall to the press department, and into his office, dark and cool. An electric fan, open windows with shutters drawn against the sun, steel files up and down the walls, marked "Photographs," "Press Books." Typewriters, outside, sounded like a storm of hail.

André sat down in a velvet chair and the pressman passed a cigar.

"Well," he said, "last night at the Poker Club I won three hundred with that ten spot you lent me, so I'll make it right with you and give you a little snappy press stuff."

In the mahogany chair at his desk he swiveled back against the wall.

"So you're from Cairo! Real sheik! For this business that ain't a bad little break at all!"

André had a silver cigarette case in his pajama pocket. He opened it and showed the pressman a picture of a woman with beautiful eyes above an Egyptian veil.

"My mother," he said. "My father never saw her till they were married. Diplomatic marriage. He was a French captain in the Legion."

The pressman looked at the picture and handed it back. "I'll plaster the papers," he said. "What part have you got now?"

"The butler in Captain Romance," André told him. "I find the burglar blowing the safe, and give the alarm."

"Yeh," the pressman said. "Well, trot Marlowe out some place to dinner tomorrow and let's go! The leading men Marlowe picks *stay* picked, and in this business what can happen—is *any*thing!"

"I'll take her out to dinner tomorrow night. I'll take her to the Coconut Grove," Edmonde André said.

The pressman's office had a private door into the lot. Across green grass a lawn fountain cast a mist that turned to rainbows in the sun and made cool, fragrant dampness all along the sidewalk down First Street to Stage 7.

The Captain Romance set was at the far end of the stage, through a confusion of scaffoldings of things long since used—a dingy courtroom, a colored chef in white cap and apron, asleep in the judge's chair; a flight of palace stairs.

The library interior was a ten-foot space caged by a mesh of lights in a corner behind the entrance to the Woolworth Building. Blue lights, white lights, moonlight, high lights, low lights, coils of lights, iron stands of bunch lights, were banked around the "safe and desk," the floor a tangle of wires and plugs and lines, a dozen electricians half asleep on the cotton bales of a Mississippi levee backed against the library wall.

A burglar, two men in pink pajamas, and two women in pink nightgowns sat around in canvas chairs by the wing sides of the library,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MEET THE DUCHESS
Continued from page nine]

among the light wires and ropes of the levee, and laughed at jokes out of a yellowed copy of *Punch* of 1900.

Three men in shirt sleeves, eating ice cream out of a pasteboard container, handkerchiefs tucked in wilted collars, were the musicians, a cluttered space at the corner of the library wall cleared for their cabinet organ and cello and fiddle.

Cameramen were called for 2. The director came at 2:30, and the rest of the afternoon the burglar broke into the safe, the butler discovered him, the house guests heard the alarm and entered in haste, and the blonde lady fainted and wounded her head on the safe.

The director was warm. The day was warm. He was tired. The story was no good, anyway.

"All right, Fred. While I count fifteen you work the combination of the safe. Sixteen, open the safe door. Eighteen, André discovers you. Guns up. André pushes the button on the wall—big lights up. Fred goes out of the window. Now, do it like you mean it! Burglar robbing his own father! Put something into it, can't you? All right! Music! Lights! Action! *Cam*era! All right, Fred. One—two—three—four— Get your head down and listen to the tumblers! Point your flash light on 'em!"

Wheezy organ, fiddle, and cello making burglar music. Bu*rrr-rrrrr-r-rrrr* of the camera. *Fshshsh-kshshshsh-pshshsh* of the lights!

"— fourteen — fifteen — sixteen — Lousy! André, don't look in the camera! We ain't featuring your eyes! Lousy!"

Through the scaffolds and walls and dust and props sounded a director's whistle on another set, an organ and cello and fiddle somewhere, wailing Träumerei, the heavy action of a wind machine.

"Fred, go and dirty your hands up. You're too clean. Miss What's-your-name Blonde, let the other woman pass the safe before you faint, and take a good fall, will you? Don't be afraid of a little black and blue! All right. Shoot it again. Music! Lights! Action! Camera! All right, Fred. One—two—three—four— Listen to the tumblers, Fred! Point your flash light on 'em!"

ALL afternoon!

André and the burglar and the two other men wearing pajamas had the same dressing room. While the burglar and the other men dressed, André wrote a note and sent it to Miss Marlowe's dressing room by the Filipino gardener.

Her maid brought the answer:

"Miss Marlowe is engaged every evening for three weeks."

"All right. I'll see her tomorrow at luncheon."

"Sorry. Miss Marlowe has engagements for luncheon ahead indefinitely"—the maid so very coolly tucking a lock of hair under such a very Parisian cap!

He put on white trousers, white shoes, a dark blue coat. On the way across the lot, he passed a dozen visitors, following one of the boys whose duty it was to show strangers with passes the stages.

"Oh, my *dear!* What an utterly handsome man! What heavenly eyes! Who *is* he?"

"Edmonde André—Cairo—yacht on the Nile—"

"Oh, my *dear!* Cairo! How *thrilling*!"

Stare at him all the way across the lot.

"Engaged every evening for three weeks." Engaged for luncheon, indefinitely, before the maid had even delivered the invitation!

André lived in a bachelors' court on Sunset Boulevard. Twelve bachelor villas. Cobblestone walks and a swimming pool. Very exclusive! He drove a foreign roadster. The evening paper was in the paper hook on the mail box. His living room was low and wide. Bachelor's furniture, beamed ceilings, stone fireplace, cigarette stubs, cold pipes, empty green ginger ale bottles, and two collars on the mantel.

Where would he go for dinner? Zulu Hut. Drive out to Burbank to the Zulu Hut about seven or eight. Shave? No. He stretched out on the davenport. Damn long day. "Engaged every evening for three weeks! Luncheon—indefinitely!" Crackle the paper open.

The McCardle hop to Paris set for next Monday. Five men trapped in Illinois coal mine. New brake light invented in Ford plant. Women should understand politics, is opinion of District Attorney Asa Keyes. Titled heiress in Hollywood to keep identity secret:

According to rumor from Folkestone, England, Cicely Winham-Winston, the little widow of the Duke of Meeds, is in Hollywood for the purpose of putting several million dollars into the production of films. Always adventuresome, the duchess will enter Hollywood incognito, it being her fancy to place herself in position to personally observe the picture celebrities, when they will be unaware of her interest in selecting those in whose personalities she will invest the combined multimillions left by her mother, her father, the late Sir Thornton Winham-Winston of London; and her late husband, the millionaire Duke of Meeds.

Little duchess and her multimillions! Does the pressman know his groceries when he says, "in this business what can happen is *any*thing"?

Call the Restaurant Marchese and ask for Miss Tolliver! She is very much surprised! She will be through at eight. Yes, she does remember him from luncheon. Drive to Venice would be lovely! Dancing would be delightful— "But I don't know how to *Chah*lston—"

Call the tailor to press a pair of white flannels before 8!

Titled heiress in Hollywood to invest a multimillion in personality—and her photograph under the headlines—eyes almost slanting, a fluff of curls, little triangular cleft in the chin!

"Sara Tolliver—certainly awkward with a tray!"

. . . . .

A BOULEVARD to the sea! Lights of Los Angeles sprinkled across the darkness, like jewels on black velvet! Lights marking the roads winding up the hills, like pricked dots on a map! The lighted tower of the Circle Theater, playing shafts of red and white spotlights into the sky! Lights in the windows in miles of toy pastel villas, along avenues bordered with palm trees. Spotlights on the scarlet roofs of Spanish haciendas, clinging to the hills, turquoise and coral gardens, white walls and gateways—and a veil of night and distance so beautiful, the whole world, for the moment, seemed only illusion!

To the east, valleys blown with the incense of orange groves. To the west, from Santa Monica to Palas Verdas, the tangled lights of the playground of ocean shore—the domes and swings and dizzy dipping tracks of Ferris wheel and steeplechase and dragon slide! Lights—lights tattooing the sky! The sweeping purple shadow of mountains! The world is a kaleidoscope!

Sara Tolliver wore a gray coat with a wide gray fur collar, a close gray hat. She said if Mr. André didn't mind, she was too tired to dance.

"The day was so long today," she said. She smiled a little. "Don't tell Mme. Marchese, but I never waited on tables before!"

She wore a delicate perfume.

"I'm lonely for Cairo tonight," he said. "I want to ride a camel across the sand and lie out under the stars! When I was a little boy in my mother's caravan, the silk walls of her tents in the desert smelled like the perfume you have. My mother was an Egyptian princess."

"It must have been wonderful!" Sara said, watching his face in the glow of his cigarette.

They rode till midnight. He knew how steadily she was watching him. He took off his hat and drove bareheaded in the wind. At midnight, on the road to Beverly Hills, they stopped at a log cabin in the glow of a red spotlight. Chicken, hot biscuit, and honey. The sound of banjos drifting out.

And the fat pressman was there! And all the boys from the Poker Club! Plates of corn pone and chicken!

"Here's the Sheik! Hello, Sheik!" the pressman called out. "Got a girl? Good for you! Hasn't been a woman in the place tonight!"

Sara Tolliver was slim and lovely. Wind-blown hair. Edmonde André introduced her.

"How do you do?" she said to the men at the tables.

The pressman looked at her and wrinkled his eyebrows together. "I've seen you some place before," he said.

"I'm a waitress at the Restaurant Marchese," she told him. "I served your chowder at luncheon today."

"Youah—chowdah—" she said.

All the men turned to look at her.

"Yeh, that's right," the pressman said.

Edmonde André and Sara sat away from the others in a corner of the cabin where moonlight came across the tables. They put out the candles and sat in the moonlight. The pressman took her out on the floor to dance, and while André was alone one of the boys asked him for a cigarette.

"Edmonde André—Cairo—yacht on the Nile—"

"What's the idea of playing Romeo to the waitress?" he said. "Johnny French says to bring her out to the ranch tomorrow and he'll use her with you in the pirate stuff. He says she's a type."

John French was the director of Captain Romance. He was sitting at the pressman's table.

When Sara came back to the table, Edmonde André asked her if she wanted to work in a picture the next day.

"Oh, no!" she said. "No, indeed!" Then she looked up at him and smiled. "Unless it would be with *you*," she said.

"O. K., French," André called across the room.

"You're awfully nice to me," she said.

"You're awfully nice to be nice to," he whispered, and picked up her fingers and kissed them.

The address she gave him—the place where she told him she lived—was an apartment everybody knew because it was so expensive. He left his car at the end of a garden drowsy with tropical white flowers, and went with her along a walk bordered with budding trees and fern and acacia—moonlight in pools of tropical fish. She put on an amber light, and opened French doors into a room full of the soft beauty of Oriental rugs, old silk, and teakwood.

"I was a lady's maid to the person who lives here," she told him. "I'm taking care of her house while she's gone."

He took her coat, took a silk scarf from her shoulders, then suddenly she was in his arms.

"You're wonderful!" he said. "You're the most beautiful thing I ever saw!"

He held her and kissed her—the cleft in her chin, her lips, the red gold curls on his shoulder.

Two hours later he put out his own light over his own bed in his own bachelor villa.

THE next morning at 9 o'clock he drove her to the ranch. Mme. Marchese gave her the day.

André was not a butler now. Now he was a pirate, his head done up in silk, his body naked to the waist, boots with high folding tops; very handsome!

Sara Tolliver, a ballet dancer of the Folies Bergère, carried a muff of flowers, wore a saucy tilted hat and a skirt brief and gauzy as dragon-fly wings.

The ranch was twenty square miles. A little forest, the side of a mountain, a cliff, a little quicksand, a creek that could be any water from the Red Sea to Hot Sulphur Springs! And in two miles of open space the grand snow peaks of the Alps (bewildering snow peaks of papier-mâché and salt), sloping down to Cheyenne, in the days of '49; the Last Chance Saloon; a train of covered wagons left on Main Street

An organ and cello and fiddle somewhere, wailing Träumerei.

facing the Campanile of Rome; the massive cathedral of Notre Dame, with its gargoyles—its magnificent entrance, so unconscious of irony, leading majestically through a great arched doorway into nothing—into a trampled expanse of grass, scaffolds of slivered two-by-fours, braced and crossed, and holding with the dignity of the span of Brooklyn Bridge the mask of a cathedral of Rome across an acre of California!

Ten Folies dancers were to be carried, screaming, on board a pirate ship, and made to walk a plank into the creek.

The wardrobe women sat along the bank with the surplus of gauze dresses for retakes. The valet of the pirate captain hovered around a clump of bushes, where there were a make-up table, rug, steamer chair, and a gallon vacuum bottle of coffee. A dozen men stood with gold and copper wire screens, for sun reflectors on the pirate ship when the captain should appear on deck.

The Folies girls were carried, screaming, on board from 10 until noon. Then the lunch truck came, cartons packed with pasteboard boxes and pint bottles of milk, and work stopped while everybody got in line for a lunch box.

The men and women and children who were there to people an Italian village ate in the busses that had brought them from the studio, and which were parked out on the grass, waiting to take them back again.

Philadelphia — the old State House and the Liberty Bell; the city and palace and throne where Salome delivered the head of John the Baptist to Herod. So eat your lunch in Philadelphia, Cheyenne, or Jerusalem, wherever there is shade.

The proud, fussy mothers of the fifty adorable orphans of the Orphan Annie picture spread lunch behind Notre Dame, where they could watch the carpenters hurrying to build the orphanage in time for it to burn to the ground at 3.

It was Sara Tolliver—certainly awkward with a tray!

Edmonde André and Sara Tolliver found an empty room in a feudal castle. There was no roof, but the stone walls made shade across the steps of a throne and two carved stone chairs.

Edmonde André opened the lunches, put sandwiches and fruit on the throne. Then he saw Sara Tolliver staring with eyes that seemed almost frightened at a scar across his shoulder—three jagged, ugly marks!

"Leopard scar," he said. "When I was eleven or twelve, King George of England came to my grandfather's palace in Egypt, and a captive leopard crouched behind the king to spring. I wounded it with a toy bow and arrow, and fought it till someone came to kill it. I don't think the king even knew what had so nearly happened!"

Sara put her hand on the scar and felt how deeply the flesh had been torn.

"What a terrible thing," she said. "You were very brave!" She was like a lovely painting there against that castle wall, slim legs and gauzy skirt, red gold hair.

"Sara, today you're marvelous," he said. "I'm mad about you!"

Mr. French looked in at the window.

"Tolliver, I'm looking for you all over the place," he said. "Go tell the wardrobe woman to put you into that Jo-anne of Arc outfit, and get you a horse. Never mind the lunch. Eat afterwards. Step on the gas!"

She took her flowered muff from a spear on the wall, and they heard her running across the flagstones of the outside room of the castle. Mr. French came in over the window sill with a newspaper in his hand.

"*I'll* say you grab headlines!" he said.

In the morning paper, full page, was the story of the son of an Egyptian dynasty who had got out of Cairo in a bale of silk! Pictures of Edmonde André on a camel in the desert, on a yacht on the Nile, in the clothes of an Egyptian prince.

"And the layout for tomorrow'll knock you cold," Mr. French said. "Leopard story—how you saved the King of England! Close-up of the scars! Sketch of the king! By the way," said Mr. French, "Marlowe sent word she wants to have dinner with you tomorrow."

"Awfully sorry," André said. "Busy every night for a month or six weeks!"

. . . . . .

FOUR days later the most famous hostess in Hollywood gave a ball.

Edmonde André, the handsomest man there, most talked of, most distinguished, took the waitress from the Restaurant Marchese. Edmonde André, who had gotten away from Cairo in a bale of silk! Who had saved the King of England from being clawed to death by a leopard! Who had been selected by Nessa Marlowe for her new leading man, "because he's *born* with what the others only imitate!"

Sara Tolliver wore pale blue velvet, simple as a flower. No jewels; just pale blue velvet. She was as beautiful as anyone at the ball, but she had served two-thirds of the guests at luncheon at the Restaurant Marchese.

Edmonde André felt what everybody was saying. He decided it was

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MEET THE DUCHESS
Continued from page eleven]

time for Sara Tolliver to tell who she was. After the first dance, he took her out where the rose walk was a fantasy of Chinese lanterns.

"Dear," he said, "somebody's just told me something. They say you've been fooling me! They say you're Cicely Winston, Duchess of Meeds!"

Sara looked up at him, entirely taken by surprise. Then she laughed at him.

"They say I'm a duchess?" she laughed. "Do they say why I'm waiting on tables?"

"Yes," he said, and told her about all her money she was going to put into pictures.

"When I saw where you were living, I should have suspected something," he said.

"I told you why I live there," she said. "I was a lady's maid. Now I'm a waitress and my name is Sara Tolliver." She laughed straight into his eyes.

He had not seen the hostess before the first dance. Now he took Sara in to introduce her. He knew everybody was watching to see what Sara would do at such a moment; what the hostess would say.

"My dear Mr. *André!*" the hostess said. "How good of you to come!"

"I have a surprise for you," he said, and smiled at her with just a little air of mystery—everybody watching. "May I present a distinguished—*most* distinguished little lady—the Duchess of Meeds?"

"*Oh!*" said the little girl whose hand was on his arm.

"She's been here several days incog," he laughed. "Some funny little joke of her own!"

Sara Tolliver tried to say something—flushed—pushed her hair back from her forehead—said nothing.

"Duchess of *Meeds!*" said the hostess crisply. "My dear *boy!* The Duchess of Meeds is an old friend of my family and happens to be my house *guest!* She *has* intended to remain incog, but it seems to me this moment calls for *some*thing! Cicely—may I present Edmonde André?"

A doll-like creature with gold hair, a perfect marcel design, a gold dress perfectly fitted to a plump figure, bowed slightly to Edmonde André—and stared at Sara Tolliver! Edmonde André, entirely confused, tried to explain—had nothing to explain—tried to find his way out.

"I can only beg you to understand," he said, "that I was led to believe—" He looked at Sara Tolliver, who was looking at him, her face very white.

The hostess laughed. "They *will* come to Hollywood for sensation!" she said. "Another little girl after a thrill! I'm sure the duchess forgives you, Edmonde. Cicely, my dear, Edmonde is from *Cairo,* born on the Nile! He even has a marvelous wound from saving the life of King *George* of *England!* Do beg him to tell you about it!"

SARA TOLLIVER walked across the room in the silence of the staring eyes, and walked, quite like a duchess, down magnificent gold steps, and through the door the butler held open for her! Out on the street she stood frightened, bewildered, shivering in the night air of January, and then she heard someone coming after her—jerky, half running steps—the fat pressman, no hat, no coat, dress suit, white vest, white flower—

"Do you want to go home?" he asked her, and called a taxi from across the street.

He asked her address, repeated it to the driver, helped her in, and got in, too. They heard someone else coming down the walk—Mr. French!

"Wait a minute, Al!" he called.

"Come on," the pressman said, and Mr. French got in the taxi too.

They put Sara between them and tried to keep her from shivering. They discovered she was crying.

In the room with the teakwood and the beautiful rugs, she told them she didn't know what in the world Mr. André had meant! Why in the world he would have said such a thing!

"I told him many times I was a lady's maid," she said, her voice breaking, her hands catching, twisting, crushing the pale blue velvet, "and he *knew* I was a waitress!"

"It was in the paper you were the Duchess of Meeds," the pressman said. "He showed it to me. It had your picture in it."

Sara Tolliver spun around on her heels and faced him.

"My *pic*ture!" she said.

Then suddenly she put her face against the brocade wall and laughed, till the pressman and Mr. French thought she didn't know what she was doing!

"And that was the night he called me on the telephone," she said. "That's why I've been so wonderful!"

Out of the teakwood desk she brought a newspaper, and found the item of the Duchess of Meeds, and the picture of herself—and then she found something else. "Corn Stops Aching," was the headline. "Hollywood Beauty Finds Relief!"

"'One touch of Corncure,' says the beautiful Miss Sara Tolliver of Hollywood, 'and the pain of the corn is gone! The corn lifts out easily!'"

And beside a picture of the corn that had lifted out easily was the photograph of that doll-like creature with the perfect marcel who had stood in gold cloth beside the hostess at the ball!

"I WAS pretty broke when I got to Hollywood," explained Miss Sara Tolliver. "The paper bought my picture and signature for ten dollars, and this is what happened to it! I don't know who the joke's on, do you?"

"Well, I'll buy your signature for ten *thousand* dollars!" Mr. French said. "In Pink Tea Pirates, the way you photographed is plenty! I've got a three year contract in my desk for you to sign tomorrow! How's *that,*" he remarked, "for a corn cure?"

"Oh!" she said, and looked from the fat pressman to Mr. French. "I never was so surprised in my life!"

But it was Mr. French who was to receive a surprise! Sara Tolliver thanked him and said she didn't *want* any contract!

"Don't be ridiculous," he said to her. "A contract like this'll make you famous!"

"Yes," she said; "and then what?"

"Rich!" Mr. French said. "A star! Five sacks of fan mail a day!"

"Yes," she said; "and *then* what?"

Mr. French crammed his hands in his pockets, and got up and strode a couple of times across the elegant floor.

"Say, get the idea of your name in electric lights!" he said. "Box office attraction! Pictures all over the papers!"

"Yes," Sara said; "and *then* what? When I've got it—what have I got?"

"Wha'd'you mean, what've you got?" he shouted at her. "For crying out loud, wha'd you come to *Holly*wood for?"

"Because the most wonderful boy in the world loves me," she said. "Because he wants to marry me and make me happy!"

The telephone startled them all.

"*Oh!*" she said. "Hello. . . . Yes. . . . Yes, dear. . . . *Yes!* I wired you to call me so I could tell you I'm coming home. Yes, sweetheart, tomorrow! I know you do. . . . I love you, too, dear. . . . I *love* you!

"That's Mecca, Missouri," she said to Mr. French and the fat pressman. "That was Tod. He runs the Mecca Garage.

"I've lived in Mecca, Missouri, all my life. My mother used to do the washing for everybody in town. When I was a kid I fell in love with a boy who lived over the movie. His dad ran the picture machine, and his mother sold tickets. I was just the washwoman's kid, so he never even looked at me, but how I used to pray God to make me beautiful!

"When I was still a kid he went away, but all I thought about was that some day I'd find him, and I'd be beautiful—and he'd love me! Then, when *Tod* came to Mecca, I didn't know whether it was *Tod* I wanted, or that boy I couldn't forget. So I came to Hollywood to find out—because the boy who lived over the movie—was here!

"'If you want him,' Tod said, 'I hope you'll find him! But I'll wait for you all my life—because I know some day you're going to come back!'

"How I'd dreamed—and dreamed—of finding that boy," she said, her eyes as far away as the stars, "and dreamed he'd kiss me and say he loved me. And he *did,*" she laughed.

"He did!" the pressman said. "What press stuff *that* is! What's his name?"

"His name is Eddie Andrews," she said.

"Eddie—Andrews!" said the pressman. "You don't mean—!"

"Yes, I do," she laughed. "Cairo—and the Nile—and the dynasty of Egypt!"

"And you let him give you the ether before the whole crowd tonight," said Mr. John French, "when you coulda made a grease spot out of *him! You* know all that's got him by is that Cairo line!"

He crossed the room and solemnly offered her his hand.

"*I'll* say you're a duchess!" he said. "I'll say you're a *queen!*"

Sara Tolliver stood against the wall, the pressman holding one of her hands, and Mr. French the other.

"Well," she said, "I thought I owed him something. One day, when I was ten years old, I swung a rake over a picket fence and ripped three *mighty* mean teeth through his shoulder!"

THE END

NOW the doughboy comes into his own. An ex-artilleryman tells how the big scrap in France looked to the boys down in the mud. Don't miss the opening installment of

War Bugs By Charles MacArthur

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

How MUSSOLINI Smashed The MAFIA

Wide World photo

Benito Mussolini, who dared to attack and stamp out the Mafia in its Sicilian strongholds. (At left) Military police escorting manacled prisoners from court after the newly established justice has condemned them.

(Reading time: 23 minutes 26 seconds.)

The Story of the Iron Hand in Sicily

By H. NELSON GAY

THERE have been many able and patriotic statesmen in Sicily, yet the diabolical secret association of delinquents and degenerates known as the Mafia, defying all governments, uninterruptedly reigned supreme for decades.

It was a state within a state, imposing its will, through brigandage, murder, theft, and extortion, with a discipline, efficiency, and habitual immunity from punishment that would do honor even to the expert thugs and gunmen of our own enlightened and progressive Chicago. Security of rich and poor alike was uncertain even in the big cities of Sicily, while in many rural districts it was unknown.

This was true of the past—both recent and remote. Today conditions are different. With the strong handed Fascist government, a new light broke upon Sicily. Men of incomparable daring took the helm of state. By them the hideous rule of the Mafia was unhesitatingly attacked and, after a terrific struggle, broken—and with its passing a new era of moral and economic self-redemption has been opened to the fiery Sicilian in his volcanic isle.

Pessimists say that it is too soon to sing pæans of victory over such a formidable association as the Mafia. They are mistaken. Facts and knowledge of conditions firmly assert the contrary.

It is true that the bitter fight continues, must long continue until, in the words of Mussolini, "the very memory of the Mafia shall have been blotted from the mind of the Sicilian." But this does not mean that the infamous, blasphemous reign of terror has not already ended.

Fear has actually gone over, arms and baggage, to the criminals' camp. He who in the past terrorized is now himself terror-stricken. For two years the hunted wretches of the Mafia have been slinking out from their dens to give themselves up by the hundred, if not by the thousand; for in Sicily there was a veritable army of crime.

How was the great victory won? It is an astounding story—so remarkable even to the Sicilians themselves that after the first great triumph of law and order the good peasants added a new saint to their calendar, uncanonized but not the less venerated: "Saint Mori," who blesses with an iron hand. What is more, in the simple mind of the country people the new saint, who is no other than Cesare Mori, Prefect of Palermo and chief of the interprovincial police of all Sicily, has been niched in the category of saints who work great miracles.

Is it not he who has killed the hydra-headed, centuries-old monster of crime? Has he not succeeded where all others had failed? And did he not accomplish the feat with a telegram?

MORE happily, he is still among the living, though a good many of his blood-besotted, recalcitrant foes are not. Some time ago, however, Mori was taken seriously ill, and then the girls of Monreale burned candles before the altar of the Madonna and prayed earnestly for his precious recovery, while many other honest Sicilians did the same. Fighting the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOW MUSSOLINI SMASHED THE MAFIA]
Continued from page thirteen

Mafia is for him no new occupation. He had seen service in the police force of the crime stricken island three times before he was sent there in 1924 on his present great mission.

Mussolini himself had visited Sicily that same year, had seen with his own eyes its deplorable conditions, had read in the eyes of the people their yearning to be freed, and had vowed that the Mafia should be exterminated. It was intolerable that 4,500,000 hard working, patriotic Sicilians should be perpetually tormented, robbed, and killed at will by a small minority of malefactors.

Mussolini does not make vows lightly. In the fulfillment of this vow he began by picking out Mori for the job of extermination. And he picked wisely—a man of iron will, with a keen sense of justice, great tact, and large experience; a man who has always done his work thoroughly.

He gave him full powers, and issued two decrees that made full success of the law attainable.

By the first decree, dated July 27, 1924, the police of the seven provinces of the island were reorganized as a single unit and placed under Mori's sole control. This made possible rapidity of movement and unhampered strategy in launching the great offensive.

The second decree, which came after a two years' relentless campaign, was calculated to make reclamation of the underworld complete. It read:

> Considering the urgent and absolute necessity of conferring extraordinary powers upon the police authorities of Sicily for the maintenance of order and peace, we decree:
>
> I. That persons *reputed* to be members or accomplices or supporters of criminal associations, or to be a menace to public safety, shall be denounced in a written report by the chief of police of the district and placed under arrest for relegation to a penal settlement.
>
> II. The sentence of relegation shall be pronounced by a provincial commission composed of the prefect—who shall convoke and preside over the commission — the public prosecutor, and a provincial counselor. The decisions of the commission shall be final and can be revoked only for an error of fact.
>
> III. Relegation, which shall last from one to five years, shall be to a colony or town of the kingdom other than the residence of the accused, and the locality shall be fixed by the Minister of the Interior.

Cesare Mori, the man of iron will who has suppressed the Mafia at Mussolini's order.

NO one will deny that this is a Draconian decree, opening wide the door for abuse of power, if officers of the law should prove unscrupulous. Nothing but highly abnormal conditions of society could justify it—precisely such conditions as we shall describe.

The startling necessity for giving to *general opinion* the dangerous value of conclusive evidence arises from difficulties created by a tradition widespread among Sicilians from time immemorial—the tradition of silence before the law.

One summer afternoon a young peasant of the neighborhood of Palermo was returning to his home from a three year term of military service. As he walked rapidly up the lane that led from the highroad to the farm, he saw his old mother hurrying down to meet him. Before they could embrace, however, he fell dead from a shot fired from ambush.

The neighbors and police were soon on the scene, but the grief stricken mother, far from helping the authorities in their efforts to identify the murderer, did everything in her power to throw them off the scent. She swore by the souls of both her parents in heaven that she knew nothing. Her son had not an enemy in the world, she declared. Expostulations, appeals to her maternal love, threats of punishment, alike failed to elicit from her any suggestion as to the motive or the author of the crime.

Months passed. The police still remained without a clew. Then, almost on the spot where the soldier had fallen, another young man was shot dead. This time the murderer was quickly identified. He was a younger son of the taciturn mother.

The authorities now felt certain that the victim of the second murder was no other than the author of the first.

Wide World photo

As Prefect of Palermo, Cesare Mori rewards his brave followers at a public demonstration.

They urged the mother to tell all she knew, pointing out to her that if the younger son could show that he had committed the second murder in order to avenge the first, the jury could certainly be induced to give him a milder sentence.

But the mother absolutely denied that the man just slain could have been the murderer of her soldier son. The recent victim was an absolute stranger to her. To avoid compromising herself, she even feigned illness and delirium. The boy murderer entirely confirmed his mother's statements, and though everyone in the court knew that he had killed his brother's assassin, no evidence of the fact could be obtained.

SIMILAR difficulties in procuring evidence were repeated every day in Sicily.

In April, 1920, fifteen armed men presented themselves at the ranch of Giuseppe Adamo and Giuseppe dell'Aira, in the province of Caltanissetta. After having threatened and bound the shepherds, they carried away 945 sheep. Cattle and sheep stealing was a favorite source of income for the Mafia. Two days later, when Adamo was informed of his loss, he hastened to friends in Caltanissetta, through whom he consigned 46,000 *lire* to a well known agent of the Mafia, a certain Borsellino, who undertook to get the animals back. Shortly afterward Borsellino was able to report the partial success of his delicate mission, restoring 450 sheep whose recovery had cost him 13,000 *lire*, besides 4,000 *lire* of expenses. The rest of the money he honestly returned to Adamo.

In the meantime the authorities had interviewed the latter:

> Q.—You have lost a number of sheep. Do you think that they have been stolen?
>
> A.—Who shall say? They may have gone astray.
>
> Q.—Have you any suspicions?
>
> A.—What suspicions could I have? I am not aware that I have any enemies. The shepherds are honest and trusted folk. Would you have me damn my soul by accusing good people?

The police delegate, accompanied by guards and carabineers, proceeded to scour the neighboring country in Adamo's behalf, and soon found that the flocks of a certain Piscitello had grown enormously in number within a few days. They sequestrated all of them and discovered that sixty-eight sheep were branded with the private mark of Adamo. Before they could notify Adamo, however, he had been instructed by Borsellino not to recognize the sixty-eight as his, and he obeyed.

Sicily—showing the Mafia infested cities and towns in which Mussolini restored civil government.

What success in the administration of justice can a government be expected to have under such conditions?

Even recently, Marchese P——, a wealthy landowner from whom the Mafia had extorted a heavy sum annually since 1890, refused to appear before the judge to tell what he knew until after he had been fined 500 *lire* for contempt of court.

IN the little town of Casteldaccio, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, in a well peopled square, a priest was shot to death as he came out of the cathedral. The assassins moved tranquilly away without troubling to warn the onlookers to keep their secret, for no one had seen anything—or, more exactly, that when called upon to testify those present would not have seen anything!

In the streets of Palermo, in the night, the police picked up a man gravely wounded and took him to the nearest hospital, whither the magistrate hastened to take his testimony:

> Q.—Who wounded you?
>
> A.—I don't know.
>
> Q.—How did the thing happen?
>
> A.—I was returning home when a man passed and stabbed me.
>
> Q.—Did you recognize him?
>
> A.—No.
>
> Q.—Would you be able to identify him?
>
> A.—I don't know.
>
> Q.—What sort of a man was he? How was he dressed?

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

What is soup? Why do we eat it?

You need hot soup with all the cold foods in summer

Everybody likes soup! So millions eat it daily. And here are the reasons why—

SOUP is tempting, delicious food in liquid form. It offers to the skilled chef the opportunity to blend in the most delightful combinations an endless variety of appetite-provoking savors and flavors. It is the food which unites in one dish the attractive qualities and the benefits of countless other foods. It is many foods in one!

Soup is healthful. You eat it because you enjoy it so much. But remember, too, that it benefits you by causing the digestive juices to flow more freely. As a result, the work of digestion is promoted and all your food does you more good.

There's an individual, refreshing flavor in Campbell's Tomato Soup that makes it the most popular soup in all the world. It is the smooth puree of red-ripe luscious tomatoes, blended with golden country butter and seasoned to perfection by Campbell's French chefs.

You have the choice of two delightful ways of serving Campbell's Tomato Soup. For Cream of Tomato Soup you prepare it with milk, cream or evaporated milk, according to the simple directions on the label. For Tomato Puree, you add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and simmer a few minutes. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

Tempting, refreshing Tomato Jelly Salad!

Soak 1 tablespoon gelatin in ½ cup cold water; dissolve over boiling water. Add 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and a few grains of salt. Rinse individual molds or one pint mold with cold water, fill with salad mixture and chill. Turn out on bed of lettuce leaves, serve with French dressing.

A sailor of the sea
As jolly as can be,
For home I go,
Yo-ho, yo-ho,
It's Campbell's Soup for me!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

He remembered—

That Schoolgirl Complexion

Youth is charm, and youth lost is charm lost, as every woman instinctively realizes.

To keep youth, keep the skin clean and the pores open. Banish artificial ways in skin care. Natural ways are best.

Use soap, but be sure it is a soap made basically for use on the face. Others may prove harsh. That is why, largely on expert advice, women the world over choose Palmolive for facial use.

Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

THE beauty that men admire—and remember—is *natural* beauty. And that may be yours whether you use powder and rouge—or not—if you observe one simple beauty rule.

Washing the face for beauty is the recommendation of all the leading skin specialists today. Make-up, grime—the greasy exudations of the pores—can be removed thoroughly only by careful warm water washing. Women whose charm is natural, know this.

Soap and water daily—but not just ANY soap

The lather of Palmolive Soap, widely urged for proper care of the skin, is a blend of famous beauty oils—the oils of olive and palm.

These gentle cleansers soothingly penetrate the pores, remove accumulations which, if left, would form into blackheads, or, becoming infected, would cause unsightly blemishes.

They bring the charm of natural loveliness because they keep the skin cleansed *Nature's* way. To keep that schoolgirl complexion through the years, do this at least once daily:

This simple beauty rule

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin with your two hands. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. Dry by patting with a soft towel—never rub the gentle skin fabric.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night.

And Palmolive costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today, then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Ill.

Palmolive Radio Hour—Broadcast every Friday night—from 10 to 11 p. m., eastern time; 9 to 10 p. m., central time—over station WEAF and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

A.—I did not see him.
Q.—Have you any enemies?
A.—No.

Useless cross-questioning! All the time the wounded man was thinking to himself: "If I get well, just wait and I will settle this little account with my damned would-be assassin. If I die, some relative or friend will probably know my enemy and settle the account for me much more satisfactorily than the courts."

This characteristic Sicilian attitude toward the law is not a recent development. It is the product of centuries of misgovernment and oppression. Situated at the cross-roads of the great trade routes of the Mediterranean—from Gibraltar to the Near East, from southern Europe to Africa—Sicily has been the prey of a long succession of despotisms, Saracen, Norman, Angevin, Spaniard.

To resist in all its manifestations the government of the foreigner was an unquestionable act of patriotism. To appeal to its protection was a manifestation of cowardice and of abject submission.

Every self-respecting man should look to himself and his friends for the safeguarding of his person and his interests, and should himself administer justice directly on his own behalf. Solidarity against the law imposed by tyranny was holy. It became the natural instinct of every Sicilian, so strongly developed that it imposed even solidarity between the victim and his assailant.

The name acquired by this unwritten "code of honor" is Omerta, a word of uncertain origin, which most authorities would derive from the Sicilian *omu*, man. Omerta would thus mean "being a man," or "having blood in one's veins." Other writers give *omerta* a Spanish derivation signifying "human collectivity" with the idea of solidarity.

The principles of Omerta are fairly synthesized in two well known Sicilian proverbs: "When a man is dead one must think of the living," which may be interpreted to mean that a live murderer is of more account than his dead victim. The second proverb is: "Evidence is good so long as it does not injure your neighbor," which needs no interpretation.

IT was natural that this cynical attitude toward the law, even though aspirations for liberty had contributed to its formation, should prove a powerful stimulus to crime and lead to the institution of an association of delinquents determined to live and thrive by violence, fraud, and intimidation. Such is the Mafia.

This association has no central organization, no written code. Its members have no apparent, regular bond, yet they are always united in the promotion of their reciprocal interests in defiance of all law and all morality. They are in every rank of society and every walk in life.

There is the high Mafia and the low Mafia, the former protecting and subsidizing the latter, which does the dirtier and more compromising work. In each locality the Mafiosi are gathered into bands, each with its own chief, to whom ready, passive, and constant obedience is due.

Absolute silence must be preserved regarding the composition and enterprises of the band. Every aid must be rendered arrested members. None must have recourse to the courts, but all disputes must be referred to the chief of the band for decision. The common penalty for disobedience on the part either of members or of their victims is death.

There is nothing noble or generous or chivalrous about the Mafia. There is no poetry in its methods or its actions. The Mafioso is a vulgar delinquent in the full sense of the word, distinguished for his callous cruelty, his treachery, and his cunning.

All crimes are his. He may be seated at your side in high society, or he may be a fugitive from justice living in a cavern. He has nothing in common with the legendary brigand who stole from the rich landowner in order to bring succor to the poor peasant whose house had been destroyed by fire. The Mafioso is capable of extorting from the unfortunate peasant the only sheep that had been saved from the flames.

Wide World photo

A wholesale trial of Mafia suspects in Sicily. Handcuffed and in steel cages, these prisoners—against whom no one had dared to testify in the past—suddenly found themselves confronted by a relentless government with volumes of evidence.

The ragamuffin, if he has nothing else, must give gratis a day's labor in the fields of a Mafioso chief; the cart driver must give his saddle; the cheesemonger some of his cheese; the lawyer will be requested not to trouble himself to send in his bill; free calls are expected from the doctor; free medicine, without poison, from the chemist.

Whatever be the trade or industry, the Mafia demands its share of the profits, offering "protection" in return; its tax in the case of wealthy landlords runs as high as 50,000 *lire* a year.

When Mori initiated his campaign against this intrenched army of crime, he called upon Mussolini for large re-enforcements to the normal effectives of constables, carabineers, Fascist militiamen, and detectives. These were promptly dispatched to the island.

Above all, it was necessary to convince the Mafioso at the outset that the state was stronger than he and that it was in earnest in vowing his suppression. Mussolini's reputation as a man who does things had already reached Sicily, and it was his prestige that made possible the success of Mori's plans.

A PRIMARY step in the preliminary operations was the transfer or dismissal of all government employees suspected of having relations with the Mafia. No spies of the enemy were to be permitted to remain in the official camp.

Simultaneously, people in the towns and country suspected of favoring criminals, of helping them to avoid arrest by reporting the movements of the police, were "admonished." This means that they were placed under surveillance and obliged to keep certain hours and to limit the sphere of their activities. If they disregarded admonition twice, they were relegated to a penal settlement.

Mori did not undertake large operations at once. He began the cleansing process with the more scattered Mafiosi elements at Trapani, where first he was prefect. In the autumn of 1925 he was transferred to Palermo, and in December all was ready for a grand offensive.

Gangi, the enemy's most renowned stronghold, was selected as the first point of attack. It is a town of some 12,000 inhabitants, situated in the heart of Sicily, 3,000 feet above sea level, in the midst of the fertile district of the Madonie, and with imposing mountainous environs.

It was the center of action of several famous brigand bands which were the virtual rulers of the entire region. Each band had its own zone of control, and their combined operations extended into the neighboring province of Caltanissetta and even into the more distant province of Catania.

Nicolo Andaloro, Salvatore and Gaetano Ferrarello, Antonino and Pietro Albanese, and Pietro Palazzolo were names of brigand chiefs that struck terror to the hearts of honest citizens throughout the land. Farmers, in constant apprehension, tilled their soil but a few hours a day, while much agricultural land was altogether abandoned out of fear of depredation and worse. Herds and flocks were decimated.

The brigand Mafia chiefs, aside from their ordinary work of murder, cattle stealing, and extortion, compelled landowners to sell their property at a quarter of its value to the Mafia, and imposed Mafiosi as property guardians on others in order to be sure of collecting promptly the full tax of extortion everywhere levied on agriculture. Absolutely no operation of any kind could be made in the entire district without the permission of the local Mafia. It even imposed matrimony when and where it would.

Mori commenced his operations against Gangi by simultaneous action on all sides, moving gradually in toward the center. Like Mussolini, he has no liking for half measures. Effecting arrests *en masse* is one of his favorite methods, and he now rounded up hundreds of suspected Mafiosi informers and placed them in confinement, thereby depriving the brigands of their intelligence scouts.

UNDER the leadership of experienced Sicilian police agents familiar with the territory and with local conditions, the combined force of carabineers, Fascist militia, and constables day by day closed in the circle. The various detachments kept in close touch with one another through the use of field telephones, and the steady advance proceeded without a hitch, until one fine day the united bands of brigands found themselves shut up in Gangi with no possibility of help reaching them from outside.

It was a terrible moment for these blood-stained wretches who for so long had terrorized the weak. At last they found themselves face to face with a power stronger than they and more audacious.

Mori knew their type and wished to deprive them even of the honor of using their arms. He hoped to dominate them without allowing them a chance to win glory through heroic resistance. Accordingly, he dispatched the following telegram to the mayor of Gangi:

> I order all the fugitives from justice who have taken refuge in your city to surrender themselves within twelve hours, at the end of which time I shall resort to extreme measures. MORI.

This proved to be all that was necessary. The name signed to the telegram convinced all of the dangers involved in a fight. Many

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOW MUSSOLINI SMASHED THE MAFIA
Continued from page seventeen]

brigands had already been caught in the meshes of Mori's steel net. The others, from the most fiery chief to his humblest follower, now slunk down from the city and gave themselves up. Only a few attempted to escape, and these were captured. One hundred and thirty ferocious fugitives from justice, together with 300 of their gravely compromised accomplices, had fallen into the grip of the law.

A perfect arsenal of arms and ammunition was found in the hiding places of Nicolo Andaloro and Salvatore Ferrarello. It was a great haul of malefactors. In the whole region of the Madonie there now remained virtually no outlaw.

The moral value of Mori's achievement far exceeded the material value of the capture itself, important as was the latter. Had not the most savage and fearless brigand chiefs of all Sicily given themselves up without firing a shot, while the whole association of the Mafia stood by powerless to help?

The psychological effect of such an ignominious surrender could not fail to be immense throughout the island. Honest people were unable to believe their eyes as they read the great headlines with which the newspapers of February 16 broadcast the tidings. There had been no such significant event in Sicily since Garibaldi landed with his Thousand Red Shirts in 1860 to overthrow Bourbon despotism.

Mori was quick to follow up the advantage gained at Gangi. On February 24 it was announced that another vast organization of the Mafia, operating in the district of Misilmeri, Bolognetta, and Marinso—three small towns in the vicinity of Palermo—had been discovered and destroyed. Of its 164 members, 119 had already been arrested, and justice was pressing for the punishment of 142 crimes.

Two days later came another sensational piece of news: The mayors of the small towns of Piana dei Greci and Santa Cristina Gela, near Palermo, had been arrested, together with many of their adherents. These brave "gentlemen," Francesco Cuccia and Giuseppe Randoni, were charged with a multitude of the gravest crimes, ranging from homicide to extortion, from cattle stealing to robbery. They were heads of the district Mafia, which had broken into two parties.

MORI was doing all that he could to divide the Mafia and to excite one section of it against the other. In this way he obtained a great deal of otherwise impossible evidence in spite of Omerta. Quarrels within the ranks had always been the weakness of the Mafia. Many of the most clamorous homicides in Sicily had been of Mafia chiefs suppressed by emissaries of their rivals.

Following the famous offensive against the stronghold of Gangi, special operations were being carried on by interprovincial battalions, zone by zone, aimed particularly at the strongest associations, at those which had been considered the invulnerable exponents of the militant Mafia. At the same time, the police were busy everywhere against individual criminals.

It was evident that the courage of Mafioso had greatly weakened. Now a mere order for arrest, even when his situation was not so desperate as that of the brigands of Gangi, was sufficient to induce him to give himself up voluntarily. Omerta continued, but infractions of it were becoming more and more frequent. The criminal knew that those who formerly had kept him informed of police movements now feared the government more than the Mafia—and were revealing his haunts and places of hiding. Murder had ceased to be noble and lucrative. Police were always hard on his weary track. Even in the days when it had been more dangerous to do so, Mori himself had often joined in the chase, and it had put heart into both police and population to see the tall prefect on horseback, his rifle slung over his shoulder, scouring the country in the midst of his troops.

BUT the question which the public kept asking was whether evidence could actually be obtained for the conviction of these hordes of criminals. Indeed, some of the Mafiosi had given themselves up under the persuasion that, thanks to Omerta, the witnesses would "know nothing." They failed to understand that Mori already had literally tons of evidence against them and that more was constantly accumulating.

Wide World photo

After being prey to extortionists and slayers for decades, these Sicilians were photographed holding a public demonstration of thanks to the new government for their deliverance.

At Termini Imerese, where 437 Mafiosi had been arrested—men and women accused of dozens of homicides and other crimes committed during the preceding ten years—the evidence filled 150 volumes.

At Ventimiglia, Bancina, and Casteldaccio 150 more volumes of evidence were compiled, and of 198 arrests 187 were indicted for trial. At Piana dei Colli the government succeeded in indicting 275 for crimes of all sorts, including thirty-three homicides or attempts at homicide. At Girgenti and Sciacca 195 Mafiosi were indicted. The list might be continued indefinitely. Among the indicted were many of the high Mafia; indeed, so many wealthy criminals were jailed that the great prison at Palermo came to be known as the "Grand Hotel."

Everything was done to speed up the trials. Under weak governments of past decades, it had taken seven years to bring one murderer to trial. Mori managed to bring on the mastodonic trial of the prisoners taken in the Gangi operations one year and eight months after their capture. On account of the large number of the indicted and the multiplicity of their crimes, through a period of years, the charge of the prosecution had proved a colossal undertaking. One hundred and fifty-three of the Gangi criminals were herded into the great steel cage of the courthouse of Termini Imerese, where the trial went on for three months and seven days. At its termination, on the 11th of last January, 145 were condemned.

Seven of these, including Nicolo Andaloro, Pietro Palazzolo, and the Albanese brothers, were given hard labor for life, the first years to be spent in solitary confinement; fifty-five others got from ten to thirty years. Andaloro had tried the plea of insanity, but without avail.

An additional trial of Gangi Mafiosi was concluded on February 24, and of the eighty prisoners indicted sixty-seven were convicted.

The moral effect of the severe verdicts of these trials, and of numerous others which have since terminated, is enormous; for the serious, judicious conduct both of witnesses and of juries has proved the solidarity of the people with the government in the great campaign against crime. Omerta was thrown to the winds by most witnesses, and it is said that in secret many prisoners turned state's evidence in order to secure milder sentences.

And it should be kept in mind that this miracle of Sicilian justice was first performed in a Mafia ridden city, where by express desire of Mori the trial was held as a demonstration of power and of the triumph of law.

In the abandonment of Omerta, which has been the vital support of the Mafia, lies the future of Sicily.

"My mission," declared Mori, in a speech of last November, "cannot and should not consist solely of police administration; its fundamental purpose should be the formation of a Sicilian conscience based on justice, faith, and, above all, honest, productive labor. . . . A return to the past must be considered altogether impossible."

It is this high interpretation of a constructive mission, directly inspired and shared by Mussolini, which justifies belief in the future. Strength and faith—justice and labor! But justice is no easy achievement. The extraordinary powers granted in the exceptional government decrees above quoted make the administration of the law peculiarly delicate.

The executive must keep its hands off the judiciary. Otherwise there will speedily return the old distrust of the courts which, together with the fear of Mafia vendetta, has kept Omerta alive.

The improvement of economic and sanitary conditions in the island will be a powerful weapon against any return to the past. Mori knows this, and has referred to new roads, aqueducts, and reclaimed land as a system of fortifications which the government is constructing against the enemy.

EDUCATION of the 45 per cent of Sicilians still illiterate will be another weapon.

Want of civic education and unpreparedness for democratic government have been the root of the whole trouble. In all the Sicilian revolutions during the struggle for Italian independence and unity—those of 1820, 1848, and 1860—the Mafia played an important rôle on the side of the patriots; even Garibaldi used it as an ally of his Thousand.

This gave the association an aureole of glory. Subsequently it exerted a large influence in all Sicilian elections; and members of parliament, having owed their election to the Mafia, naturally could not work whole-heartedly for its extermination. Mussolini, who fears no elections, alone had a free hand to deal with the association.

Who can summarize the benefits derived from the overthrow of the Mafia? Great decrease in crime; cleansing of local political conditions; cessation of payments of tribute to organized malefactors, and cessation of forced employment of their representatives; return to normal hours of agricultural labor hitherto reduced from fear of malefactors; Omerta largely suppressed; and the creation of a new sense of civic obligation.

This is the new light that has broken upon Sicily. At last, thanks to Mussolini, this island has awakened from her long nightmare of crime.

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

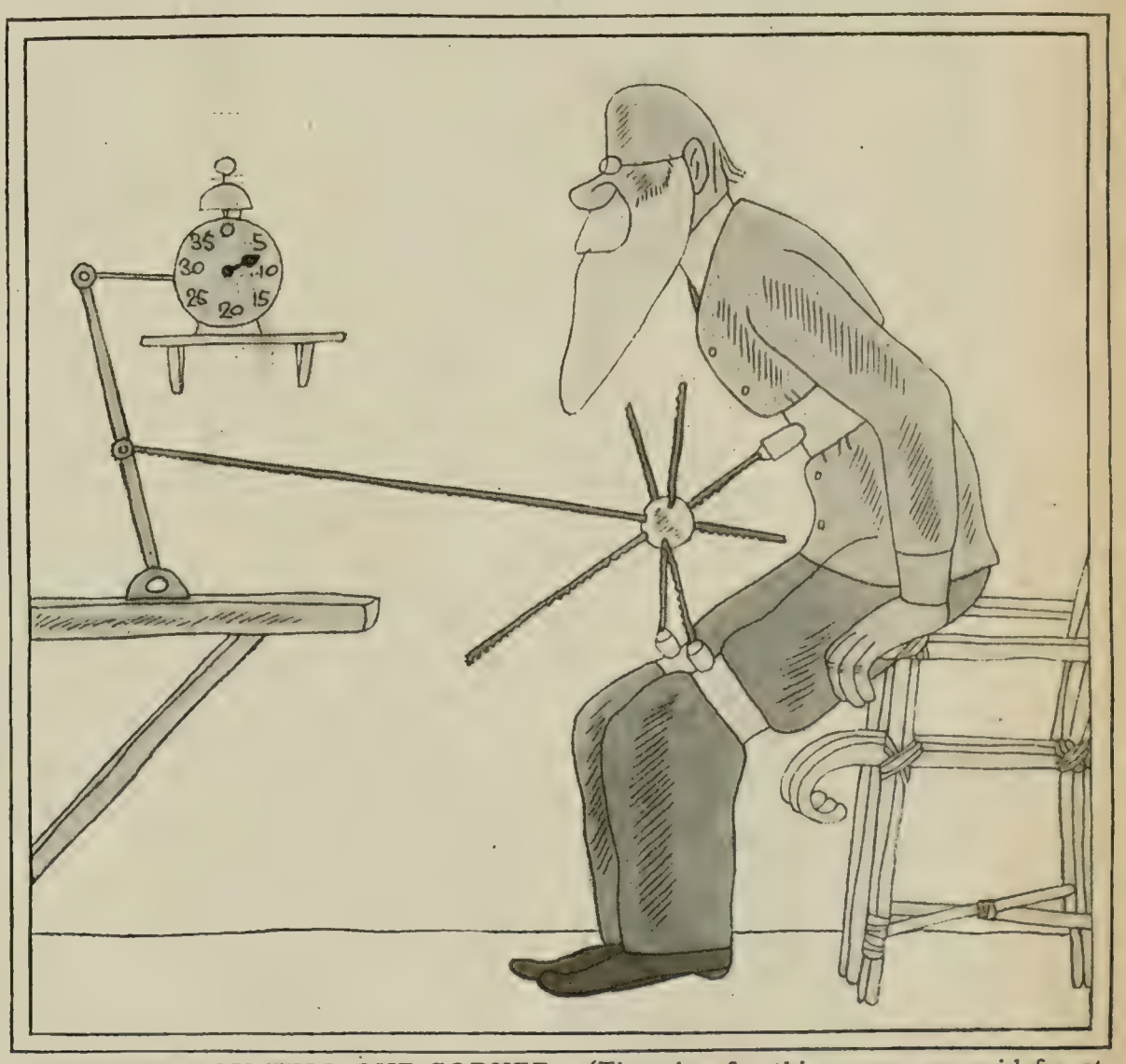
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

IN ORDER TO ESCAPE THE ANNOYING ADORATION of the crowds in the streets, Pietro Von Gonzalez, celebrated motion picture star, wears a disguise designed not to attract attention.

FOR SALE OR TO LET: genuine antique log cabin, situated in the backwoods of Republican State; could be moved to Democratic State; ideal for use in photographs of birthplace of any candidate for office. Must be seen to be appreciated.—*Adv.*

BIG CLEANING AND DYEING MAN FROM CHICAGO takes Scarface Al Capone, noted gang leader, into partnership in order to protect his business from bandits. New York bandits are now offering their hands in marriage to heiresses who wish immunity from burglary for their Long Island homes.



THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER. (Thoughts for this corner are paid for at the standard rate of one penny for each idea used.) ANCIENT PROBLEM SOLVED AT LAST. Aged Ohio inventor, after lifetime of toil, perfects device which shows the exact angle at which the lap ceases to exist. (Idea by John Lewellen, Uniontown, Pa.)

Whittington photo

Florabel Muir and two pets as they appeared comfortably ensconced in the cabin of the big air express in which they journeyed 4,000 miles from New York to Los Angeles.

Blazing New Wing Trails

How the Cross-Continent Flight Is Being Made Safe, Sane, and Easy

By FLORABEL MUIR

(Reading time: 12 minutes 18 seconds.)

AERIAL routes from coast to coast are being surveyed by at least three companies at the present time, and it is not outside the realm of possibility that at least one of them will achieve its aim of carrying passengers from New York to Los Angeles in twenty hours. One may travel now from the Atlantic to the Pacific in thirty hours in mail planes.

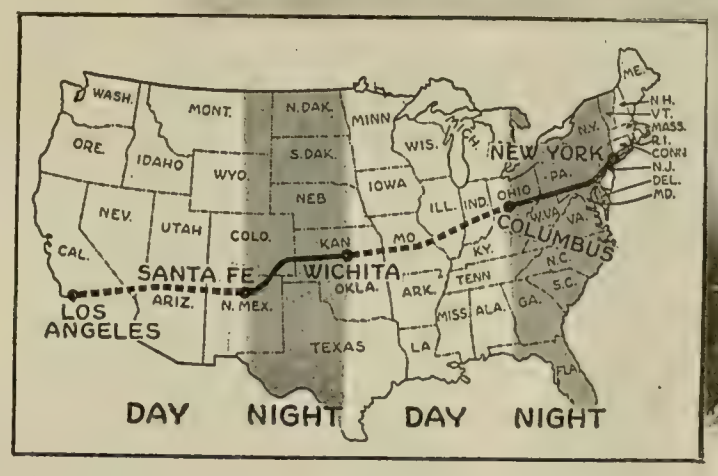
The Transcontinental Air Transport, of which Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh is the technical head, has been launched to carry passengers across the country in connection with the railroads. Travelers will fly two days and sleep two nights on the train. The trip from New York to California will take forty-eight hours.

So swiftly does the complexion of commercial air transportation change that it is impossible to predict the future. But many bankers and business men who are not inclined to let their fancy make free with dollars and cents believe that within five years a heavy proportion of passenger traffic will be by air. Railroads are preparing for this by tying up with companies operating airways.

One of the anomalies of the financier's attitude toward air travel is that he is willing to invest his money, but is timid about risking his life in the skies. The president of one successful air company never uses his own planes when he can avoid it, and his wife has never been in the air.

It is still difficult for many to believe that flying is safe. Adventurous souls have proved to themselves that, with multimotored planes controlled by experienced, careful pilots, there is a large margin of safety in the air. But thousands remain who feel that there is something unnatural about defying the laws of gravity, and are convinced that no good can come of it.

The giant trimotor Fokker plane winging its way over the high Sierras into California.



A map of the projected transcontinental rail-air passenger route. The black lines indicate rail links, broken lines air hops.

Educating the public to become air minded has become a serious task for investment bankers. Precautions are taken to eliminate accidents. A pilot who cracks up a plane or who has too many forced landings finds himself "sitting on the ground," in the parlance of the air world, and is blacklisted with every company. Aviators who are given to stunting or hazardous flying, no matter how competent otherwise, are not welcomed on the pay rolls of commercial companies.

I was a passenger on the Western Air Express plane that recently crossed the United States through the South. After flying 4,000 miles and landing at fifteen cities, I am convinced that under proper conditions air travel is safe. It is also comfortable and certainly the cleanest and swiftest means of getting about the world.

There is something exhilarating about speeding through the air, over mountains and valleys, across bleak, forbidding deserts, past miles of timber, and above bustling cities.

Physicians who recommend sea voyages for nervous, tired patients might do well to advise an air trip as a cure for that all gone feeling.

The Fokker monoplane in which I made my trip is equipped with three Pratt & Whitney Wasp engines, each developing 425 horsepower. Realizing that the performance of these motors has much to do with one's longevity, it is not ridiculous to state that they come to have the aspect of old friends. Every regular puff and snort is music to the ear. The cabin of the plane is insulated with balsam wool, so that vibration and noise from the motor are deadened. Though we tore through the air at 150 miles an hour, it was almost impossible to believe the plane was traveling more than forty-five. With no telegraph poles or other objects flashing past, it is not easy to estimate speed.

Most air passengers get sleepy after half an hour or so, and the comfortably upholstered armchairs in our plane suggested rest and slumber. Even seasoned air travelers seldom get past the thrill of the take-off or the landing, but with the former out of the way they usually settle down to read or doze.

Everywhere we stopped great crowds gathered to see the plane, which was styled "the most luxurious, largest, and fastest airplane built." Hundreds of passengers were taken for rides. Some went from one city to another, and, although the greater proportion of them had never been in the air before, all said they had no fear of crashing.

Some were airsick. The constant dipping of the plane into air pockets over certain areas is disconcerting to one's stomach, and an old seasickness remedy that first came into popularity in crossing the English Channel was brought into use. Getting one's air legs comes about by the same process as getting accustomed to the sea.

WOMEN were just as eager to be taken for air rides as men. In most cases wives were willing to risk their lives, but demurred at having their husbands go up. They may have feared losing their meal tickets.

There are twenty-two commercial air transport companies operating lines in the United States at this time, and new companies are constantly being formed. Among those who have investigated the costs of operating passenger air lines, it is believed that some of these companies will fail or merge with larger concerns.

Harris M. Hanshue, president of the American Air Transport Association, gives the following opinions as to why commercial air projects cannot yet be certain of financial success:

"Survey of the records of any American air transport company should convince anyone that the airplane as a commercial vehicle cannot be put into general use or brought into actual competition with slower surface mediums of transportation until certain mechanical difficulties have been overcome.

"Higher cruising speeds combined with slower landing speeds are essential. These qualities were not emphasized in equipment designed for military use, but with a common carrier it is the economy of cruising speed that determines value.

"Another serious handicap is the high first cost coupled with the comparatively short life of an airplane.

"Depreciation is the major item in operating cost. Airplane motors require too frequent overhauls. Motor maintenance and the rapid deterioration of engines are costly.

"There must be greater reliability—assurance that airplane schedules will be maintained, regardless of weather—before the airplane can win public confidence and with it popularity as a common carrier. As long as fog and storm can keep the airplane from its destination the future of air transportation will rest on a precarious footing.

"For the present we can struggle along, operating air lines over routes carefully selected for the combination of fliability and traffic volume."

The story of the Western Air Express typifies largely the story of commercial aviation itself.

The company began operation on April 17, 1926, in one little room on East Ninth Street in Los Angeles. It obtained the mail contract between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City and carried a few passengers. Luck rode with the line, because weather conditions are almost ideal for flying over that route. But the officials did not depend entirely on luck. They purchased good equipment and hired sane and safe pilots.

They boast of the remarkable record of no injuries to pilots or passengers through accident, and only one forced landing. This was last June, when the plane carrying Will Rogers to the Republican Convention turned over at Las Vegas, Nevada. Nobody was hurt. The mail has gone through with unfailing regularity. The route consequently has been well patronized.

The company now occupies two suites of six rooms each. Investors who hesitated about buying stock in the company are now eagerly seeking the chance.

When Harry F. Guggenheim, son of Daniel Guggenheim, who is devoting himself to the development of aviation in the United States, was approached by several companies for backing to buy equipment, he chose the Western Air Express as the one most deserving of assistance.

Fairchild photo

A bird's-eye view of Curtiss Field, Long Island.

Boye photo

Harris M. Hanshue, president of the American Air Transport Association.

The three twelve-passenger Fokker planes used in our transcontinental tour were purchased with a loan of $180,000 from the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aëronautics. From New York, this organization keeps in close touch with aviation everywhere.

"Rolling stock" used in aviation requires a heavy outlay of capital. A modern single-engine five-passenger airplane equipped with a Wright Whirlwind motor costs about $12,500. The price of the engine is about $5,000 and is based on a production last year by the Wright Company of approximately 350 engines. The price of the plane, which represents the balance of the $12,500, is based on a production of fifty airplanes a year.

The cost of operation of an airplane is comparatively small. Gasoline consumption of a plane equipped with a 200 horsepower Whirlwind motor is approximately thirteen gallons an hour, and approximately one pint of oil is consumed each hour for a speed of ninety miles an hour.

The most modern three-engine plane, capable of carrying ten passengers and two pilots and 500 pounds of baggage, costs in the neighborhood of $50,000.

At an operating cost of twelve or possibly ten cents a passenger mile, if reasonably full loads can be maintained, commercial flying is highly profitable.

P. & A. photo

Harry Guggenheim, pioneer spirit in helping commercial aviation in America, and Colonel Charles Lindbergh leaving one of the twelve-passenger air giants after a test flight at Mitchel Field, Long Island.

CO-OPERATION between railroads and air lines is desirable at the present time, in the opinion of Mr. Guggenheim.

"Just now aviation needs the support of the railroads," he told me. "With the highly developed railroad systems in the United States, there are only a few places in the country where facilities are available for passenger transportation by air.

"Some of these are in localities where a railroad system is inadequate. An example of this, although outside our boundaries, is the air line that operates on the Magdalena River in Colombia, where by steamer the passage takes eight to ten days, and by seaplane the same journey is accomplished in eight hours.

"The most inviting opportunities for air transport in the United States are where the airplane ride will not be more than three or four hours of daylight flying, where the competing transportation system is not good, or where a rail or sea connection can be made with some other transportation system that makes possible an important saving of time.

"The economic advantages of the co-ordination of rail and air transportation are very great, from the air operator's standpoint.

"His great expense of advertising and ticket selling will be eliminated. Travelers are cer-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Takes the sting out of sunburn

Why dread the after-effects of a glorious day in the bright sunshine? Everybody is talking this summer about Mennen Skin Balm, the marvelous skin preparation that instantly cools the anger of the meanest, fieriest case of sunburn on the beach.

At the first touch Skin Balm soothes and draws the sting out of fiery, burning, blistered skin. Oh how gratefully cool it feels! So fragrant, so calming to angry, torturing sunburn. And Skin Balm goes on without tackiness. It is non-greasy. Disappears quickly, leaving an invisible protective film that cools and soothes and heals.

This is but one of the many daily uses you'll have for Skin Balm. Originated by Mennen as an after-shaving lotion to soothe and tone up close-shaved skin. Women, too, came to appreciate the magic in Skin Balm to protect the skin, to keep skin soft and smooth. Freshens and invigorates tired skins. Of course it is properly antiseptic and astringent. Deliciously scented. There's Skin Balm at your nearest druggist to protect and save you from the after-torments of the blazing sun's rays. Fifty cents. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ontario.

[BLAZING NEW WING TRAILS
Continued from page twenty-one]

tain to welcome the opportunity, which the railroads will offer, to save time by swift daylight hops. In addition, under unfavorable weather conditions of fog and sleet, the only two conditions under which airplanes cannot safely travel, the railroad facilities will always be available.

"This is the situation today. Tomorrow there undoubtedly will be a complete readjustment. For example, should the commercial cruising speed of the airplane be increased from ninety to one hundred and eighty miles an hour, the commercial opportunities for air transport will be enormously extended, in spite of our efficient railway systems."

Commercial flying in the United States will leap ahead with astonishing strides in the next few years. Statistics bear out this opinion. In 1927, by far our biggest year in aviation, 2,000 commercial planes were built. Twelve leading manufacturers of airplanes estimate production in 1928 at nearly 10,000 planes.

Plant facilities are in preparation looking toward the building of 50,000 planes in 1930. A modest estimate would place the average cost of these planes at $10,000 each, or a total of $500,000,000. Truly, aviation is entering the lists of Big Business.

The mail is being carried 16,000 miles daily. There are twenty-four routes with seventy-five station stops. One company alone carried more than 2,000,000 letters in a month.

Air mail connections with Canada, Mexico, and Europe are just around the corner.

Planes of the Ford Motor Company have carried 3,500,000 pounds of freight in the last two years.

Many millions of dollars have been expended by individuals and municipalities on airports, beacons, and landing facilities. In two years the city without an airport will be as behind the times as one without street cars.

Wall Street has got on the commercial aviation band wagon and its dollars are supplying the sinews for the conquest of the air. Many shrewd observers believe that herein lies the best assurance that the new industry is destined soon to establish itself as a sound and steady dividend payer.

THE following list of landing fields was compiled by Miss Muir with the assistance of Norman W. Potter, pilot, who has flown to and from all of them. Potter was an air mail pilot for years and now is employed by the Western Air Express on the Los Angeles-San Francisco run.

Albany, N. Y.—Poor.
Altoona, Pa.—Fair.
Amarillo, Tex.—Good.
Atlanta, Ga.—Fair.
Baltimore, Md.—Fair.
Boise, Idaho—Poor now; undergoing improvement.
Boston, Mass.—Fair.
Buffalo, N. Y.—Good.
Cheyenne, Wyo.—Good under all conditions; model airport.
Chicago, Ill.—Good.
Cleveland, Ohio—Good.
Columbus, Ohio—Poor.
Dayton, Ohio—Government field; good.
Denver, Colo.—Fair; could be improved.
Detroit, Mich.—Good.
Elko, Nev.—Fair.
El Paso, Tex.—Army field; fair.
Hartford, Conn.—Fair; being improved.
Houston, Tex.—Good.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Good.
Ithaca, N. Y.—Fair.
Jacksonville, Fla.—Good.
Kansas City, Kan.—Good.
Key West, Fla.—Good.
Las Vegas, Nev.—Good.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Three excellent private fields; no municipal field.
Louisville, Ky.—Poor.
Macon. Ga.—Good.
Manchester, N. H.—Good.
Miami, Fla. — Fair; privately owned.
Mobile, Ala.—Fair.
Monroe, La.—Private field; good.
Montgomery, Ala.—Army field; good.
Muskogee, Okla.—Good.
Nashville, Tenn. — Government field; fair.
Newark, N. J.—Good field under construction.
New Orleans, La.—Fair; bad in wet weather.
New Brunswick, N. J.—Fair.
New York, N. Y.—Good army field on Long Island; other fields only fair.
North Platte, Neb.—Good.
Oakland, Calif.—Good.
Omaha, Neb.—Fair; little interest in municipal field.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Fair; bad in wet weather.
Phœnix, Ariz.—Fair; being improved.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Poor.
Portland, Me.—Fair.
Portland, Ore. — Splendid field under construction.
Providence, R. I.—Poor.
Reno, Nev.—Fair.
Richmond, Va.—Fair.
Rock Springs, Wyo.—Good, except under adverse winds.
Sacramento, Calif.—Good.
St. Joseph, Mo.—Good.
St. Louis, Mo.—Good.
San Antonio, Tex.—Good.
San Diego, Calif.—Army field excellent; municipal field under construction.
San Francisco, Calif.—Good equipment, poor field under adverse winds.
Salt Lake City, Utah—Good; could be improved with little expenditure.
Seattle, Wash.—Fair; improvements pending.
Spartanburg, S. C.—Good.
Spokane, Wash.—Good municipal field.
Springfield, Mass.—Good.
Syracuse, N. Y.—Good.
Tampa, Fla.—Good.
Trenton, N. J.—Good.
Tucson, Ariz.—Good.
Washington, D. C.—Army field; good.
Wheeling, W. Va.—Poor.
Wichita, Kan.—Good.
Worcester, Mass.—Good.

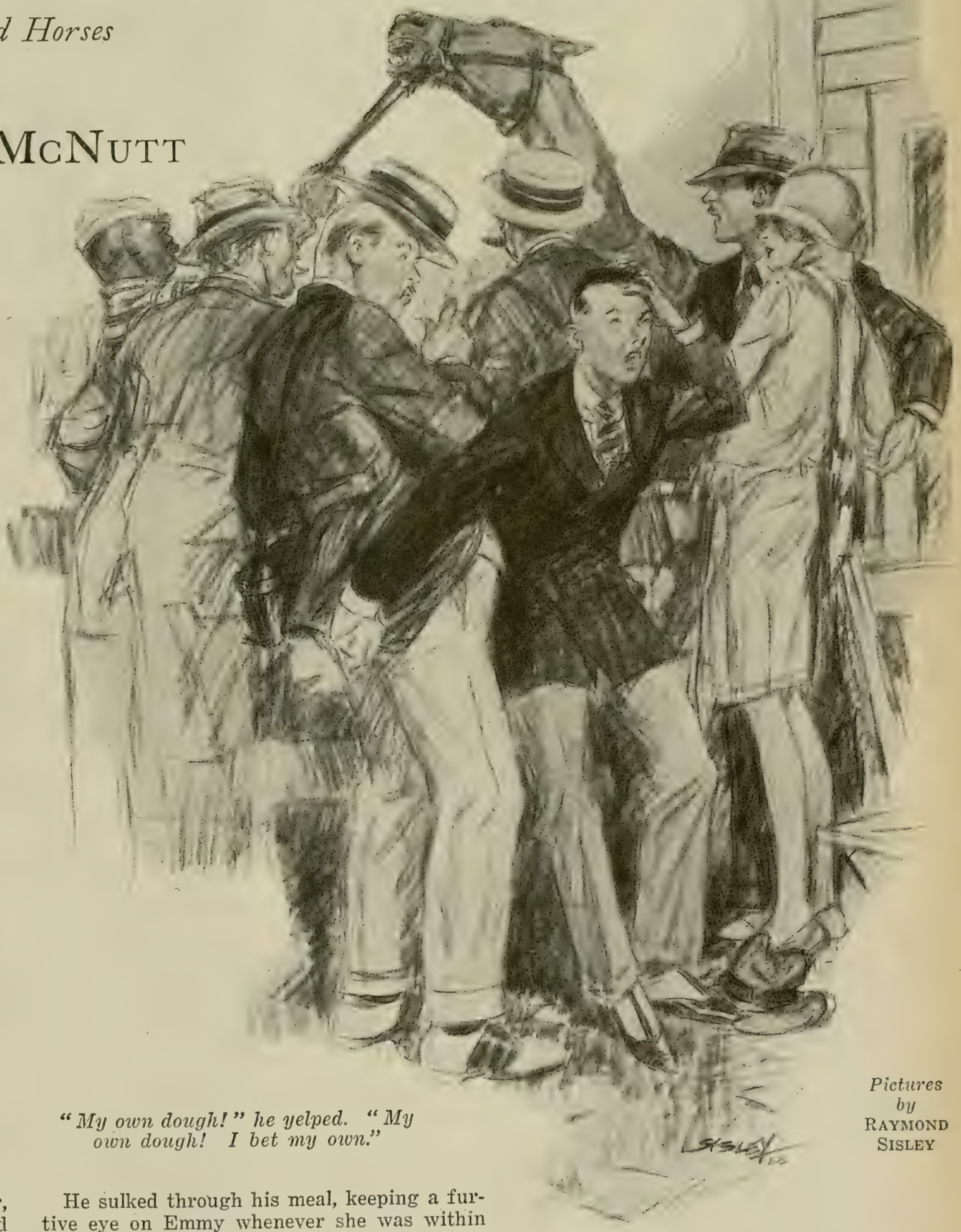
THE END

The Whining Kid Blooms

A Story of Hearts and Horses

By

WILLIAM SLAVENS MCNUTT



"My own dough!" he yelped. "My own dough! I bet my own."

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

(Reading time: 32 minutes 39 seconds.)

THE Whining Kid had had a good day at the track. Three chumps had fallen for his line of ballyhoo, and all three of the horses the Whining Kid had touted them on had won.

If the chumps were surprised at getting winners, the Whining Kid was astounded at having given them. All of the three chumps, saps, suckers, boobs, apes—whatever you choose to call a race track visitor who plays a tout's information—had put down generous bets for the Whining Kid in addition to their own wagers, and all three horses had popped down ahead at long odds.

He swaggered into the Delhi Restaurant, seated himself ostentatiously at a table, and eyed the menu with a grand air.

"What've you got that's good?" he asked imperiously.

Emmy Connors, standing beside his chair chewing gum and waiting impatiently for his order, looked the gaudily attired, cocky little tout over, and registered boredom.

"I've heard 'em speak well of the water," she said. "The toothpicks ain't bad if you handle 'em right, an' the napkins is fresh laundered."

The Whining Kid looked up with a snarl on his thin lips. He saw a slim, black haired, blue eyed young miss with a stubborn little chin and a pert upturned nose. The snarl on the Whining Kid's lips melted into a crooked grin as he found her easy to look at.

"Wisecracker, hey?" he said amiably.

Emmy patted a lock of her bobbed hair.

"That line may pass for wisecracking where you come from," she said loftily. "Down here it's just dumb chatter we waste on strangers to keep 'em in their place. What're you goin' to have?"

"How 'bout a smile?" the Whining Kid suggested.

"Smile!" Emmy exclaimed. "Say, mister, if I let my face slip while I'm lookin' at you, I'd never stop at a smile. I'd bust right out in hysterics, an' prob'ly get fired for disturbin' the cash customers. Talk up, little man. Tell mamma what it's goin' to have for its dinner."

"Be nice!" the Whining Kid begged. "Say, you know, you ain't a bad looker."

"Oh, Columbus!" Emmy exclaimed. "Look what you discovered."

"Guess you been told that before, ain't you?" the Whining Kid said, chagrined.

"Mind reader!" Emmy chided him. "Now, listen. If you're goin' to eat, gimme your order; if you're just waitin' for a street car, move out on the curbstone an' let one o' the payin' guests have that seat."

Poutingly the Whining Kid ordered a T bone steak smothered in onions, French fried potatoes, hot apple pie *à la mode*, and a cup of coffee.

He sulked through his meal, keeping a furtive eye on Emmy whenever she was within range, and finding her more to his liking with each succeeding look.

"Let's don't be bad frien's," he begged, when she brought his check. "I didn't mean to say anything to get your goat."

"DON'T flatter yourself!" Emmy said indignantly. "My goat! You get my goat! You're funny enough for vaudeville!"

"You're a smart kid," the Whining Kid said admiringly. "What are you doin' tonight?"

"If I wasn't smart you might find out," she retorted. "What are you doin'?"

"I got nothin' on," the Whining Kid said eagerly.

"That's one o' the ten thousand ways where you an' me differ," Emmy said tartly. "I got plenty to do and plenty o' people to do it with."

"All right," the Whining Kid said in a conciliatory tone. "I'm goin' to be around awhile. Maybe some other night. My name's Sharkey Tyler."

"Ain't that sweet!" Emmy said mockingly. "Your mother think that up, or did you copy it off a police blotter?"

"You sure got a line," the Whining Kid conceded.

"Jockey, ain't you?" Emmy asked, mollified.

"Used to be," the Whining Kid bragged. (He had never been on a horse in his life.) "I got a bad fall three years ago at Saratoga. All busted up. In the hospital six months. Can't ever ride again. Tough, I tell you."

"Aw!" said Emmy, sincerely sympathetic. "That's too bad."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Trying to be herself

but held back by cachexia (run-down condition)

You can't be your real self; you can't get ahead socially or in business if you are all run down and unfit for the day's work or play. Be fit and keep fit by eating yeast! This simple though magic food has brought new powers to millions of weak, sickly folks—men, women and children. Let it do likewise for you!

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1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

[THE WHINING KID BLOOMS Continued from page twenty-three]

"I ain't been the same man since," the Whining Kid said sadly, quick to follow his advantage. "It ain't so much the money, course o' course, know'n' horses as I do, I make plenty playin' 'em. But it's missin' the—you know. The crowd yellin' my name when I come bustin' home on a winner, an' the people followin' me around the streets an' tryin' to get introductions to me, an' the stuff in the papers, an' —you know."

"Sure I do," Emmy said, sincerely sympathetic. "You must feel terrible."

"I get lonesome sometimes," the Whining Kid admitted. "I'm kind o' lonesome this evening. You know, if you ain't doin' anything—"

"Oh, but I am," Emmy said quickly. "The boy friend'll be holdin' down the doorsill at eight o'clock when I get off. Sorry."

"Some other time, maybe?" the Whining Kid suggested.

"Maybe," Emmy half promised, smiling, and hurried away at the call of a diner who wanted his check.

THE boy friend who held down the doorsill at 8 o'clock when Emmy got off was the darling of her heart and a most exasperating worry. His name was John Lamar. He was big and honest, loving and faithful, and just a wee smitch dumb. This irritated Emmy somewhat, but the quality in him which really caused her anguish was his contentment with his lot, which was little.

He was a small salaried salesman for an electrical appliance concern. He had started with them at the bottom and held his own for three years. It wasn't exactly that he lacked ambition. He wanted to succeed, but he was in no tearing rush about it. Emmy, on the other hand, was impatient. She was willing to save and scrimp to get ahead, but she wanted to get ahead fast.

The sight of him waiting outside for her when she had finished work that night infuriated her. He was so big and easy-going, so strong and potentially capable, and so actually futile!

"Well?" she said sharply. "Did you ask him?"

"Ask him?" John repeated. "Who? What?"

"Simpson," Emmy snapped. "Did you ask him for a raise?"

"Oh, yes," John said—"oh, yes. No."

"Yes, no," Emmy said irritably. "What do I do? Toss a nickel and call heads or tails to find out what you mean? Yes! No!"

"I mean no," John said patiently. "I didn't get a good chance to ask him today."

"Didn't you see him?"

"Oh, sure," said John. "I saw him. That's one reason I decided not to ask him today."

"That's good," said Emmy. "If you hadn't seen him you'd have asked him, huh?"

"I mean I saw him and he didn't look as if it was a good time to say anything," John explained. "He wasn't in a very good humor today."

"You promised me last night you'd ask him today sure," Emmy reminded him.

"I know," he said humbly. "I didn't think you'd mind if I put it off for a day—not if you knew that today was a bad time to ask him."

"Talk up, little man. Tell mamma what it's goin' to have for its dinner."

"Oh, no!" Emmy said bitterly. "I don't mind. Why should I? What's a day one way or another to a poor boob of a girl who's already waited pretty near a year for nothin'?"

"Aw, Emmy, don't take that attitude!" he begged.

"I'm not takin' any attitude!" she said angrily. "I'm tellin' you! I'm slavin' away there in that restaurant, tryin' to do my share to get a stake together, so we can open our own place and amount to something. I think you might at least put yourself out enough to ask old man Simpson for a raise. What if he doesn't give it to you?"

"He might fire me," John reminded her.

"What if he did?" Emmy argued. "The job you've got's no good at the money you're getting."

"It's sure," John said.

"Sure!" she mimicked him savagely. "Sure! I bet if you were sent to the penitentiary for life you'd be happy! You'd be sure of a place to eat and a place to sleep for the rest of your life, an' that seems to be all you care about. Sure! Don't you ever want to take a chance and try to get ahead?

"What about this restaurant we're goin' to start when we get money enough saved up? I suppose, when it comes time to do that—if it ever does—you'll want to go put the money in a safety vault, where it'll be sure to be safe an' useless, an' go on keepin' our jobs, both of us, till we die."

"Now, that isn't so, Emmy," John protested soberly. "I've told you we'd start a restaurant of our own when we get the money."

"When we get the money!" Emmy exclaimed. "At the rate you're goin', we ought to get it just about in time to pay our funeral bills. Oh, you make me sick!"

They went to the Corona Theater to see a picture. Emmy managed to stay mad through the entire show. Coming out, she saw the Whining Kid lounging in the lobby.

"Why, Mr. Tyler!" she greeted him cordially. "Think of runnin' into you this way! This is Mr. Lamar, Mr. Tyler. John, I want you to meet my friend Mr. Tyler. Mr. Tyler used to be a famous jockey."

John looked the Whining Kid over, and hated what he saw. The Whining Kid looked John over, and decided that here was nothing serious in the way of a rival.

"Where you people headin' for?" the Whining Kid asked. "I don't want to butt in, but if you two got nothin' special on, s'pose you come on over to the Blue Sky Club with me, an' we'll have a little bite an' do a little hoofin'. My treat, you understand. I knocked 'em off the limb out at the track this afternoon an' I'm fat. What say?"

"Oh, I think that would be lovely!" Emmy gushed.

"I got to get up in the morning," John objected sullenly.

"If you don't want to go," Emmy said stiffly, "why, Mr. Tyler an' me'll—"

"Oh, no," John said hastily; "I'll go along. I just don't want to stay too late, that's all."

He went along, and stayed too late, and suffered throughout the experience. The Whining Kid and Emmy talked and laughed and danced and had a great time of it. John, mad, hurt, and embarrassed, sulked through the evening while the Whining Kid established himself as a famous and prosperous figure at the track and spoke contemptuously of sums, won over the space of a minute, that were larger than the salary John made in a year.

"WELL!" Emmy said petulantly, after the party broke up and she and John were alone en route to her home. "Fine company you turned out to be! Sit there like a dummy with a toothache all evening. You might at least a' been polite."

"You didn't seem to miss my company any," John grumbled.

Emmy laughed. "Miss it? Certainly not. Expect me to have a bad evening just 'cause you want to sit an' groan? There's plenty o' people in this world that'll be glad to treat me nice any time you don't want to. Mr. Tyler's a peach of a fella, isn't he?"

"He gives me a pain in the neck," John exclaimed. "How'd you get to know him so well, anyhow?"

"Oh, I meet people," Emmy said evasively. "I guess the reason he gives you a pain in the neck is because he gets out in the world an' makes money. I'll bet he wouldn't let any old boss keep him workin' for years for nothin'."

"Um," said John. "I'll bet any old boss wouldn't keep him workin' for years, even if he *did* work for nothin'!"

"You're jealous!" Emmy taunted him. "You're jealous 'cause Mr. Tyler's got the courage and get-up-an'-get to him to take a chance—to get out and make a lot o' money—"

"Oh, is that so!" said John. "The guys that robbed the First National Bank last week, they took a chance and got out and made a lot o' money, too. I s'pose, the next thing, you'll be crabbin' at me because I'm not a bank robber!"

"I guess even a bank robber's got to be somethin' better than just an old stick-in-the-mud!" Emmy retorted furiously.

"Oh," said John. "I'm just a stick-in-the-mud, huh?"

"I don't know if it's mud or what," Emmy said. "You must be stuck in somethin'. You're not goin' any place—that's a cinch."

John left her at the door without kissing her good night, and walked away mumbling furious promises to himself to show her.

Emmy went to bed crying miserably.

"Oh, if he'd only just get mad and do something!" she sobbed. "I don't care! I'm just goin' to keep right on pickin' on him till he does!"

The Whining Kid, meanwhile, was strutting about a hotel lobby much patronized by the racing mob.

A fellow tout hailed him.

"Where you been, Kid?" he inquired. "Didn't see you around this evening."

The Whining Kid smiled meaningly.

"Boy, I got one." he boasted. "You're goin' to miss me around this lobby the rest o' the meet."

"Doll?"

"Right new from the toyshop! And what comes with her! Boy! This one's got her own limousine. No kiddin'. An' a chauffeur all plastered over with a uniform. Her father's one o' the biggest bankers in the city. An' the way this little filly o' his tosses around the old man's do re me—mamma!"

"Where'd you meet her?" the Whining Kid's friend asked enviously.

"I should pass it around!" the Whining Kid said wisely. "You wouldn't be in anything if I told you, 'cause this little trick is mine, an' the barn I stole her out of's empty.

"Well, I think I'll ease along up to the room an' play me a little sheet music. If I can do anything for you any time—after a little while—let me know. I figure to be up there with plenty pretty soon. Watch me bloom, fella. Watch me bloom!"

They had the drink, and another. "Tell me," John begged. "What horse is it?"

THE Whining Kid's luck at the track continued good, and his affair with Emmy Connors promised progress. She was off duty from 2 to 5 each afternoon, and he took her to the track three successive days. Each day he managed to give her a winner at a good price, and each day she played his tip with a two dollar bill. He tried to get her to reinvest her winnings to make a killing, but she stubbornly refused to boost the play. This evidence of a canny nature further won the heart of the Whining Kid.

"SHE'S nobody's ape, that little filly," he confided to Ben Wheatleigh, a trainer acquaintance. "Bets her little two berries as long as the info is good, and pockets her winnings, and that's that. Catch her shootin' wild! I think not! You know, Ben, I'm beginnin' to dope the figures on this weddin' entry thing. I bet me an' that kid could run one two in many a race if we was coupled."

"You're drinkin' too much!" Wheatleigh scoffed.

"Nix!" the Whining Kid protested. "I ain't had a shot in a week."

"Then you ain't drinkin' enough," Wheatleigh argued. "Somethin's got you out o' line. You married! That's one for the book!"

"No kiddin'!" the Whining Kid insisted. "I got this doped right. What a tout like me needs is a good wife. A nice little woman settin' up in the grand stand, wonderin' if there's goin' to be dinner money or no. Wouldn't that make a guy hustle suckers as he never hustled before? Wouldn't it?

"Why, every time you speared an ape down in the bettin' ring, you'd say to yourself, 'I got to land this thing or maybe the little wife up there'll have to bed down hungry tonight without so much as the smell of an oat to tickle her muzzle.' Wouldn't that make a guy smart?"

"Smart!" said Wheatleigh. "Say, if you could be made smart you wouldn't have this dumb idea. You need a wife about as much as a centipede needs more legs!"

"Well, I could have one even if I didn't need her, couldn't I?" the Whining Kid asked aggrievedly. "Do I have to hustle all my life just to get stuff I need? Even if it ain't good sense, that don't make it a dumb idea. Every guy's got luxury comin' to him, ain't he? You take me—I don't sniff coke, or toss my dough takin' a lot o' people on parties, or—"

"I'll say you don't!" Wheatleigh agreed dryly. "Any time you take a lot o' people, or anybody, on any kind of a party—"

"I took this little gal an' her boy friend to the Blue Sky the other night," the Whining Kid bragged.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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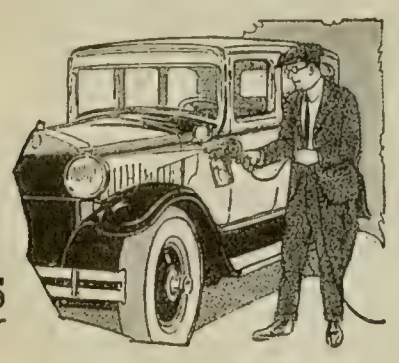

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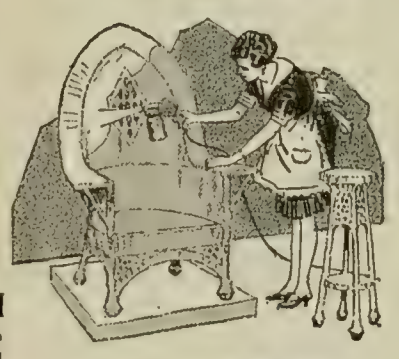

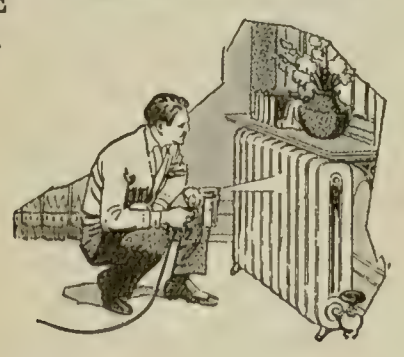

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[THE WHINING KID BLOOMS Continued from page twenty-five]

"Pay the check?"

"Sure I did."

"You're sunk," Wheatleigh said positively. "If you took a party to a night club and paid the check, you're down for the third time an' no life preserver's goin' to do you any good. You're not the first dumbster who's read the dope sheet upside down and from right to left, an' then figured that the nut for two lunch checks is goin' to be less dough, an' easier to get, than it is for one. Good luck to you, Kid. You'll need it. Now, just for a wedding present, I'll give you one."

He leaned close and whispered:

"HOCK everything but what you need to wear to the track, and lay it all on Mint Sauce to win in the third tomorrow. Play her on the nose. Shoot the works and don't worry. She'll be a price. Anywhere from eight or ten to one, and she'll win pulled up by lengths. If you won't take my tip not to get married, why, take this one and win yourself the price of a honeymoon."

The Whining Kid thanked him effusively and hurried away dizzy with joy.

Mint Sauce was one of the horses Wheatleigh trained, and Wheatleigh, in addition to being a wizard at picking spots where his charges could win, was famous as a man of his word. He seldom gave any information to anyone; but when he did unbelt and state positively that one of his horses would win, that horse, barring the worst of accidents and racing luck, would finish first.

The Whining Kid at last had a tip that he believed. The validity of it was of no special aid to him in passing it around and getting money laid for him in return for the information. The wise ones wouldn't believe him, and the suckers wouldn't fall for a real tip any quicker than they would for a phony.

This was one on which the Whining Kid would bet his own money. He decided that. He would keep the information to himself and bet his entire bank roll, which was some 280 odd dollars strong. He wouldn't tell a soul. Just keep mum, and then, after the horse came in a winner, strut around and make a flash with the tickets before he cashed them.

Thus he would build himself up with a number of chumps he was working on, but had not yet landed, and also feed his vanity on the envy of certain other hustlers who had been doing better than he for the meeting and wearing the hat high in his presence.

On his way up to the grand stand he amended his decision not to tell a soul. He would tell Emmy. She should have a chance to get in on it. He tingled all over to think what a hit he would make by giving her this one. A sure winner at a long price! She would make a hatful of money, and get an understanding of the joys and profits in store for one lucky enough to be the wife of a race-wise person like the Whining Kid.

To his dismay, he encountered some difficulty in selling her the idea of betting more than two dollars on the next day's sure thing.

"It's in, I tell you," he argued desperately. "Ain't you got confidence in me?"

"Oh, yes," Emmy assured him; "I got confidence in you. But you might be mistaken."

"Look," said the Whining Kid. "You gimme a hundred to bet for you, an' if this pig don't come in I'll give you your hundred back out o' my own pocket. Ain't that fair?"

Emmy shook her head. "It ain't fair to you," she objected. "I couldn't let you do that for me."

"I just want you to make some money out o' this thing," the Whining Kid said tearfully. "Honest, this is funny! Here I am with a sure thing, tryin' on the up and up to give it away, an' I can't put it over! I can sell phonies to suckers, an' I can't give away a real one to the girl I love!"

"Oh, Mr. Tyler!" Emmy chided

"How'd you like to have a punch in the nose?" John asked belligerently.

him. "You mustn't say a thing like that!"

"Why mustn't I?" the Whining Kid asked hoarsely. "It's on the level. Honest, kid, I'm cross-eyed about you! Listen. How'd you like to live easy, an' just travel around, an' have plenty o' dough all the time? Nothin' to do but come out to the track in the afternoon an' listen to the band play an' watch the horses go round while papa hustles—huh?

"NORTH in the summer, an' back South here in the winter. Good weather the year round, plenty o' dough, an' no hard work. Don't get me wrong, kid! I ain't askin' you to pull any stuff you'd have to lie to the stewards about. I mean the real old married thing, with the ring an' the priest an' all the trimmin's. What say, kid? Huh?"

"Oh, Mr. Tyler, I couldn't!" Emmy said, honestly distressed. "Honest, I couldn't! It's awful nice of you to ask me, an' all that, but I couldn't do it. I'm awful sorry."

"I lose this one, huh?" the

Whining Kid said sadly. "All right. Only just one thing: don't hang up the red board on me yet. You know—don't make it official till I get a chance to tell you more about it. I know you got my number hung in the place hole now, but if you'll just gimme a chance to do a little more talkin', I got confidence you'll move me up. Will you do that?"

"Oh, I'm awful sorry," Emmy repeated.

"So'm I," said the Whining Kid dolefully. "Here I got a horse runnin' tomorrow that's goin' to win me out the price of a honeymoon to any place I'm a mind to go, an' after gettin' that handed to me I come up here an' find out I'm short the bride!

"All my life I been short somethin'. Always! Half a break is all I ever get. If I'm healthy an' hungry I'm broke, an' when I'm fat I get indigestion an' can't eat what I got the money to buy! I never see it rain soup, but if it ever does, I bet I get caught out somewhere, starvin' to death, with nothin' on me but a fork!"

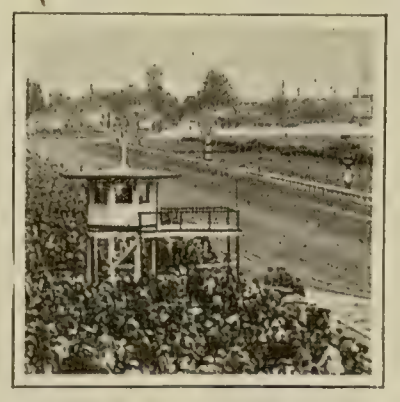
EMMY was sincerely sorry for the Whining Kid. She had meant to use him merely as an instrument to goad John Lamar, and, while she had no spark of affection for him, she liked the little man well enough and was honestly distressed at having hurt him.

When she returned to town to go on shift, she found further cause for worry. John Lamar was awaiting her in front of the restaurant; and John—sober, dependable John—was unmistakably half cockeyed.

"John!" she exclaimed, shocked. "You've been drinking!"

"Sure I have!" John said thickly, rocking slightly. "Sure I been drinkin'. You know what? I told old Simpson where he could go. See? You been naggin' at me to tell him, an' now I've told him. I told him where he could go. This morning I told him. You thought I was 'fraid to tell him, didn't you? That's all you know! I told him. I told him plenty.

"I went in an' got a couple o' drinks before I went to the office this morning, an' I walked right in on the old scoundrel an' I told him. I says, 'You looka here, Mr. Simpson,' I says, 'you old skinflint, you! I been workin' for you for nothin' just as long as I'm goin' to,' I says. 'If you think you can keep on makin' a slave out o' me,' I says, 'why, you're—'"



"John!" Emmy wailed. "You didn't say that?"

"Didn't?" said John. "You go ask old Simpson 'f I didn't. That's just what I says to him. An' he says—"

"What did he say?" Emmy asked fearfully.

John spent a moment in thought.

"I couldn't repeat it," he said. "'Twasn't fit for you to hear. I'm a gentleman, if I am a stick-in-the-mud, an' I wouldn't say words like them to a lady. When he got done, I says to him, I says, 'Listen, Mr. Simpson,' I says. 'You ain't firin' me,' I says, 'cause I'd already quit before I come in here,' I says. 'What do you know about that?'"

"John!" Emmy said. "You're fired?"

"Ain't fired." John insisted gravely. "I quit."

"OH, John!" Emmy said. "What did you go an' talk to him like that for?"

John sighed and shook his head. "How you goin' to please 'em?" he asked of the world at large. "Stick-in-the-mud if I don't go in an' bawl him out, an' wrong if I do!"

"I didn't want you to bawl him out," Emmy protested tearfully. "I just wanted you to go to him in a nice way an' stand up for your rights."

"I stood up for 'em," John said. "That ain't all, either. You think that little Sharkey Tyler's pretty smart, don't you? Just 'cause he hangs around the track an' makes a lot o' easy money. I know what you think. Well, he ain't so smart. No, he ain't! I told Simpson where he could go, an' now I'm goin' to show up your friend Mr. Tyler. I couldn't do it while I had a job; but now that I got time, I'm goin' out to that track an' make a lot o' money myself. What do you know about that?"

"John, go home," Emmy begged. "Please go home! You've been drinking!"

"Sure I been drinkin'," he admitted. "Goin' to drink some more, too. I can be a regular fellow if I want to. I ain't half the stick-in-the-mud you think I am. You wait an' see!

"I got some money in the bank, an' I know a place where a lot o' trainers an' jockeys hang out. I met some of 'em today. Goin' to meet some more of 'em tonight, too. I got to be good friends with one of 'em, an' he's goin' to tell me what horse to bet on. Tonight he's goin' to tell me. Soon's I get back there. He's promised.

"I'll show you how smart your friend Tyler is. I'll show you! I'll show you whether I'm scared to take a chance or not. You wait!"

The proprietor of the restaurant came to the door and spoke to Emmy.

"You work in thees place?" he asked. "Mebbe you theenk I pay you wages you stend there on the sidewalk an' talk, talk, talk, while the pipple inside they strike on the table weeth the feest an' ask me why don't I hire somebody would wait on them."

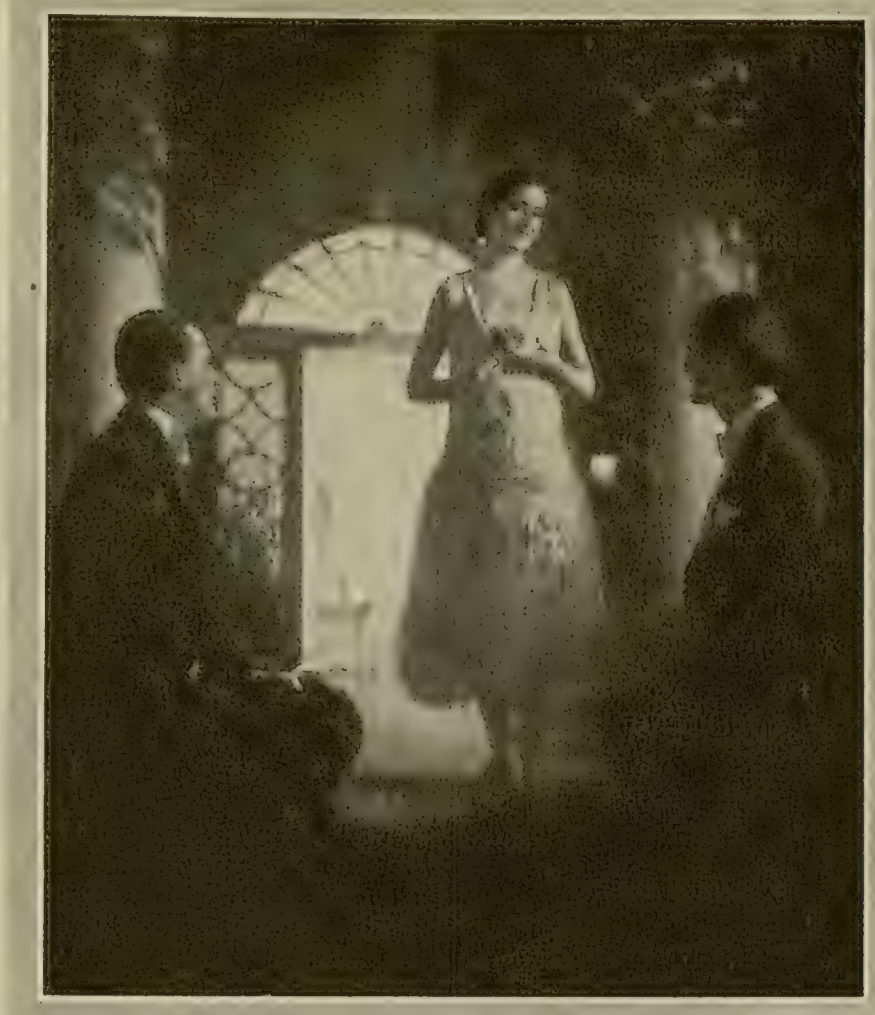
"I'll be right in, Mr. Delapopolous," Emmy promised. Then, to John: "Please go home, John. We'll talk it all over tomorrow."

"Stick-in-the-mud!" John said sullenly. "You'll see!"

He walked away, weaving slightly, and Emmy hurried in to don an apron and start the monotonous back and forth between kitchen and table, customer and chef.

She was distressed at having

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[THE WHINING KID BLOOMS
Continued from page twenty-seven]

hurt the Whining Kid, and worried to distraction about John Lamar. Nevertheless, deep in her heart there was a fresh fierce warmth of joy. John had made a fool of himself, and bade fair to extend the production; but at least he had made a definite move. Emmy heartily disapproved of the move, but there was that new prideful glow in her heart that had not existed before he made it.

JOHN LAMAR made somewhat unsteady going of it back to the second story speak-easy where he had spent most of the day. A red faced, bleary eyed man breasting the tiny bar greeted him boisterously.

"Here he is!" he shouted, clapping John on the back. "Said he'd come back, an' he did. He's my pal, this one. Ain't you my pal, kid? Ain't you?"

"Sure am," John agreed. "Let's have a drink."

"Sure we'll have a drink," the red faced man agreed. "Nobody ever heard Longshot Anderson turn down a drink when a pal asked him to have one. Longshot Anderson. That's me, kid. Been in the racin' racket thirty-one years, an' I've dropped in more long shots that popped down there in front than any trainer o' my time. Yes, I have. Believe that, kid?"

"Sure," said John. "Sure I do."

"Sure you do," said Anderson. "You're my pal. That's why. Never lied to a pal, an' I never will. Ask anybody. They'll tell you. Longshot Anderson never lied to a pal in his life."

They had the drink, and another to top it off. Others followed the first two, and suddenly Longshot began to wilt and grow incoherent. John helped him to a seat by a table. Longshot slumped in his chair and gave unmistakable evidence of being about to pass out. John shook him by the shoulder.

"Listen," he whispered in his ear. "You were goin' to tell me a horse. Remember? A horse to bet on tomorrow. One of the horses you train. Remember?"

"Sure remember," Longshot mumbled. "Absolu'ly. 'Member perfeckly."

"Tell me," John begged. "Tell me now. What horse is it? I'm your pal, ain't I? You'll tell me, won't you? You promised, you know. What horse is it?"

"Horse?" said Anderson. "Horse? Sure. Know more 'bout horse' 'n any man alive. What about it?"

"You said you'd tell me," John said desperately. "What horse is it? I'm your pal. Tell me. The horse to bet on."

"Jackson," Longshot said distinctly. "Bob Jackson in third race. Bet shirt on him. 'S all fixed. 'S in. Sure thing. Jackson in third. You're my pal, an' I—I—"

Longshot Anderson wheezed, sputtered, and slumped face down on the table, out like a light.

John Lamar had clung tenaciously to an approximate sobriety, aided by his eagerness to keep his senses until he got the information he sought. With the name of the horse secure in his memory, he relaxed a bit, and suddenly found himself beautifully spiffed. With difficulty he made his way to the street, and there the curtain came down on him. He continued to walk, but the things he did left no record of memory on his mind. He had drawn a blank.

When Emmy got off shift, she found John awaiting her, able to walk and talk, but glassy eyed.

"I got it," he told her triumphantly.

"Got what?" Emmy asked.

"Name o' that horse," John explained. "Bob Jackson. Tha's his name. Bob Jackson 'n third race tomorrow. Can't lose. I'll show you 'f I'm smart. Bob Jackson 'n third. Goin' to take every penny I got 'n bank an' bet it on 'm."

"John, don't!" Emmy begged. "John, there's another horse goin' to win that race. I know. There's another horse goin' to win that race sure. Can you understand, John?"

"I know what 'm talkin' 'bout," John declared stubbornly. "I'm no fool, even 'f you do think so. Bob Jackson goin' to win it, an' I'm goin' bet every cent I got."

"Who told you?" Emmy asked anxiously.

"M' pal," said John. "Trainer. Wouldn' lie to me. No, he wouldn'. I'm judge o' character—don' care what you think. You don't know me; tha's all. Got this straight 'n that horse goin' win. Bob Jackson 'n third. Sure. I know what I'm talkin' 'bout. M' pal tol' me, 'n' he wouldn' lie."

Emmy called a taxi and got John in. On the way to his house he reiterated his faith and determination, while Emmy wept and begged him not to be rash. The driver saw John inside the door of his house, whereupon Emmy paid him off and thriftily walked to her own abode, thinking hard.

WHEN John Lamar awoke he found himself the miserable owner of a head that felt as though it were fashioned of hundreds of ulcerated teeth all being pulled out of one jawbone by an inexperienced dentist using a pair of automobile pliers. He tried to sit up and look at the clock, but fell back on the bed with a pitiful moan. Lying there, he attempted to reconstruct the previous night.

He could recall coming downstairs from the speak-easy. All after that was blank. He had no recollection of seeing Emmy the second time. How he got home he had no idea. He recalled trying to get the name of a horse from Longshot Anderson, and blushed with shame at the recollection of having been such a credulous, drunken boob.

He recalled, too, having met Emmy in the afternoon, and telling her a lot of driveling nonsense

about betting all his savings on a horse. What must she think of him! Whatever the cost in pain, he must get up, see her, and square himself. Moaning with agony, he forced himself to his feet and staggered across the room to the washbowl to wet his aching brow.

JUST at the moment John Lamar was crossing the room, the horses in the third race were facing the barrier. At the rail near the judges' stand the Whining Kid was standing, white faced, muttering, watching the action of the colt that carried $280 of his own money right on its nose.

Mint Sauce, quoted in the last line of odds at ten to one, was cutting up at the post. This was a sign that the horse was probably alive and full of run, but it got on the Whining Kid's taut nerves.

"Save that pep an' burn it up runnin'," the Whining Kid begged. "Easy, baby! Oh, don't you get your fool self left at that post! That's all I ask of you. Just don't you get yourself left at the post. Easy, Mint Sauce!

"Honest, if this thing'll just pop down in front for me, I'll never bet another dime o' my own on a horse as long as I live! Why didn't I hustle me a chump to lay this for me? Easy, Mint Sauce! Careful, there! Oh, Mint Sauce, be good to me!"

There were eight horses in the race. One of them, Scotch Thrift, was the favorite at six to five. Bob Jackson, an old bay selling plater, was in there, standing stolidly before the barrier, his ears slanted back, indicating boredom, and a weary look in his old eyes. On the odds board he was quoted at sixty to one. The others, a cheap lot, ranged in price from eight to one to twenty to one.

The starter was having plenty of trouble with Mint Sauce, but at last he caught him headed the right way.

"Come on!" he shrieked.

Coincident with the sound of his voice the bell rang and the barrier flashed up. Coincident, too, with the sound of his voice—perhaps just the fraction of a second before it—an exasperated assistant starter, who had been working feverishly with Mint Sauce, trying to get him lined up, touched the animal with his whip.

Mint Sauce reared high on his hind legs, and his boy pitched backward out of the saddle and lit, sprawled on the track.

The Whining Kid clutched his hair with both hands and screamed. He slapped his hat on the ground and jumped up and down on it in a frenzy, wailing his woe aloud.

"My own dough!" he yelped. "My own dough! I bet my own. Not even a run for it. My own dough! I'm a sucker! Nothing but a sucker. After all these years I'm an ape. I'm an umpchay! My own dough! Tossed his boy at the barrier. Not even a run! My own dough! Oh, why didn't somebody shoot me on my way out here today!"

He took the tickets from his pocket and held them up for all to see.

"Look!" he squawked. "My own dough. Shot the works! Overboard and sunk! Oh, will I ever learn!"

The race was six furlongs. While the Whining Kid danced in agony on the lawn and squalled his anguish for all to hear, the seven horses left in the race were running down the back stretch. The favorite, Scotch Thrift, led. Bunched behind came five others, and then Bob Jackson—last, where he belonged.

Thus they rounded the far turn and thus they approached the turn into the stretch.

Scotch Thrift, the favorite, had one bad habit. She occasionally ran wide on the turn for home. And on this particular day she decided to indulge in her racing vice. Instead of following the curve of the inside rail, she bore wide, and was halfway across the track before her boy got her in hand. The horses running close behind her were forced to follow or take up. Whichever they did, they were thrown completely out of their stride, held up.

Old Bob Jackson, running in the rear, had a clear opening, and slipped through easily on the rail. His jockey, seeing his chance, laid the leather on hard, and the old plater went for home driving, with the rest of the field, straightened out at last, closing fast on him from behind.

The favorite led the rest, and, rushing up fast in the last few yards, went past the finishing post, with old Jackson so nearly nose and nose that no one on the lawn knew who had won until the numbers went up.

The winning number was five—the number of Bob Jackson! He had clicked in by a nod.

As that winning number went up, another maniac joined the Whining Kid in his dance of despair. He was a red faced man and his name was Longshot Anderson.

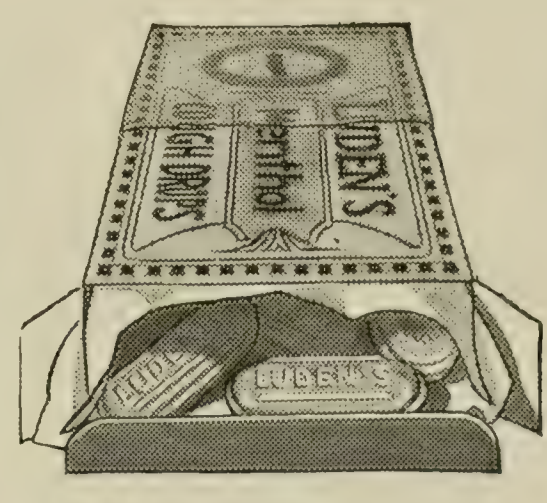
"I let him run loose!" he bellowed. "Wins at sixty to one, an' I didn't have a dime on him. Oh, will I ever learn? I let him run loose! Didn't bet a dime! My own horse, sixty to one, an' I didn't bet a dime! Not a dime down on him, an' he run in on me!"

"Mister," said the Whining Kid sadly, "you should squawk! You didn't bet a dime! I bet the works, an' here we both are headed for the same poorhouse! It's a great game, ain't it?"

IT was well along in the afternoon when John Lamar finally got dressed and made the street, white faced and shaky. He called at the house where Emmy roomed, and found her gone. Dizzy with misery, he made his way toward the Delhi Restaurant. On Canal Street a yelling newsboy thrust an afternoon edition under his nose. John saw a banner head, and his

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

5¢



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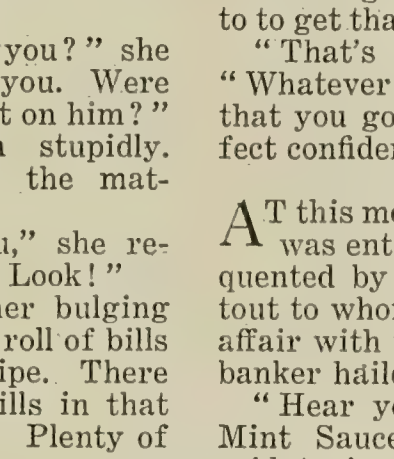
Cigarettes....20 for 20¢

[THE WHINING KID BLOOMS Continued from page twenty-nine]

heart skipped a beat or two and then raced hard. The head read:

BOB JACKSON WINS AT SIXTY TO ONE!

He bought the paper and stared at the head: "Bob Jackson Wins at Sixty to One!" Sixty dollars for one dollar! Six thousand dollars for $100! The figures staggered his imagination.



"He was telling me the truth!" he whispered to himself. "Oh, I had a fortune just for the taking, and I let it go! Oh, what a fool I am! What a fool!"

He walked on mechanically, stunned by the thought of the opportunity he had let slip. Of one thing he was glad. He had not given the name of the horse he had told Emmy he was going to bet on. He must never let her know! He had no faintest memory of meeting her late in the evening and telling her all.

HE reached the Delhi Restaurant and walked up and down near by, sick at heart, sick at head, fearing that Emmy would not make up with him, cursing himself for not having bet something on Bob Jackson, and wondering where, and if, he could get another job.

A taxi slowed up at the curb near him, and a wild woman leaped from it. The wild woman was Emmy Connors. Her hat was set crooked on her head and she was weeping hysterically.

"John, where were you?" she cried. "I couldn't find you. Were you there? Did you bet on him?"

"Bet?" said John stupidly. "Why, honey, what's the matter?"

"I couldn't find you," she repeated. "Look, John. Look!"

She snapped open her bulging purse and drew forth a roll of bills that would fill a stovepipe. There were hundred dollar bills in that roll and thousands too. Plenty of them.

"Look!" she cried. "Take it, John. Keep it for me. I'm scared. I bet everything, John. I bet all I had. Three hundred dollars. Take it John. Hold it tight. There's eighteen thousand dollars there. Oh, John, I'm so proud of you! I knew you'd be right if you said you were. I bet all I had, John. Where were you? I couldn't find you at the track. How much did you bet? Oh, John, let's get some place where we can sit and talk. I—I'm afraid I'm goin' to scream!"

A half hour later, the money deposited in a downtown hotel safe and explanations made, John and Emmy walked forth, radiant, to dine and celebrate.

"We can open a perfectly wonderful restaurant with less than half of what I won, John," she babbled. "You can be the manager, an' I'll oversee the kitchen an' the girls an' all, an' we'll have plenty in the bank besides.

"Oh, John, I forgot to tell you about one thing. I'm a little bit short of what I won. Poor Mr. Tyler lost everything he had—two hundred and eighty dollars. Somebody lied to him and told him another horse was going to win. He felt so bad, an' I was so happy, I just up an' gave him two hundred an' eighty. You don't mind, John?"

"No," said John generously. "That was fine."

They approached the Delhi Restaurant. The proprietor came out and scowled at Emmy.

"Where you be?" he demanded. "You know what time ees? You get in here queeck an'—"

"How'd you like to have a punch in the nose?" John asked belligerently.

"I'm not workin' for you any more, Mr. Delapopolous," Emmy informed him sweetly. "I was just stayin' on with you till I learned the business. Me an' my fiancé are goin' to get married an' open a *good* restaurant."

The two walked on. Emmy squeezed John's arm hard.

"My! I'm so proud o' you!" she said rapturously. "The way you talked up to that fresh Delapopolous! I knew you'd knock 'em dead if you ever waked up, John. Listen, John, do you want to take some o' this money an' make some more at the track? The judgment you got—"

"No, honey," John said firmly. "I know when to quit. Enough's enough. You don't want me to have to be around drinking with these rough characters, like I had to to get that tip, do you?"

"That's right," Emmy agreed. "Whatever you say, John. Now that you got waked up, I got perfect confidence in you."

AT this moment the Whining Kid was entering a hotel lobby frequented by the racing mob. The tout to whom he had spoken of his affair with the daughter of a local banker hailed him.

"Hear you went overboard on Mint Sauce this afternoon," he said, trying to appear sympathetic and finding it difficult.

The Whining Kid plucked a roll from his pocket and held it up.

"That look like I was overboard?" he asked.

"I heard you went for your bank roll," the other tout replied.

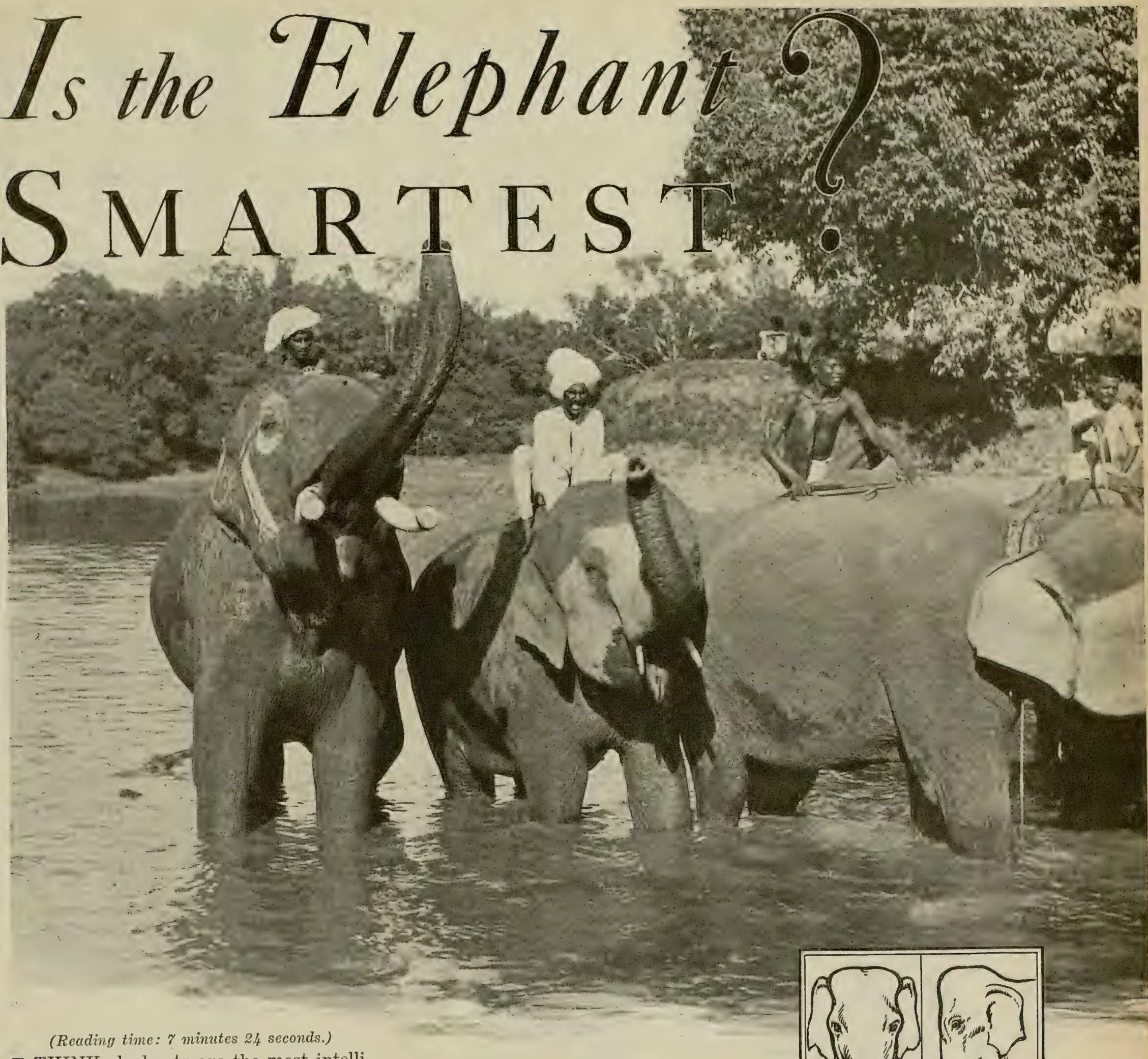
"I did," the Whining Kid admitted casually. "What of it? I'm dippin' my fingers in dough whenever I need it these days, boy. 'Member that little filly I was tellin' you about? The banker's kid? Well! While she's got plenty, I should be broke!"

"Yeh?" said the other tout enviously. "Pretty soft."

"Blooming," the Whining Kid admitted. "Well, so long, fella. If I can do anything for you sometime—you know, sometime when I've clicked through with somethin' like that Mint Sauce thing—why, look me up. I'm in bloom this winter—no kiddin'. Green an' growin', an' full o' blossoms. Stick around an' smell me. I'm sweet!"

THE END

Is the Elephant SMARTEST?



(Reading time: 7 minutes 24 seconds.)

International photos

A Study in Animal Wisdom

By HUBBARD NYE

I THINK elephants are the most intelligent of all animals. I realize this opens an argument, for every man who has worked in a circus or menagerie may think otherwise. Dr. William Hornaday, formerly of the New York Zoölogical Park, favors the chimpanzee. Other trainers choose the dog.

My contention is that elephants show more intelligence in learning to work. In twenty minutes you can teach an elephant to plow a corn field and not to step on a single shoot. He knows how to exert a heavy pull—a rare ability—and that pulling may be gentle or powerful, just as the trainer wishes.

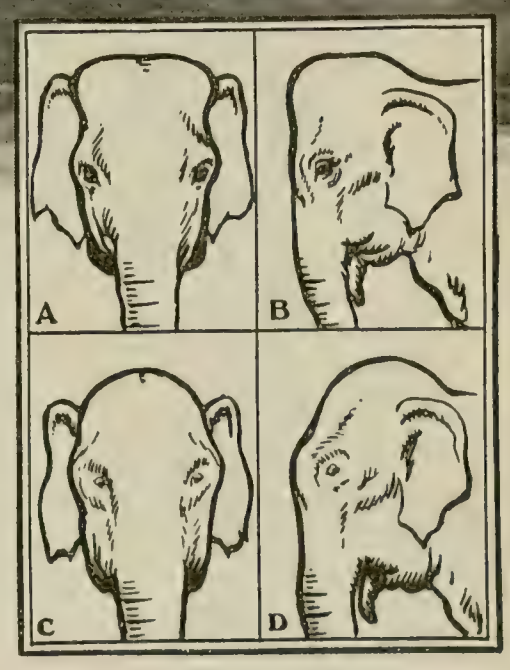
I have in mind the Indian elephant. His brother from Africa is fast becoming extinct. The latter stands higher, has bigger ears, is more spindling, and his teeth and trunk are different. Moreover, he is said to have only one brain lobe, while the Asiatic pachyderm has two. There are only two African elephants in America, one in the zoo in Washington and the other in New York. This variety has a reputation for fierceness.

The female elephant is the most intelligent of all animal mothers, except the human, of course. She's never tired of looking after her black, pudgy, mischievous baby. Twice a day she sprays it, filling her trunk to its two gallon capacity and making the bath a thorough, solemn affair.

The big beast's intellect shines brightest in vaudeville work. He is the only animal that is capable of going through his stunts without a trainer and without cues. The three ton star will stand back stage, waiting for his act, for an hour and a half, placid, thinking his elephant thoughts, while property men shift scenery right under his trunk and chorus girls go scuttling round him. You can lead him between the most fragile sets of stage gauze and he won't hurt a thing.

I am often asked how a pachyderm is taught what is perhaps the most spectacular trick o

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Indian mahouts bathing their elephants.

The two types of elephants. Drawings A and B show the square head and high brow of the intelligent pachyderm; C and D the bad type.

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·KEEPS TEETH WHITE·

[IS THE ELEPHANT SMARTEST?]
Continued from page thirty-one

all—to kneel down over a man. Only a broken elephant, one that has already had some training, is given lessons in this stunt.

Four men compel the animal to walk with legs wide apart by pulling outward at his knees with bull hooks—steel rods bent at one end to form hooks. In this way he learns to go up to his prostrate trainer and stand over him, legs straddled apart.

Then the helpers, with their hooks pressed against the animal's back, pull him down slowly, lower and lower, the trainer repeating, "Down, down!" The beast's natural impulses are against crushing a man toward whom he feels no enmity, so it's easy, after he's lowered his body the requisite distance, to halt him with a slight pressure of the hook. This is always accompanied by the cry "Study!" which means "Hold it!"

The bull hooks are not instruments of punishment, but merely guides to movements. Eventually only the words of command are necessary.

IN considering the elephants' brains I divide them into two classifications, as shown in the diagrams on page thirty-one.

In general, the formula is: square head and high forehead, intelligent; round head and low forehead, bad.

The adaptability of an intelligent elephant was shown in the case of Alice. She was employed as lady performer and maid of all work in a small one-ring circus. One of her duties was to load the wagons on to the trains. The runs up which the circus wagons were pushed to the flat cars were about twelve inches wide. One end rested on the floor of the car and the other on the ground.

Alice never needed any instructions. A workman would grab the tongue to do the guiding and Alice would get behind and shove.

One night her trainer, slightly ill, sat down some distance away. Alice started a particularly heavy wagon up the incline. The back wheels, however, were just on the edge of the runs when Alice backed away.

Suddenly a workman shouted, "Look out!"

The great wagon had started down the incline.

Now Alice had never been taught what to do in such an emergency. But she stepped forward to meet the wagon, braced herself, and caught the heavy impact on her head and trunk. By tremendous exertion, she pushed the wagon back up the runs till both front and back wheels were on the floor of the flat car.

A cheer went up and the trainer handed Alice a bottle of pop, which she drained.

The round head indicates a pachyderm with a streak of craziness. To one who can read the signs, that round head and low forehead mean excitability. The eyes are small, shrunken, and shifty; they water constantly; never look straight at you. When excited, the eyes roll, showing the whites.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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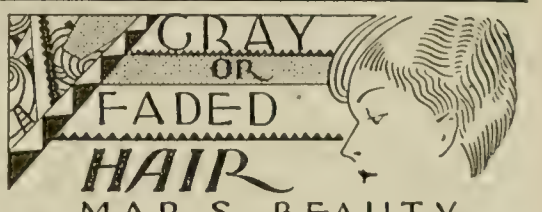
Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS



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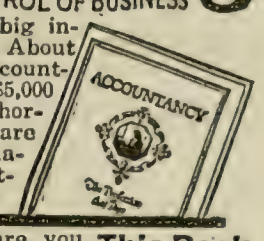

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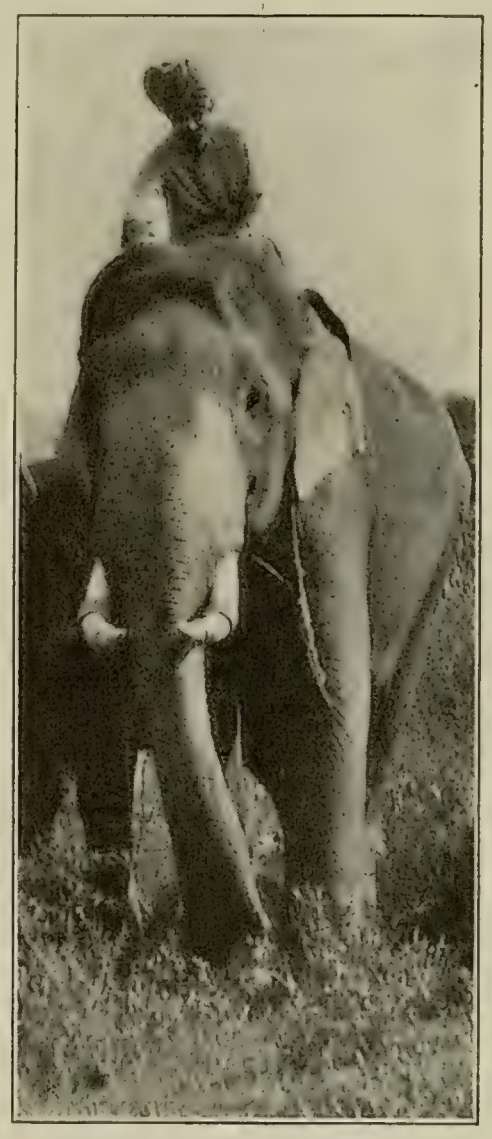
[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

Some people have an idea that only male elephants are bad. If that were true, elephant men would have less trouble, for out of 240 elephants in America there are but sixteen males.

There are two reasons for the difference in numbers: first, the females are easier to handle; second, the males are subject to certain periods when they are known as *must* elephants and have to be chained up.

If a bad elephant has decided to kill you, it is uncanny the way he goes about it, laying his plans as carefully as you'd draw up a prospectus. It is his habit to visualize to the last detail some situation in which he will have you at his mercy —and then wait until just that circumstance appears.

Until it does, that would - be man-killer may be a model of industry. He may go through his tricks like a lamb. And all the time, in that narrow, rounded head, there'll be a fixed determination to trample his victim, or drown him, or wait till he catches him in a corner where he can crush him against the walls.



The highly prized intelligent type of Indian elephant at work.

Some years ago an experiment was made with a male named Jim, to learn just what he would do when his chance to kill came.

Jim was usually hostile to his trainer, but when they were near a sheet of water all the beast's enmity went out of him.

"How Jimmy likes water!" people would say. He'd make tracks for a river or a lake as soon as he saw it—provided the man went with him.

At last the trainer decided that he could make a good elephant out of a bad one.

He happened to mention the animal's queer habit to a visiting elephant man.

"Don't go near him!" the visitor warned. "That damn brute is only trying to set a trap for you. He's a deep thinker."

The trainer made an experiment. He made a dummy of himself, and dressed it in a suit of his old clothes, so it would smell like him. Then he had an assistant blindfold Jim's left eye. Walking on the blind side he led the beast to the river and into the water.

Fixing the dummy in position a few inches ahead of the blinded eye, he cautiously stepped back and with the aid of a pole whipped off the bandage.

Jim made a lightning grab, wrapped his trunk around the dummy, and walked slowly into deep water. There he lowered his great head and pushed the dummy to the bottom. Then, trumpeting shrilly, he trampeled it into the mud.

The next day Jim was led under a derrick, a noose was slipped around his neck, and he was hanged.

IN their emotions elephants sometimes startle one. Consider Victor and Helen, vaudeville performers. These two were doing their act in a theater in New York when Vic had a sudden attack of acute paralysis. Don Darragh, the trainer, saw him stagger. But Vic had grit enough to carry on.

Darragh got the pair to their stable, where Vic died. It took twelve hours to complete arrangements for the corpse to be carted away. All that time Helen stood over Vic, refusing to budge. Finally Darragh put double chains on her where she stood.

When a gang of men with block and tackle began to pull Vic out of the stable, Helen went to pieces, trumpeted, screamed, tore at her chains, dropped to her knees, got up again, and swayed from side to side. She was so terrible in her grief that Darragh didn't dare go near her.

Then, at last, Helen was exhausted. She slowly got down on all four knees and rolled over on her side. She refused food and water and gave no response when spoken to or touched.

In thirty-four days she was dead. She literally died of a broken heart.

It seems to be a popular conviction that all elephants remember injuries and cruelties over long periods and eventually take vengeance. It all depends on the individual animal.

Mamie was a two ton female whose trainer had once disciplined her by jabbing a bull hook behind her ear, a tender spot. Mamie never forgave him. But she showed no signs of her enmity. One night she caught him in a corner of the box car. That was the position she had been maneuvering for, month in and month out. When they recovered the trainer's body it was horribly pounded and mangled.

I could go on piling up example after example. The more you see of elephants the surer you are that they're the smartest of all animals. Sometimes, in fact, they're not so far below humans.

THE END

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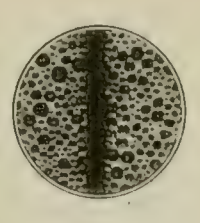
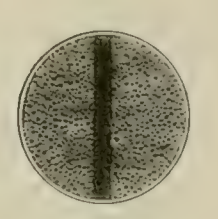
These are results which a test will clearly prove. Don't fail to clip the coupon if you seek an improvement in modern shaving methods.

Already, it has shown over one million men a new, quick way to shave.



ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.



COLGATE LATHER

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real beard-softener.

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Good-bye Razor-pull

That's the principle. Now here's what it does for you:

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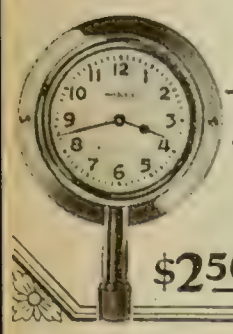

New Westclox Auto Clock

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A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"IS Lil up yet?" Ma Morse asked, scooping out the seeds from a great golden melon. "I declare, I never thought I'd see her headed for the divorce court, especially when the baby is just two months old."

"They'll patch it up. Wait and see." Pop looked at the morning paper to see if the weather would be cooler, hotter, rainier, or cloudier. "She ran home to mamma to scare Sandy."

Ma shook the breakfast food out of its box, donating a few kernels to the dog's dish under the sink. Her daughter had left her husband! The first divorce in the family album!

"I wish that creature had never fallen for Lil's ukulele," Ma snapped. "I was never strong for him myself. You were."

"Oh, I beg to differ!" Pop said, hoping his wife's peevishness would soon take a detour. "Sandy is one of this town's future big men. I don't deny he'd be better off if he'd waited to get married so they wouldn't have to pinch so much."

"Pinch?" Ma piped right up. "I guess that's what I've done all my life. Every time you'd get a few hundred ahead you'd increase your life insurance."

This week's cover picture.

Pop was determined not to add another divorce case to the neighborhood doings; so he gave his wife a hug, a kiss, and a whispered luncheon invite. This set Ma right up.

"Hello, you two old dears," Lil suddenly called from the stairs. And down she came with the baby gurgling in her arms. "I'm going downtown with Pop to see about getting my old job back. Then I'll run back to the flat and get all my things, the goldfish, and the tools Sandy borrowed from your workshop, Pop."

"Well, I'll be glad to see those saws," Mr. Morse grinned. "And when are you planning to see the lawyer about your divorce?"

"Divorce?" Lil said. "Why, we're not going to get a divorce. Just—just live apart. I'm sick of being bossed. I'm losing my personality. I never go out, and I'm sick of hearing Sandy yell business all the time; business and golf, golf and business."

"Get your duds together," her father said, "and go up-State to the real estate convention with us. It'll be a nice change, and it'll be broadening for the baby. He'll see something besides two jawing parents."

"I'll go," Lil sighed. "But I bet Sandy will mess up the flat. He never will put the butter in the ice box, and the man thinks he's killed if he has to turn a mattress."

"Yes, come on, dear," Ma urged. "Your married life has been a failure and you need a change."

"All right. But I haven't a stitch to my back. I've been wearing frumpy smocks. A sloppy house drudge—that's all I've been since the baby was born."

Luscious melon filled with cracked ice. Crisp cereal covered with blackberries. Toast and honey. Coffee.

Sandy wasn't breakfasting quite so ritzy. He had eaten a puckery peach, a stale roll, and had drunk a glass of milk. Lil had left him! It was all his fault. With such a sudden exit of both wife and infant, he didn't quite know whether he felt like a bachelor or a widower. And what about alimony? He had read dreadful accounts of a huffy wife's legal strategy!

Suddenly he saw two heartbreaking diminutive bootees peeking out from under the couch cushions. His baby's! He must do well by Lil for the sake of their child. Well, he'd have to talk it over with Lil. There was just time between breakfast and the office.

Pushing open his father-in-law's screen door, he felt like the prodigal son; only something told him there was no fatted calf around. He took a sidewise glance into the sitting room. He nearly fainted. There his wife sat, playing with the baby. They both looked very happy, quite as though they'd never met him!

"Sandford Jenkins, what are you doing here?" Lil asked.

"I woke up so lonesome." He gulped the words out somehow. "And then I found *his* shoes. I wanted to speak about alimony for the baby's sake, but it'll be too painful. Our lawyers can fix it up. It's good-by for good, Lil. I'll always love—"

"Sandy!" Now she was gulping. "How could we have been so foolish?"

And Ma and Pop poked their heads in to find Lil and Sandy squashed into the same chair, with the baby tucked in somewhere as a precious hostage!

(*Next week's cover adventure: The Great Back Yard Hunt!*)

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All you do is collect orders for an amazing shaving invention advertised everywhere but never sold in stores. For this reason exclusive agencies are valuable—and give you substantial profits on ALL orders taken in your section. No investment or office required. Use your home as headquarters. *Full or Spare Time.* It means real pay from the very start.

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We make you a generous offer and start you out with everything you need. J. E. Tillotson actually made $114 *one day!* Why not get your share? Write for details at once! Address M. H. Rhodes, Rhodes Mfg. Co., Dept. K-382, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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The HIT that broke the BROWNS

The Story of a Celebrated Clout

By HUGH FULLERTON

(Reading time: 4 minutes 50 seconds.)

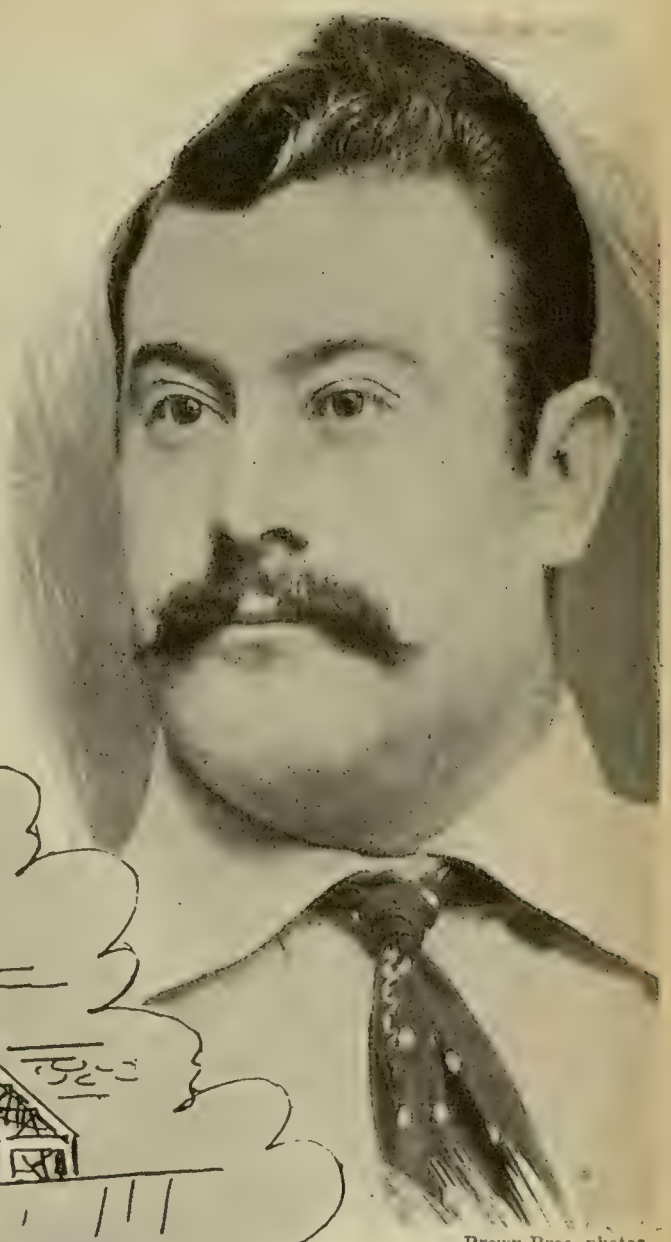
NEVER before, and probably never again, in baseball history will such a situation arise as that existing in the American Association in the closing days of the season of 1889.

If some fiction writer should dare climax his story with such a situation, a weary editor would growl and hurl the story into the rejection basket. Yet it was true: one pitched ball to decide a season and to destroy the hopes of a team of establishing a record probably never to be approached again.

On that chilly October afternoon the St. Louis Browns were playing Columbus, while in the East Brooklyn was winning. The Browns, under the leadership of Charles A. Comiskey, had won four straight championships, and they had come into Columbus leading the league and expecting to cinch another pennant at the expense of the tail-enders. Twice the lowly Columbus team had beaten them, while Brooklyn, a team composed of Carruthers, Foutz, Corkhill, Bushong—all cast-offs from the Browns—and led by Adonis Terry's great pitching, had pushed forward, challenging for the championship.

When the third game of that series started, the Browns were desperate. Unless they won, their pennant hopes were destroyed, Brooklyn would beat them out by one point on percentage even if the Browns won all their other games.

Comiskey chose Elton Chamberlain, a big right-hander with a sweeping curve, to pitch against "Lady" Baldwin. The Browns scored immediately by the great base running of Tommy McCarthy; but Columbus, hitting Chamberlain steadily, scored one run in each of the first three innings, and led to the fifth 3 to 1. Then, by desperate base running, the Browns tied the score in their fifth, and in the seventh forged ahead, scoring two runs, only to have Columbus pound out two in their half of the round and tie the count again.

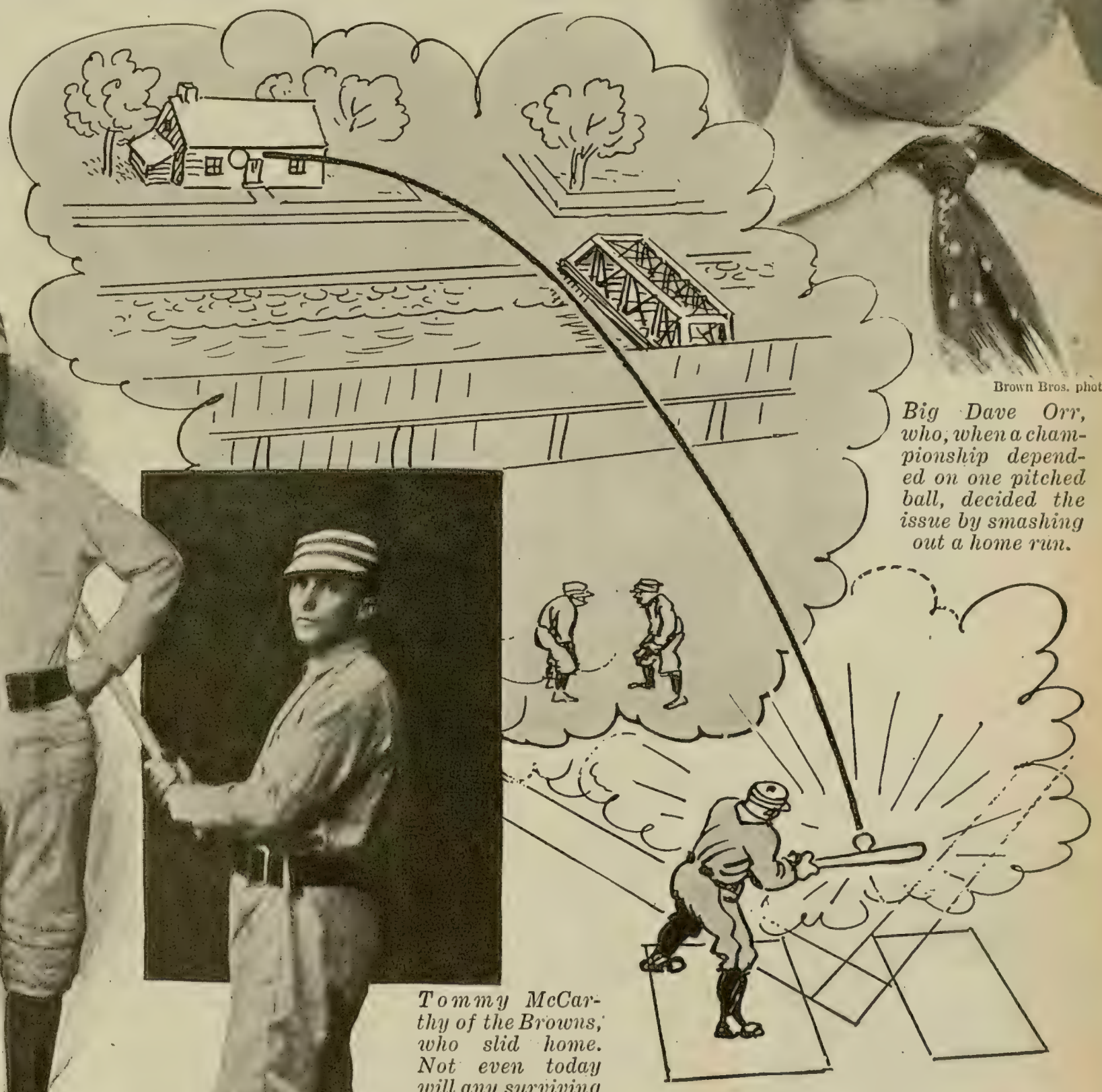


Brown Bros. photos

Big Dave Orr, who, when a championship depended on one pitched ball, decided the issue by smashing out a home run.

R. Carruthers, one of the Browns' cast-offs, whose pitching helped to keep Brooklyn at the top of the league while Columbus was defeating the Browns.

Tommy McCarthy of the Browns, who slid home. Not even today will any surviving Browns admit he was not safe.



A diagram of Big Dave's spectacular smash.

The Browns, unable to hit Baldwin's pitching effectively, resorted to a base running attack, and gave one of the most brilliant exhibitions ever seen, only to encounter the deadly throwing of Jack O'Connor, who threw out five of them on the bases. They were fighting fiercely for the game, and in the sixth inning came near a riot when Comiskey, taking a lead off first to steal second, was called out when Baldwin threw to first.

The difference between the teams was in the catchers. O'Connor threw out five runners. Boyle had four passed balls, which helped Columbus to three runs.

The teams entered the ninth inning tied; and in their half the Browns came near to victory. With McCarthy, one of the fastest men in the game, on third base, O'Connor dropped a pitched ball. It rolled ten feet back of the plate, and McCarthy sprinted desperately for

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

the rubber, with victory and a fifth championship at stake. He hurled himself at the plate just as O'Connor, recovering the ball, slid at it. The men collided, rolled over and over, and Ferguson, the umpire, who had made no fewer than seven close decisions, waved McCarthy out.

The Ring photo
Charles A. Comiskey in the days when he managed the Browns.

Even today no one of the surviving Browns ever will admit that McCarthy failed to score. The tenth inning started with darkness gathering over the field. The Browns again failed to score, and when the first two Columbus batters were retired the Browns' predicament was peculiar. Darkness was falling rapidly. A tie was almost as bad as a defeat, for unless they won the game St. Louis could not win the pennant.

THEY were hurrying to end the inning and get to the eleventh when Big Dave Orr came to bat. Orr was a heavy man, a terrific hitter, but not particularly dangerous against Chamberlain's curve. He had gone out on flies four times. Two strikes called, and St. Louis breathed easier. But Orr was not to be tempted into swinging at another ball. He waited, and Chamberlain, trying to fool him, brought the count down to where the next pitched ball meant the championship.

He wound up, and shot a fast ball over the plate. The ball sailed out over left center field as if bound for the far hills across the Scioto. O'Neill and Duffee tore back under it, stopped, and bowed their heads.

The ball sailed over the fence, across a canal, over a street, and struck the side of a house. For years an iron star set in the boards marked the spot where the ball hit that decided the championship and ended the Browns' great career. It was thirty-seven years before St. Louis had another chance to cheer a championship club.

E. K. Rife, the poet laureate of baseball in those days, wrote a poem about that hit. It wasn't exactly accurate, especially about the sun shining high and the robin singing, as it was bitterly cold and getting dark. Nor was he right about balls and strikes, but perhaps that is poetic license. He wrote:

Brown Bros. photo
Umpire Ferguson, whose decision caused endless dispute.

The sun shines high in his azure realms,
The robin sings in the bowing elms,
The breeze is gone from the grassy plat,
And it's Big Dave Orr's time at bat.

'Twas the last of the tenth, and silence fell.
In the center garden the asphodel
Blossomed untamed in its beauty wild.
"Play ball," said Fergy. Big Dave smiled.

Another spiral bored the air.
"Strike one!" came the echo bleak and bare.
Big Dave, expectant soon to race,
Just spat on his hands and struck the base.

Again the pitcher shot the ball.
"Strike two!" came the umpire's hollow call.
The bluebells drooped in the grassy plats,
And a maddened grand stand answered, "Rats!"

The pitcher raised his hand above,
The catcher spat in his fawnskin glove,
A corkscrew streak like a whirlwind's wrath,
Through the air the willow cut its path.

Then the robin sang in the bowing elms,
For far away in the azure realms
The ball sped up where the angels wait;
Ere it landed, Big Dave crossed the plate.

But you know not the pale air's awful freight
Of noise as Dave Orr crossed the plate—
'Twas the crash of worlds some ages hence;
He had swiped the ball over left field fence.

THE END

THE BOX SCORE

COLUMBUS	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
McTamany, cf.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Marr, 3b.	5	2	4	2	0	3
Daily, lf.	5	0	2	4	0	0
Johnson, rf.	5	0	2	2	0	0
Orr, 1b.	5	1	1	8	0	1
O'Connor, c.	5	1	2	9	5	1
Greenwood, 2b.	3	0	0	3	3	1
Easterday, ss.	4	0	0	1	4	1
Baldwin, p.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Total	40	6	12	30	12	7

ST. LOUIS	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
McCarthy, rf.	5	1	2	0	0	0
Robinson, 2b.	4	2	1	3	3	0
O'Neill, lf.	4	0	1	2	0	3
Comiskey, 1b.	4	0	0	8	0	0
Latham, 3b.	4	0	1	5	1	0
Duffee, cf.	3	0	0	4	1	0
Fuller, ss.	4	1	1	3	4	0
Boyle, c.	4	0	0	4	1	0
Chamberlain, p.	4	1	0	1	1	0
Total	36	5	6	30	11	3

COLUMBUS	1	1	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	—6
ST. LOUIS	1	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	0	0	—5

Earned runs—Columbus 2, St. Louis 1. Sacrifice hits—Easterday and Fuller. Two-base hit—O'Neill. Home run—Orr. Hit by pitched ball—Greenwood. Struck out—By Baldwin 9; by Chamberlain 3. Passed balls—Boyle 4. Umpire—Ferguson.

Gone . . .
Sunburn's
Power

Relieve the torture at once!

How contagious their joy is! Protect them against suffering from the cruel sun

HOW they love the water! Their arms splash like duckling's wings; down to their little feet digging in the sand, they are happiness itself.

But be on guard for them. Sunburn comes like a flash. Keep Unguentine ready.

Neglected sunburn can torture tender skin for days. Soothe the sting at once, heal the scorched tissues with the surgeon's own dressing. Playtime is so precious!

Unguentine helps prevent blistering and the formation of the toxic sunburn poisons that can cause deathly illness. Apply it liberally at the first sign of redness. Or, better still, apply it before exposure. Your skin tans quickly but does not burn painfully. At your druggist's, 50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. Canada—193 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

Unguentine

Keep a tube of Unguentine at the club

The REIDS The Cashmans and The Moores

Being a Narrative of Certain Cops and Smoke Eaters

Pictures by KENNETH CAMP

By

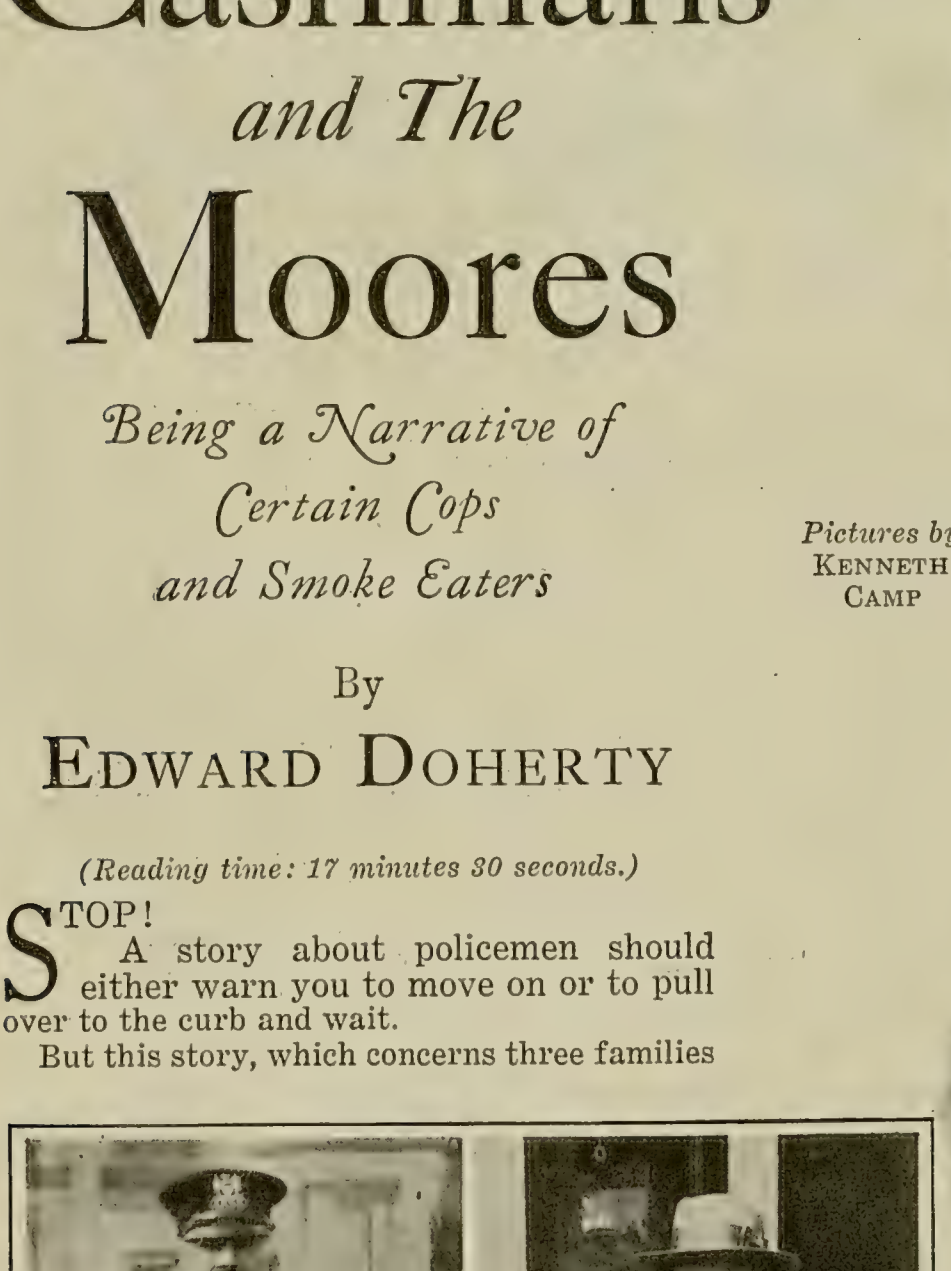
EDWARD DOHERTY

(Reading time: 17 minutes 30 seconds.)

STOP!

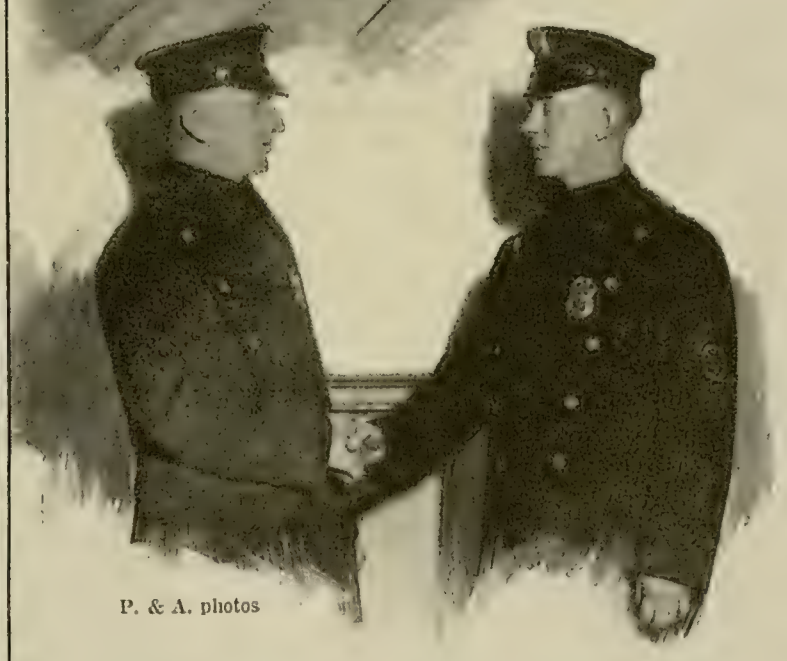
A story about policemen should either warn you to move on or to pull over to the curb and wait.

But this story, which concerns three families and the Moores; of high traditions of honor and courage; of high examples of heroism to remember and repeat; the story of three generations.



Cornelius F. Reid, father of Walter and Frank, in the uniform he wore years ago (left), and as he is today.

The Reids and the Cashmans and the Moores—they were each represented by a pair of brothers last February when 166 patrolmen were made sergeants. Two Reids, two Cashmans, and two Moores. Perhaps that might be expected of a police force that boasts 17,000 men; a department that goes back to the six men of the "Rattle Watch" of the year 1654; an organization that contains hundreds of fathers and sons. Yet this is the first time in its 274 years of service that "the finest" has so honored three sets of brothers on the same day.



P. & A. photos

Walter Reid (left) and Frank, his brother, who were made sergeants of the New York police force on the same day.

HE rushed upstairs once more, for there was a girl in an upper window. (In circle) The hero, Fireman Michael Cashman.

The Reids are the oldest of the three families in point of service on the New York force. Two of the family marched away to the Southland in 1861. And one of them never came back. That was John Reid, the first of the family to wear the city's shield.

He was a young man when he enlisted, married, and the father of a three months old son. He enlisted with his cousin Cornelius in the 133d Volunteers. There were many other policemen in this regiment, but John Reid was the youngest of them all.

"I NEVER learned much about my father," says the son, Cornelius F. Reid. "I know that he put me in the arms of his friend and his superior officer, Captain Anthony Allaire, and asked him to look after me and mother. I know that he kissed me and mother, and marched away with the bands playing Garry Owen and The Girl I Left Behind Me.

"I know that my mother was only nineteen

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

listed in the Blue Book of Courage, may arrest and hold your interest.

Go!

It's the story of the Reids and the Cashmans

[THE REIDS, THE CASHMANS, AND THE MOORES]
Continued from page thirty-seven

years old at the time, and that she kept smiling and saying good-by, and holding me up over the heads of the crowd until he was too far away to see. I know he was killed at Fort Hudson a few minutes after he reached the front, and that Cornelius saw him die.

"I imagine he was part of the old Broadway Squad; but I am not sure. I have been told he was a good policeman, and that he might have gone high in the department if he had stayed at home."

Cornelius F. Reid retired from the department six years ago, after nearly thirty years of service. He lives, with four of his twelve children, at 1636 Sixty-eighth Street, Brooklyn. He is still straight and not so gray as you might imagine. He is tall, and his shoulders are thick and wide, and his fists are huge. A strong man he looks, but the doctors will not let him work.

He sits in his house and reads. He walks about the neighborhood. He talks to his three sons about their work. He tells them stories of other days in the department.

He is just an old-time copper, aged, ailing, a widower, with nothing to do but remember and retell; and yet there is something more than cheerful about him, something more than brave.

AN old-time copper! You can still find him in the big cities, retired or still at work; still strong, still upright, still eager. Thousands of miles of cobblestones and sidewalks and alleys behind him; thousands of miles more, perhaps, still waiting for his feet.

His sons and daughters have grown and married and gone, all save the littlest—and dad will go on, day and night, until the last one is out of school and in need of him no more. He will work until he has to quit—and there's nothing but a little house and a little pension and a lot of memories, and a lot of children who write him every year or so and come to see him when they can.

"All of a sudden he dived into me. I let the handcuffs fall and grabbed the gun myself."

There is a man—the old-time copper—a man who fought with his fists, and used his gun to hammer nails. He could lick any three men with his fists, and with his night stick any dozen.

"I used the night stick a lot," Cornelius admits. "But I never hit anyone over the head with it; and I never used it on a man that didn't need it. My gun? I seldom knew I had it.

"I remember well the first time I ever used it. I was a young copper, traveling the Smoky Hollow district nights, down here in Brooklyn. I heard a woman screaming and men shouting. I saw a young fellow running out of a flat building. I saw him leap over an iron picket fence. How he ever did that I don't know. I couldn't do it myself.

"I had the gun in my hand and I was going to try to wing him, when I thought to myself, 'Don't! How do you know he is a burglar? How do you know he isn't running for a doctor or something of the sort? And, even if he is a burglar, do I want his blood on my hands?' I put the gun back in my pocket and ran around the building. I saw him going into a passageway between two flat buildings, and suspected he would hide in one of the flats.

"I searched the two houses, but not a trace of him did I find. So I reported to the station, and went back to wait for my man. It was about one o'clock in the morning, and I was due to go home to my wife and children; but I sat out in front, smoking my pipe, until the first faint bit of red began to come into the east. 'Now,' thinks I, 'my proud burglar will believe he'd better go home.' So I put away my pipe and went to work.

"I had figured that there could be only one flat he could possibly hide in, so I took off my shoes and started toward it. I was just about to go in through the bathroom window when I saw Mr. Burglar. He was just about to go out through that same window. He also was in his stocking feet.

"'Throw them up,' said I, jamming the gun into his tummy. He did it like a nice boy, and so I scrambled in to put the nippers on him. I laid the gun down on the washstand, so I could get the handcuffs, do you see, and all of a sudden he dived into me. He was a strong young bucko, and if he had got my gun it would have been a requiem mass for me. But he didn't get it. I let the handcuffs fall and grabbed the gun myself, and I didn't handcuff him at all—nor any other man after that. I kept the gun on him all the way to the station."

Mr. Reid's burglar was one who had visited three places in the Smoky Hollow region every other night for months. He was badly wanted, and Reid was highly congratulated on getting him. He was offered promotion.

"But I didn't want it," Reid says. "It was bad enough being a patrolman—working night and day, patrolling a beat at night and spending hours in court next day and then going on reserve that night — getting one day off a month. It was hard on me, hard on my wife, hard on my family. But a sergeant in those days seldom if ever had a chance to see his home."

Reid took care of his mother from the time he got his first job until the day she died. Even after he married he didn't forget her. His pay was poor and his family was big. But they got along somehow. He didn't graft. Few of the old-time coppers grafted, and those that did were despised by the honest ones. He didn't whine. He stood the gaff.

Twelve children there were, and seven of them died. The oldest, Eugene, was fatally crushed in an accident.

"The finest son a father ever had. Doing a favor for a friend, he was. Crossing the tracks when a car rolled backward and caught him. He lived four days, and he said to me as he was dying, 'Just be the same fine father to the others that you've been to me'; and he died with a little smile on his face, the smile he had when he was a baby.

"Big he was, and strong. And that smart! The day after he was buried we got the notice that he was promoted. Ah, that was bitter. Bitter!"

But there are three sons left, and all of them coppers. And Frank and Walter are sergeants now, and studying hard so that some day they may be lieutenants. Fine boys, all of them, with splendid records, and the old man is mighty proud of them.

Frank was a gun pointer in the navy during the World War. He enlisted at the age of seventeen. Walter was in the navy, too, though he was a year younger than Frank. He served in a submarine. Ralph would have gone too, but he was only a child. Ralph hasn't been on the force very long. He's in the identification bureau.

There are two girls in the family—Lillian, who keeps house, and Genevieve, who has a fine job as a stenographer.

"I've had a happy life, take it all in all," Reid sums up his sixty-seven years. "I had a brave father and a sweet mother, a wonderful wife—I can see her now, cutting down my old clothes for the little ones—and the finest children any man could want. If only ma had lived—now that we can take it easy!"

THE sorrow that Reid knew when he read the notice of Eugene's promotion was like to that of Mrs. John Cashman when she learned that her husband had passed the examination for the police force and was ordered to report for duty as a probationer.

That was eighteen years ago, and John had been drowned in the East River, trying to save a friend.

The Cashmans lived in the Fourth Ward then, down on the East Side, and the kids went to the same school Al Smith attended, and saw him act in amateur theatricals. The oldest of them sometimes played ball with him—though he was older than they.

John worked in a South Street warehouse, and he could juggle cases of whisky and boxes of tea without thinking anything of it. He was not only the strongest man in the place, but, they say, the smartest. He could tell you at once where any particular box or barrel or crate could be found—and it was a big warehouse, too. He could give you the day and the hour it came in, and tell who sent it, and to whom it was consigned.

He had courted his wife when they were little more than children, back in County Waterford, Ireland. She was the sister of Michael Healey, the greatest stone thrower in the county, and the fastest runner, and the best jumper. She was the sister of Sergeant John Healey. And she was a fair colleen. He followed her over to New York, and married her in St. James' Church. And when he died he left her with nine children and nothing else to speak of, unless it be large debts.

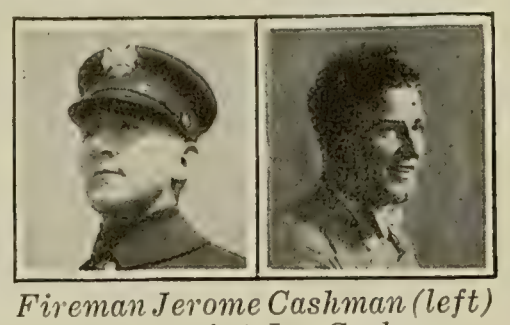
The oldest of them, Michael, was fourteen, and the youngest was a baby. Seven of them are alive today and prosperous. Three of the boys are on the police force, and two of them, John and Daniel, are sergeants. Michael and Jerome are firemen. And—this is a secret—one of the two girls is going with a handsome smoke eater captain; and something may come of that.

Michael P. is a fireman, first grade, on the list for a lieutenancy, a medal man, a former

prize fighter. He married Lillian Sullivan, belle of the Fourth Ward, and they have three children, Russell, John, and William. Recently he won a $1,000 prize as "the most popular fireman in New York," but the thing his wife is most proud of is the little gold medal he received for bravery.

Mike was passing by No. 12 Peck Slip, a three-story brick tenement, on August 31, 1920, when he saw the place was on fire. He ran to the nearest box and turned in an alarm. Then he hurried back to the building. He dashed through the smoke to the top floor, and there he found a man, Charles Kuhn, overcome by smoke. He carried him down to the street, and rushed upstairs once more, for there was a girl in an upper window, hysterical, ready to jump. Her name was Helen Kelleher.

There were flames, now, shooting out through the hallways, running up the steps. Plaster was falling. The smoke was thick, suffocating. But Mike went on and up. He got the girl and held her there in the window, shielding her with his own body from the flames until the ladders were put in place by the firemen he had called.



Fireman Jerome Cashman (left) and Detective Joe Cashman.

Mrs. Michael Cashman was at home, with her first-born in her arms, when someone rushed in to say that Mike had fallen from a burning building, had broken both legs, and was dead.

A little later Mike's captain called up and told her Mike was badly burned and in the hospital.

"Is he dead?" the woman asked him.

"Of course he isn't dead," said the captain.

But she wouldn't believe him. She wouldn't believe until Mike himself called her up, seven hours later. And then she fainted.

She had the child in her arms some days later when Mayor Hylan decorated Mike with the medal. All the dignitaries of the city were there, the firemen drawn up in ranks, each man standing like a soldier.

There was an impressive stillness, a solemn hush—and a child's voice breaking through it:

"That's my daddy, Mike Cashman. Hurray for my daddy!"

THE New York *Daily News* gave Mike its thirteenth hero award, and $100, for his courageous deed.

Mrs. John Cashman shows you Mike's picture, and, with a dare in her eyes, she asks, "Isn't he the ugly one, though?"

Mrs. Michael Cashman takes the picture quickly and says, "He's the handsomest man in the world." And then she shows you another picture, one of Mike in his ring togs. She looks at it first, parts with it reluctantly.

"He was the sweet fighter!" she says. "He knocked them all out in a round or two. And he would have beat Mike Gibbons if it had been anything like an even match."

Her voice is angry as she explains that Mike Gibbons was bigger and stronger than Mike Cashman, and more experienced, and much more mature.

"Why, Mike was only a boy," she says; "not more than nineteen or twenty!"

And Gibbons sliced him into ribbons, as the sport writers say, and ended his career. Neither his wife nor his mother would hear of his going back into the ring after that terrible licking.

The Cashman boys, Mike, Jerome, John, and Dan, all married their school-day sweethearts, the pretty girls they took on picnics, the little girls of St. James' school—Lillian Sullivan and Elizabeth Walker and Frances Quinn and Mary Agnes Smith. They used to win all the races at the picnics, these boys, and all the contests of strength. Never a picnic the Cashmans went to that they didn't come back with prizes.

Jerome, who married Elizabeth, is the father of Geraldine, Madeleine, Eileen, and Jerome, Jr. He is a fourth grade fireman, just a few months in the department. He was a corporal in the 306th Field Artillery, and went through the Argonne without a scratch.

Police Commissioner Enright decorating Sergeant John Cashman for saving two men from drowning.

John Francis and Daniel J. are the police sergeants—promoted on the same day as the Reids and the Moores.

John Francis also has a hero medal. Like his father, he risked his life to save the lives of others. He rescued two persons from drowning at Huntington, Long Island. John served in the navy during the war, and had been on the police force seven years when he got his promotion.

John married Mary Agnes, and they have a son Donald who is now in his second year.

Daniel was high up on the list for promotion. No doubt his capture of four holdup men helped him. He was "traveling in plain clothes," an acting detective sergeant, when he noticed these men hanging around the entrance to a shop. He went through them, as though entering the shop, then turned on them, gun in hand, and told them to "reach for the sky." Each of them had a revolver, and each of them had a record. Dan married Frances Quinn, and is the father of two boys, Jackie and Howard.

Joe, the youngest of the boys, is a detective in the fingerprint bureau and lives with his mother at 5518 Fort Hamilton Parkway, Brooklyn.

ON the night that John and Dan were made sergeants their mother gave each $100 in gold and a fountain pen on which his name was engraved in gold letters.

"I was going to give them a big supper, too," she says, "but there was so much fuss and feathers about the promotion that they couldn't stay. However, they've got a supper coming!"

A proud woman, Mrs. Cashman; bursting with pride.

"I had a hard time raising them, God knows," she says, "what with baking my own bread—and that meant four bags of flour every week—and doing without this and without that. But we're all happy now, and the boys and girls have all turned out wonderful. The boys all chose the most dangerous walks of life—firemen and cops. And I'm glad they did. They wouldn't be their father's sons otherwise.

"Sure, firemen and cops are in the blood, I guess. Isn't my sister's boy, Patrick Kissane, a fireman too? And a good one? He's with Hook and Ladder One Hundred and Twenty-two, and he has a medal for saving five people in a fire."

Mrs. Cashman is silent for a second.

"If only John were alive!" she sighs.

The Reids and the Cashmans and the Moores! There are three of the Moore brothers on the force, three ex-soldiers. And the first of these is Michael.

"I'm the pioneer cop of this family," he says. "I can't boast of a father or a grandfather cop.

Dan Cashman, John's brother, and also a sergeant.

P. & A. photos

Moore brothers, Sergeants Michael (left) and Edmond.

But maybe I'll be the grandpa cop they'll point out to visitors some day."

MICHAEL and Edmond are the sergeants in this family—young cops with no police traditions in the family save such as they are making and will make. John L., the kid brother, is in the police band.

Michael, who lives at 264 East Ninth Street, Brooklyn, has two sons, Gerald and Edmond, and a daughter, Margaret. Edmond has two girls, Marguerite and Elizabeth.

"My brothers were in the regular army," Mike said. And he grinned and added, as though it were something to be humble about, "But I was drafted."

I told him Major General Milton Foreman's story about the drafted men in his outfit, once the First Cavalry, Illinois National Guard. They had come as replacements in France after the regiment—then a field artillery unit—had come back from the line. Foreman issued orders to his men that he didn't want them to snub or slight these drafted boys, or to make them feel they were in any way inferior because they were not volunteers.

"The drafted men were received in silence," the general tells the story; "but the next day I heard complaints—not from them, but about them. Those cheeky sons of guns would walk up and down in front of my veterans and call them draft dodgers!"

Mike smiled a little at the story, and said:

"The kid brother, John, was under age. He lied his way into the Seventy-sixth Field Artillery, and they made him a bugler. Pretty soft, eh?"

Edmond and John were neither wounded nor gassed. Not even their feelings were hurt. But Mike, the drafted one, serving with the 313th Infantry, had to be taken home on a stretcher. A gas shell had exploded almost at his feet. One of his buddies was killed, and for a long time everybody thought that Mike would "go west" too. But there he is, studying for a lieutenancy.

Only three families out of thousands where the city's shield is the family shield, a shield of honor and of valor and of pride. All over

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Woman tells why MEN lose their Hair

Must a man lose his hair before fifty? Is there no hope? Read what a famous beauty expert says:

"Men abuse their hair. They wear their hats too tight. They do not brush and massage their hair enough every day—worst of all—they try every 'cure-all' that comes along.

My advice to men is this:

1 Brush your hair thoroughly several times a day. Loosen the scalp by daily massage with the finger tips.

2 Stick to one good crude oil shampoo like Taroleum—and to one good reputable hair tonic like Wildroot.

"Follow these two rules and you'll keep your hair ten years longer at least."

Use Wildroot Hair Tonic instead of water to wet your hair every morning—and you'll never have dandruff. Ask your barber for Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo and Wildroot Hair Tonic. He has them. At all drug stores too.

WILDROOT

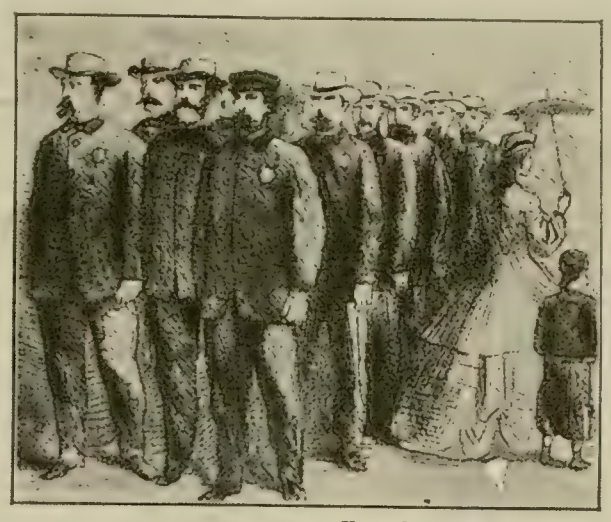
HAIR TONIC TAROLEUM SHAMPOO

[THE REIDS, THE CASHMANS, AND THE MOORES
Continued from page thirty-nine]

the land you'll find such families. Only three families—but typical of all.

The New York police force has changed considerably in the 274 years of its existence. The work isn't so hard now, nor the shifts so long. A cop can see his family every morning and every night. Promotion is easier and surer. But the routine is the same, and the danger is greater, for the criminal has become more dangerous, and when he shoots now he shoots to kill.

There is a new type of copper on the force, a spruce, dandy, sinewy, and quick young specimen who goes to school before he goes to a beat. "Soft young dudes," the old-timers call them. And yet—



From Our Police Guardians

The Broadway squad of 1860.

Did you ever hear of the draft riots in New York in 1863? John J. Hickey, who was Officer 787—and has two sons in the department—gives a history of the trouble in his book, Our Police Guardians, and it is one of the best descriptions of an old-timer in the thick of battle ever printed.

Officer Hickey describes how formidable mobs opposing the draft went about the city, wrecking police stations, lynching colored men, beating and killing and setting afire. An army of outlaws attacking New York, with only 1,600 cops to oppose them! And for two days the cops were helpless.

Again and again little bands of policemen would charge mobs that outnumbered them a hundred to one.

Some of them were shot. Some of them were knocked senseless, and were stripped and kicked and beaten. For two days the mobs had their will of New York; but, says Hickey, the police never let up while they could stand. On the third day the mobs began to weaken. On the fourth day they were licked.

"At two o'clock in the morning," Hickey relates, "a telegram was received at police headquarters stating that a mob was brutally assaulting a colored man, and was about to hang him to a lamp-post at Clarkson Street and the North River. Drill Officer Copeland and one hundred of his picked men at once rushed to the scene, and fought off the mob that had built and lit a fire under the unfortunate Negro, and was holding a war dance around him. They cut down the burned carcass, rolled it up in a cloth, and then sailed into the savage rioters.

"It was a night of thunderstorms and rain, but Copeland and his men fought until they cleared the streets of this wild, howling mob."

Well, the young coppers of today may not be so good with fists or night sticks; but they are quicker with the gun, and they are deadly accurate. And they've got you licked before you start.

IF a riot breaks out today, the cops ride out in armored motorcars and on armored motorcycles, and they use machine guns and riot guns and gas bombs and other pretty little weapons that were not in existence a generation ago. And the riot doesn't stay a riot long.

When the youngsters of today, the Reids and the Cashmans and the Moores, become old-timers—daddy and granddaddy cops—how will they regard the youngsters who replace them?

Perhaps they'll say:

"These young kids cops! Bah! A lot of soft young dudes! In my day we were COPS!"

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

An Embarrassment of Riches

Vivian, age five, has a special box in which she keeps all her stockings so that she may choose which pair she wishes to wear. One day, when sent to her room for a pair of stockings, she did not return promptly.

Her mother, upon investigating, found her sitting on the floor, with the box of stockings in front of her, crying bitterly.

"What in the world are you crying about, Vivian?" asked her mother in surprise.

Vivian replied tearfully, "Oh, mother, I have so many stockings that I don't know which ones to wear."—Helen Piotrasehke, 251 Canal Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

Violet Is as Violet Does

Bertie, a little English boy, just a few weeks in this country, found school a rather lonesome place at first, and the teacher, being a congenial audience at recess, was the recipient of his confidences. He told her of his home in England, and of his playthings and pets, chief among them his fighting cock. His stories of the fighting cock became more and more wonderful, and its strength and ferocity seemed almost supernatural.

One day the teacher asked the name of Bertie's savage pet.

"His name?" said he. "Oh," casually, "his name was Violet."—Mrs. P. J. Lyons, Baintree, Alberta, Can.

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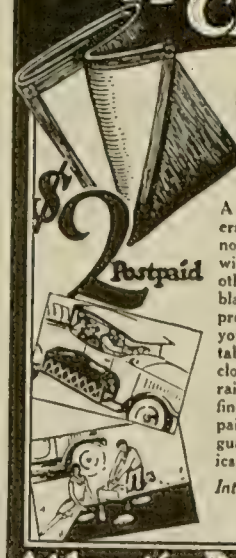

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DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR

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LUCKY TIGER

The Diary of Sergeant York

A Famous Hero's Own Story of His Great Adventure

(Reading time: 15 minutes 31 seconds.)

SERGEANT ALVIN C. YORK has told of the engagement in which he protected his men from thirty-five German machine guns and captured 132 prisoners. Also, of how he then was sent out to talk to the troops. He ends his story with his impressions of Paris and the account of his homecoming.

PART FOUR
(Conclusion)

DURING the fighting in the Argonne, right at Fléville and at Sommerance and St. Juvin, Headquarters sent a man up there and he asked me a lot of questions, and questioned my captain and the lieutenants. And that was the first I knew I was to get anything.

The first decoration I got was the D. S. C. That was on February 11. They lined up the whole division, and General Pershing pinned the D. S. C. on me. He decorated two or three more men at the same time. He decorated one of the stretcher bearers of my platoon.

General Pershing is a great man in my estimation. He is a clean-cut military man. He has a broad vision. He made a wonderful leader for the American troops. I would just as soon or a little rather follow General Pershing's command in battle as any man I ever saw or heard of, because I think he is a wonderful commander.

February 16th, 1919.

PRAUTHOY.—I went to church. It was Sunday and a rainy day and we had a nice talk.

This picture of York mired on Creek Bed Road shows that France wasn't the only place where he had to contend with mud.

P. & A. photos

THE most recent picture of Alvin C. York, back home in the Tennessee mountains.

February 19th.

PRAUTHOY.—At 6:30 P. M. I had service at 325 Inf. Headquarters, and we had a large crowd and a very good time.

February 21st.

LUXEUIL.—I had service at Luxeuil with the 326 Inf. at 3:45 P. M. And was to have services at 7 P. M. But we started, and the car got out of shape and we couldn't get there. So I had to call up back to Prauthoy and get another car to come out and get me and take me back to Prauthoy. It was about daylight next morning. Ho ho.

February 22d.

LA FRETTE.—I went to La Frette to my company to get some things I had there and to see my pals.

February 23d.

PRAUTHOY.—I went to church there in the Y. M. C. A. We had services there at 10:30 A. M. and also at 7 P. M. as it was Sunday.

February 24th.

CHAMPLITTE.—I went to Champlitte to have service at 7 P. M. There was dancing. So I had to wait until they got their dance over, and that was about 7:30 P. M. So we sing and we had prayer and I went ahead with my little service. So we had a very nice time.

February 25th.

PRAUTHOY.—I had services at Prauthoy. Had a large crowd and good order.

February 26th.

PRAUTHOY.—On the night of the 26th of February I started for Bordeaux.

February 27th.

EN ROUTE TO BORDEAUX.—I was on the train and it came on awful cold with a snowstorm about 3 P. M. We was in box cars and it was cold and snowing and we had no fire. So it was pretty tough. But that was better than sleeping in those old French barns where the cows sleep in the parlor and the chickens in the dining room. Ho ho.

February 28th.

BORDEAUX.—On the night of the 28th we got to Bordeaux.

March 1st.

BORDEAUX.—We waited until daylight and then we got out, and I went up in town and got me a nice room and bed.

March 2d.

BORDEAUX.—It was Sunday and I went to church at Y. M. C. A. at 7 P. M.

March 3d.

BORDEAUX.—I never done anything until night and there was to be a Bible class at 6:30 P. M.,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Ask your barber or hairdresser about

DANDRUFF

Ask him what he thinks of using Sergeant's on your hair every morning to relieve dandruff.

He will say "Comb your hair with it" because he knows that the constant use of this famous oil treatment releases natural oils, thus preventing dandruff, dry scalp and dry, brittle hair. He knows it contains no alcohol to dry the scalp; that it keeps the hair in place; that it keeps the scalp in good condition so that strong, virile, healthy hair can grow.

For fifty years, Sergeant's Mange Medicine has proven an effective treatment for dandruff, and other hair and scalp complaints. After many years of research, Sergeant's chemists have refined this product so that it retains all the therapeutic qualities of mange medicine, but none of the disadvantages. It comes to you with the sincere recommendation of this 50 year old company.

Ask your barber or hairdresser for a "Rub with Sergeant's" or treat yourself. Apply Sergeant's to the scalp, freely. Rub it in—down into the scalp with your finger tips. Keep on rubbing until you feel the glow and tingle of increased blood circulation, and awakening hair roots. Do this every week—your hair will be healthy.

"Comb your hair with it"

Ask your dealer for Sergeant's for the Hair—75c. Keep the handy bottle in a convenient place where you can't forget to use it. Trial bottle containing a week's supply sent postpaid on request.

Polk-Miller Products Corporation
2203 Broad Street, Richmond, Va.

Sergeant's
For the Hair

[THE DIARY OF SERGEANT YORK]
Continued from page forty-one

and at 7 P. M. I give a lecture after we sang and had prayed. We had a large crowd and good order.

March 4th.

BORDEAUX.—I went to 327 Inf. at 7 P. M. and gave a lecture. Before I gave the talk we sang and I prayed and then gave the talk, and then they wanted me to come back and give another talk on the 5th.

March 5th.

BORDEAUX.—But I couldn't get any car out, so I didn't go. It was a fine day, so I just stayed around town and took things as easy as I could. But yet, when I wasn't at work I got homesick.

March 6th.

BORDEAUX.—I went out to 327 Inf. and gave them a lecture at 4 P. M. and then come back to my billet.

March 9th.

BORDEAUX.—It was Sunday. I went to church at 10:30 A. M. and we had a very good service and a very good crowd to preach to, and the morning lesson was on Matthew (4) and we had a very good lesson. So we had a talk given to us by Chaplain Tyler. So I went to church again at 7 P. M. and we had a large crowd for service, and the evening lecture was from 1st Corinthians, 3d Chapter, and 9th verse. So we had a good service and we had a number of brief prayers by the boys, and then our Y. M. C. A. girl served hot chocolate to the boys after service.

So we have services at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. every Sunday and our Bible class is on Monday at 6:30 P. M. So we are having some good services. And I pray that we will have good results. You know that in Hebrews, second chapter, that Paul says, "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip. For if the word spoken by angels was stedfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompence of reward; how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation . . ."

March 14th.

ST. SILVA.—I returned back to my company at St. Silva.

March 15th.

ST. SILVA.—Went to a ball game.

March 16th.

CASTRES.—It was Sunday. I went back to Castres to church. And I got back to St. Silva about 10 P. M.

March 25th.

EN ROUTE TO PARIS.—I started to Paris. I went to Bordeaux and from there to Paris.

March 26th.

PARIS.—I got to Paris.

March 27th.

PARIS.—I was traveling around looking at the city.

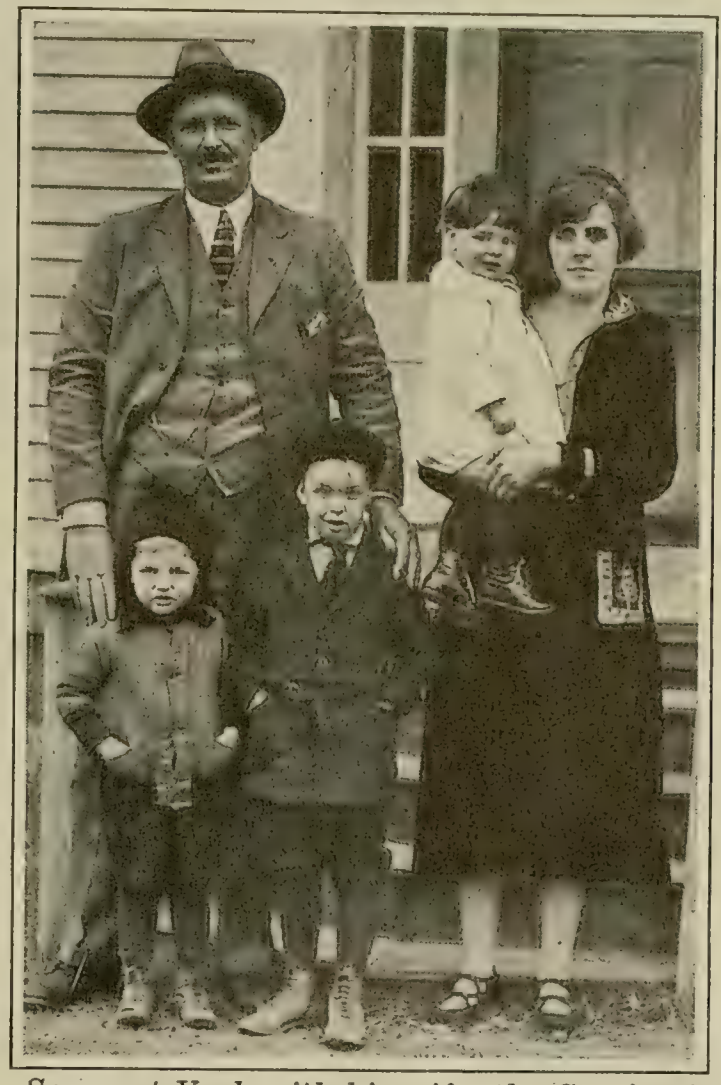
March 28th.

PARIS.—I rode on the Paris wheel and took a train ride down to Se Louis 14 Plait at night.

March 29th.

PARIS.—I went to the Opera House. I went to Gare du Nord in the morning and I went to Hall De Voige in the afternoon, and then I took the train at 7:26 at night.

This first trip to Paris was on a furlough of five days. Three or four of us went from the same place. I don't remember the other fellows' names.



Sergeant York with his wife, the Gracie of his diary, and three of their children.

Well, when I was in Paris I just went in and went to a place where all the boys went to on leave there. I spent my five days looking about seeing the most historic places.

I went to the tomb of Napoleon. I went to the soldier's grave where Pershing placed the wreath on it—the unknown soldier, it was. I went to Versailles where the kings' palaces are. I went to the Grand Opera. I disremember what opera it was.

I liked Paris all right. It was a right smart place.

The Eiffel Tower was not running at the time. I went to see it but I didn't climb it. It was tolerably high.

I went to most all the historical places. I walked several miles through town. I remember I got up there and got lost. Ho ho. I got all turned around in my directions. Ho ho. So I got a mademoiselle to tell me what street to go to and where to stop. Some of the people knew me. I got good representation everywhere.

March 30th.

ST. SILVA.—I got back to my company.

April 6th.

EN ROUTE TO PARIS.—Was Sunday. I went to Bordeaux and I left Bordeaux for Paris on the 8:30 train.

April 7th.

PARIS.—I arrived in Paris at 8:30 A. M. and 10:30 A. M. was our meeting. I was there on time at the Hotel De Gabriel. So we had the meeting all day until 5:30 P. M.

This second time I went to Paris was to attend the first meeting that was called to organize the American Legion. I represented my division as a noncommissioned officer. Captain Williams of the machine gun company represented the commissioned officers of our division. And we all organized the American Legion that day in the Hotel. And there were officers and men representing all of the different American outfits in France. So I am a charter member of the American Legion.

I went out to Versailles the next day and they were signing a peace treaty, and I saw Clemenceau, Foch, and Pershing. I had a couple of talks with Marshal Foch, and I also had a talk with him when he pinned a little medal on me.

I think he is a very great man and a man of great intelligence. He is a fine leader for an army and I think Europe had no better leader in command than Marshal Foch.

He impressed me very much each time I met him, although he could not speak English. We had to speak through an interpreter. Like our own Woodrow Wilson, he is a very spiritual man. He is very religious and always goes to church and believes in prayer, which is a fine example.

It is significant that these two great leaders and General Pershing, too, are all religious men who believe in prayer. So the men that led us in the war were spiritual. And only when they were put in charge was the war ended. So you see here is proof that the spirit is mightier than the sword.

April 8th.

PARIS.—I saw the Queen of Roumania. She is a very good looking lady. So I stayed in Paris until 8:26 on the night of the 9th.

April 9th.

PARIS.—I was at the grave of Lafayette. I also saw the wreath of flowers that John J. Pershing laid on his grave on the 4th day of July, 1918, when he said, "Lafayette, we are here." These words are long to be remembered.

And I also saw a wreath of flowers President Wilson put on the grave on the 20th day of November, 1918, and I also saw the little village where they are going to lay the bodies of 50,000 American Soldiers. The place should always be near and dear to all Americans. The place is Montfaucon.

April 10th.

ST. SILVA.—I got to Bordeaux at 8:30 A. M. So I went from Castres to division headquarters. And I got to my company the night of the 10th.

April 12th.

ST. SILVA.—We had a review with full packs in the morning, and in the afternoon I didn't do anything. So I was the sergeant of the guard from 12th at 4 P. M. until 13th at 4 P. M.

April 13th.

ST. SILVA.—Sunday. I went to church at 7:30 P. M. We sang and had a good service. The reading was the 16th chapter of St. John. Subject of text, "Whosoever shall lose his life for My sake, the same shall save it."

April 18th.

ST. SILVA.—We had a review and I got my medal of honor, and then I went to division headquarters and had my photo made.

April 20th.

ST. SILVA.—Easter Sunday. Me and two more of my pals went to a French house and had us a fine Easter dinner fixed, and then we went to church.

April 24th.

ST. SILVA.—We didn't do anything but police up in the morning, and in the afternoon we had a review, and then Marshal Foch pinned the Palm Croix De Guerre on me.

April 28th.

ST. SILVA.—We took a bath in the morning and in the afternoon we didn't do anything much.

April 29th.

ENTRANCE CAMP.—We left St. Silva and went to the entrance camp and I went to the Salvation Army hut.

April 30th.

PERMANENT CAMP.—We went into the permanent camp, and went through the Goodir Mill in the afternoon.

May 9th.

PERMANENT CAMP.—On the morning of the 9th all of my company left but 70 men. So I had to stay with them.

We stayed there around Bordeaux for several weeks before our time to go across the waters. I wanted all the time to get back to the mountains where I belonged. I wanted to live the quiet life again and escape from the mad rush of the world. It was all over. We had done the job we set out to do, and now, like all of the other American soldiers, I wanted to get back home.

We got ready to sail from Bordeaux, and the ship that was to bring our division across couldn't bring all the men. There were sixty-six that couldn't get on the ship, together with some more noncommissioned officers, and we waited over and sailed the next day on the U. S. S. Ohio.

May 10th.

ON BOARD U. S. S. OHIO.—In the morning we went down to the docks and ate a little, and then we got on the Ohio, and at 2:26 P. M. we broke loose from the shores of France and by dark we was out of sight of land.

May 11th.

AT SEA.—Sunday. Sick. We had awful rough seas.

May 12th.

AT SEA.—Awful rough seas. Sick.

May 13th.

AT SEA.—Awful rough. Sick.

May 14th.

AT SEA.—Awful rough. Sick.

May 15th.

AT SEA.—Awful rough.

We had about three or four days of storms and most awful rough seas. I was right smart sick for several days. Had to stay down part of the time in my berth and part of the time on the top deck.

I sure would have liked to see some trees or those old mountains. That old devil sea. I didn't make any talks coming back. I didn't feel like talking or doing anything but lying down and being left tolerably alone. And then I knew, too, they were going to give me a big reception when I arrived in New York.

They had wired out to sea. And that had me more scared than those machine guns in the Argonne. I would have got out and walked if I could have.

May 16th.

AT SEA.—Nice.

May 17th.

AT SEA.—Nice.

May 18th.

AT SEA. — Was Sunday. We had services in the afternoon.

May 19th.

AT SEA.—Had a storm and the sea was rough.

May 20th.

AT SEA. — Was pretty.

May 21st.

AT SEA. — Was nice.

May 22d.

HOBOKEN, N. J.—At 2 P. M. I landed, and the Tennessee Society had a 5 day furlough for me to see New York City. So I stopped at Waldorf Hotel.

P. & A. photo

The hero wearing the medals awarded him for his daring exploit.

THE Tennessee Society met me at the boat with a car. There was quite a number of newspaper men met me and photographed me. And so I was under fire again. Ho ho. And the questions they asked me!

By the time they had finished writing about me in their news-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I Will Pay $500 If You Lose 25 lbs."

said my husband to me one day

This is the story a lady told the writer. She accepted the offer, and started that day on Marmola. The cost of losing 25 pounds was $5. The effort was almost nothing. Her profit was $495.

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Learn what Marmola means to you. Every tablet is worth its weight in gold if it does what it does for so many. And all results come from correcting a condition that's abnormal. A help which has proved itself for 20 years, with such results, such a growing demand, deserves a test.

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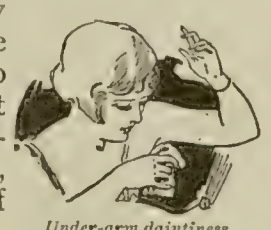
Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

Womanly Beauty—

Wherever you go, whatever you wear, to be really attractive, you must have a skin free from disfiguring hair.

Curious eyes are quick to detect the slightest flaw that modern bathing attire reveals. So, too, with sleeveless frocks, evening gowns, sheer hosiery and knee-length skirts. Today women are more careful than ever to remove the slightest suggestion of superfluous hair on arms, under arms, back of neck or face.


Under-arm daintiness

Feminine Daintiness—

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Name.....

Address.....

[THE DIARY OF SERGEANT YORK] Continued from page forty-three

papers I had whipped the whole German army single handed. Ho ho. Those newspaper men! But they were very nice. They gave me a right smart reception on my arrival. They drove me through the streets in an open car, and the streets were crowded and we could only go slow.

It seemed as though most all of the people in the streets knew me. And when they began to throw the paper and the ticker tape and the confetti out of the windows of those great big skyscrapers, I wondered what it was at first. It looked just like a blizzard. Ho ho. I didn't know it was for me until the Tennessee Society told me.

I don't know what all they did for me, but they did plenty. They took me to the Waldorf Astoria the night of my arrival and we had a little dinner there. I tried to get my mother over the long distance telephone, but we couldn't get through. I wanted to ride in the subway, and, sure enough, next day they had a special train for me. Ho ho.

P. & A. photo

Sergeant York with his hounds.

It was very nice. But I sure wanted to get back to my people where I belonged, and the little old mother and the little mountain girl who were waiting. And I wanted to be in the mountains again and get out with the hounds, and tree a coon or knock over a red fox. And in the midst of the crowds and the dinners and receptions I couldn't help thinking of these things. My thoughts just wouldn't stay hitched.

May 23d.

NEW YORK CITY.—I was looking at New York City. On the night of the 23d I took the train for Washington, D. C. Honorable Hull had come to get me.

May 25th.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—So I got to Washington this morning about 6 A. M. So we drove a car all over Washington almost, looking at the city, and I had the honor to meet Secretary of War Baker and shake hands with him.

IN Washington, D. C., I went in to meet the President, and he was out. I had a nice talk with Secretary of War Baker. I went to Congress. Both houses came together and met me.

From Washington I returned to New York and went out to Camp Merritt and got my transportation papers to Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, where I got my discharge and my papers and transportation home.

I came on home to Pall Mall, Tennessee, on the 29th of May. My people from all over the mountains, thousands of them, were there to meet me. And my big red headed brothers were there. And we all had a right smart time. And then I lit out for the old log cabin and the little old mother. And then I went to see Gracie—

I didn't do any hunting for a few days. I'm telling you I went hunting Gracie first.

And then, when it was all over and I had taken off the old uniform of the All American Division and got back into the overalls, I got out with the hounds and the old muzzle loader; and I got to thinking and wondering what it was all about.

And I went back to the place on the mountain where I prayed before the war, and received my assurance from God that I would go and come back. And I just stayed out there and thanked that same God who had taken me through the war.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page sixty-five.)

1—What is the birthstone for August?

2—Who is the youngest United States Senator?

3—Is the Klondike a part of Alaska?

4—What color is the starboard light and the port light on a ship?

5—What is a milliard?

6—What is the distinction between a line officer and a staff officer?

7—What is the mainsheet on a sailing vessel?

8—On what island in New York harbor is the Statue of Liberty?

9—Who composed the music of The Lost Chord?

10—What National League pitcher is remembered for the "fade-away" ball?

11—Where are the originals of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution kept?

12—What does *multum in parvo* mean?

13—Is this quotation accurate: "Men have died and worms have eaten them—but not for love"?

14—What is known as the Bay State?

15—What animal has one horn? What fabulous beast had one horn?

16—What is the Apocalypse?

17—What is the world's greatest waterfall?

18—What is common to the following names: Niagara, zinfandel, nectar, scuppernong?

19—What marriage anniversary is celebrated as the Wooden Wedding?

20—In music, what do the initials D. C. stand for?

Bewitching
EYES
—in an Instant

Eyes that gleam from behind beautiful lashes allure and fascinate and the bewitching effect of long, dark lashes that give magnetic, subtle expression to the glances is obtained instantly with a brush stroke of the harmless, waterproof liquid or solid Maybelline. The result is almost beyond belief until you actually try this truly magical preparation. Used by millions of charming women.

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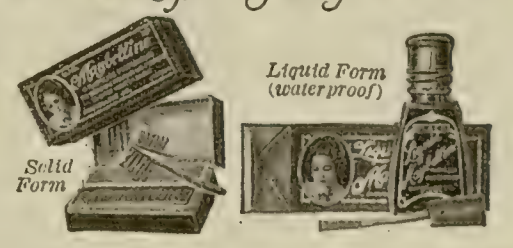
Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier



GREAT NEWS FOR SKINNY MEN

Every thin, gaunt, rundown man who has been craving a husky, manly figure can stop worrying and start to smile and enjoy life right now. If he will step into any drug store and get a package of

McCOY'S TABLETS

he can start today to put on some good solid "stay there" flesh and begin to look and feel like a real man. One New Jersey man gained 28 pounds in 8 weeks. McCoy takes all the risk: Read this ironclad guarantee: If after taking Four Sixty Cent Boxes of McCoy's Tablets or Two One Dollar boxes any thin, underweight man or woman does not gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—the purchase price will be refunded.

The name McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets has been shortened—just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store in America.

STOPS

AIR SICKNESS

—nausea, dizziness and faintness caused by all forms of Travel Motion. Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air Travel Sickness yields promptly to Mothersill's. 36

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The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.

New York Montreal
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MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

25 Years In Use

New Ensembles for Late Summer

By Mary Brush Williams

THE Japanese Room of the Ritz, in New York City, lies just beyond the main dining salon, on the raised dais of which we took our luncheon the other day.

At neighboring tables sat Jane Cowl and Ina Claire, with their fur pieces flung over the rope that encircles that select area; while Noel Coward, near by, received a running flow of welcomes from American friends as he drank our American beverage of iced tea and ate asparagus prepared *à la Américaine,* he having returned to the United States from England to act before us again this autumn.

Somewhere among us must have sat *Ramona* in the flesh, for the orchestra kept playing over and over the melody that is dedicated to the heroine of that picture.

The importance of the occasion, however, to the artist and to me was that a procession of young women began to leave that Japanese tea room round matinée time, and, as they passed almost in file the length of the dining room in their exit to the outer door, each one of them displayed a printed frock.

It was astonishing to see how much of a uniform this type of costuming had become for summer and early autumn, and it was further astonishing, at this very peak of the summer season, to observe how wilted some of these beautiful frocks had become.

Some of the very rich and extravagant subdebs and Junior Leaguers of the East were wearing these tired looking frocks. But that only makes more potent a truth that we are likely to forget until each midsummer. This is that, more surely than at any other interseason period, about this time of the year our wardrobes have to be replenished.

This is the moment when we should be getting another printed frock or something to take the place of it. If we wish to stick to the accepted form of costuming, relief and change may be secured by choosing a dotted pattern, such as that shown in the model on the left in the square panel above, instead of flowers or modernistic designs.

Dots carry the advantage of being the present rage in Paris, and therefore they have a long period of acceptance and popularity before them. In the city that dictates fashions they are the garnishment not only of dresses, coat linings, hats, gloves, but also of shoes! The accompanying costume, therefore, in blue alpaca, featuring dots and the new circular skirt movement, would possess a practical value to re-enforce its naïve charm.

For early autumn the smartest fabrics have a hard, brilliant surface, like that of alpaca, and one of the favorite colors is blue.

An artist writes from Paris that you scarcely see any other color on the streets. Yet I know one that alternates with it and gives it a close run for first place in popularity. This second color is, and presumably always will be, beige.

Whatever the prevailing fashion, the designer of it will secretly, in his soul, think how much better the model would look in some pale shade of tan. Very often that secret taste bubbles over and finds expression until the costume appears more frequently in this color than in the one it originally was designed for.

Gray is the color that often starts the season with a bid for first place in popular esteem, and almost immediately it is delicately sanded by makers of materials into a color that not only keeps a part of its original shading but a shading of gray known as greige.

FOR an extra coat to wear with any frock, this is ideal.

A DARK blue polka dot ensemble and a crêpe frock with an angora coat.

The frock beside the one already described is of printed crêpe, which appears also as the coat lining. The outer material of the wrap is of angora, which, with a little interlining, could carry one well into the fall. All of this costume is in tones of beige or sometimes of greige and brown.

This summer—which will be remembered as the very important one during which we returned to delicately feminine fashions—heavy laces are popular for dresses, the most successful shadings for them being of sand color (which is a variation of beige) and blue.

Many such dresses are accompanied by coats of thin silk velvet. This is one of the important new materials of the summer, and if it is ever safe to prophesy, one may now discreetly do so with the venture that velvet will be good for the autumn and will play a conspicuous part in next winter's styles.

Those audacious style makers of Paris are even using it for linings, and a satin scarf with an undersurface of velvet is a not unusual sight in the shops and on the streets.

FOR those who wish relief from printed silks, nothing can be smarter for street wear in town than a separate blouse and skirt. Of course it is understood that this is just a part of an ensemble, and the problem is what the article of dress shall be to complete the costume.

Ensembles are perhaps more popular now than they ever have been at any other moment in their history; and this carries only a feeble suggestion of how completely accepted they are.

With a fine, French, hand embroidered shirt waist topping a smart skirt of tweed or silk, the question is, what sort of outer garment will most effectually re-enforce it into a complete whole?

Of course, for early autumn, as well as for street wear in summer and for travel on vacations, a tailored suit gives a certain stamp to one's appearance that nothing else can contribute.

On the other hand, a cape coat like the one shown in our oval insert has a wider range of usefulness and looks very Parisian and smart.

In choosing this one for wear with several costumes, it might be as well to omit the dots and to have a lining of the same color as the outer garment or perhaps in a shade slightly paler.

HE aint got a stitch on, no foolin. He raises himself up and looks into the eyes of Mary Duncan. Oh baby, is he embarrased.

Love Letters *of an* *Interior* DECORATOR

A Still Picture of Hollywood

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 10 minutes 19 seconds.)

Hollywood, Calif.

DEER MARG,

You wood have heard from me sooner but I got fired out of the movies. That piece I was in I wrote you about, where I played the part of the bum in The Beggars of Life, I lost. That wasnt such a hot spot anyway. Bill Wellman, the director caught me bootleggin on the lot and gettin the rest of the bums plastered and that settled it. I wouldnta cared so much but I hate to loose all of that fan mail from my public.

But listen Love Lips, I nearly was kissed into a good job playin the leadin part in one of Bill Shakearspears comedies. Yeah, they wanted me to play that guy Hamlet. You know that feller what stands in the grave yard with a coupla soup bones in his hand? I would have gotten the job but another guy beat me to it. A bloomin englishman.

The way that fello talked you would think that he had a mouthful of hot gravy. He says, Its not the eavy auling that urts the orses oofs, its the ammer ammer ammer on the ard eighway. Can you trump that for an apple strudel language. That guy would never make an aviator. Can you imagine a donkey like him flyin over London droppin his h-h-h-h-h-is? Hes outer focus. Im all washed up with fatheads like him.

And you should see him pack away the staple goods. We was sittin in the studio restaurant and that guy stuffed away four dishes fuller asparagrease. Oh what a sword swallower. He just opened up his cabin and dropped em in. Id hate like hell to hafta go on the line for that junks cookies. He'd make a chain store look like a peanut stand. The way he et you know he never had no fetchin up. You cant put a begger on horseback Marg.

I was on SOME PARTY the other night in Beverly Hills. Oh Boy was that a party. One of the big fillum magnets was throwin the thing to a bevy of stars, authors, directors and big shots. Everybody was there but Mussle Shoals and Jimmie Walker.

Down stairs they had a full length bar with everything the old heart desired, and I dont mean PERHAPS.

On the second floor a poker game started. About twenty men sat down and each one ordered 300 dollars worth of chips. Wow! Next to that in the next room a roulet game was going on. I watched the thing for fifteen minutes and then had to rush down for four quick shots of rattle snake juice for fear Id pass out.

Then I wandered into another room and laying on the floor were about thirty of the big eggs shootin crap. On the level I never saw so much money layin on the floor since I went through the U. S. Mint. Every roll of the dice three or four yards went to sleep. Everybody was writin checks as fast as they ran out of dough. One fello bet another guy 500 bucks that he wouldnt roll a five. HE DID!!!! He picked up the jack as though it was two bits.

My dear you dont know the tenth of it. There was no demonstration, no noise, nothin. It was just a matter of course. Money laid on the floor between mens legs like so much cabbage leaves. One five hundred dollar check had been in every pocket in the room. It looked like a penwiper. You couldnt tell wether it was written by Musselini or the Sultan of Turkey. It was about as crisp as a nice fresh piece of liver. One egg came in the house with $40 and walked out soakin wet with three thousand.

Those ivories must have rolled 250 miles before the evening was over. Everybody was sober. While the guests rolled the bones and played the cards a laundryman in a bartenders coat serviced the works with nice fresh ice and what ever.

ITS a great place Marg, this Hollywood. Its the Paris of America and the playground of the world. After youre here six months youre known as a native. And what boosters they are. You cant blame em. Everything they grow here you can drink. Three shots of some good old California ½ of 1 per cent wine and youll wake up in a canyon.

Nearly every night they have a new film opening. Thats the kick. Out in front of the movie theaters big crowds gather to see the STARS come in. As they step outer the swell cars they make em say something over the

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

radio. Then they have big search lights what play around the skies. From a distance you would think that Lindy or Dick Bird was going to land there. Hollywood Boolevard looks like a flyin field.

Its just one grand frolic. Its the city of Make Believe. Make believe is right. You never can tell whether you are leanin up against a paper machee buildin or sleepin in a rubber bed. You catch yourself tappin the chair youre going to sit down in for fear its made of plaster.

Nothing is what it seems. All is not glit that glitters. The dignified lookin guy youre introduced to what looks like the president of a railroad turns out to be the trainer of a coupla white mice in a animal act. The punk with the six dollar suit you take for a bum youll find is directin one of the heavy movie stars at 2000 bucks per week. The fine lookin sap with the Ritzy air and the Valentino hair cut you take for a sheak, is the fathead what holds the mirror while Raymon Navarro straightens out his eye brows. The sweet little girl in the crowd who dresses plainly and doesnt put on any airs is Dolores Costello.

They have great sound proof apartment houses out here Marg. If you drive a nail in the wall the other guy in the next apartment hangs a picture on the other end of it. Youre about as private as if you were in a broadcastin station.

Listen Love Lips, I drove down to Tijuana the other day. They pronounce it TiaWana. The J is silent as in fish. I dont know why but its supposed to be Spanish. Well this place is 150 miles from Hollywood. Its in Mexico just on the border. The movie people go down there when they want to bust loose. Oh what gamblin. Oh what liquor. Oh what dance halls and wimin. It sure is a tough place.

THEY have a bar there Marg whats 300 feet long, no kiddin. Its the longest bar in the world and it must have 10,000 bottles on the shelves. Every kind of poison that was ever brewed. The gamblin houses are wide open. Roulette, poker, dice, slot machines, everything to take the suckers. You can play two bits or $5,000 bucks. Theres come on guys to rope you in and good lookin broads to help em.

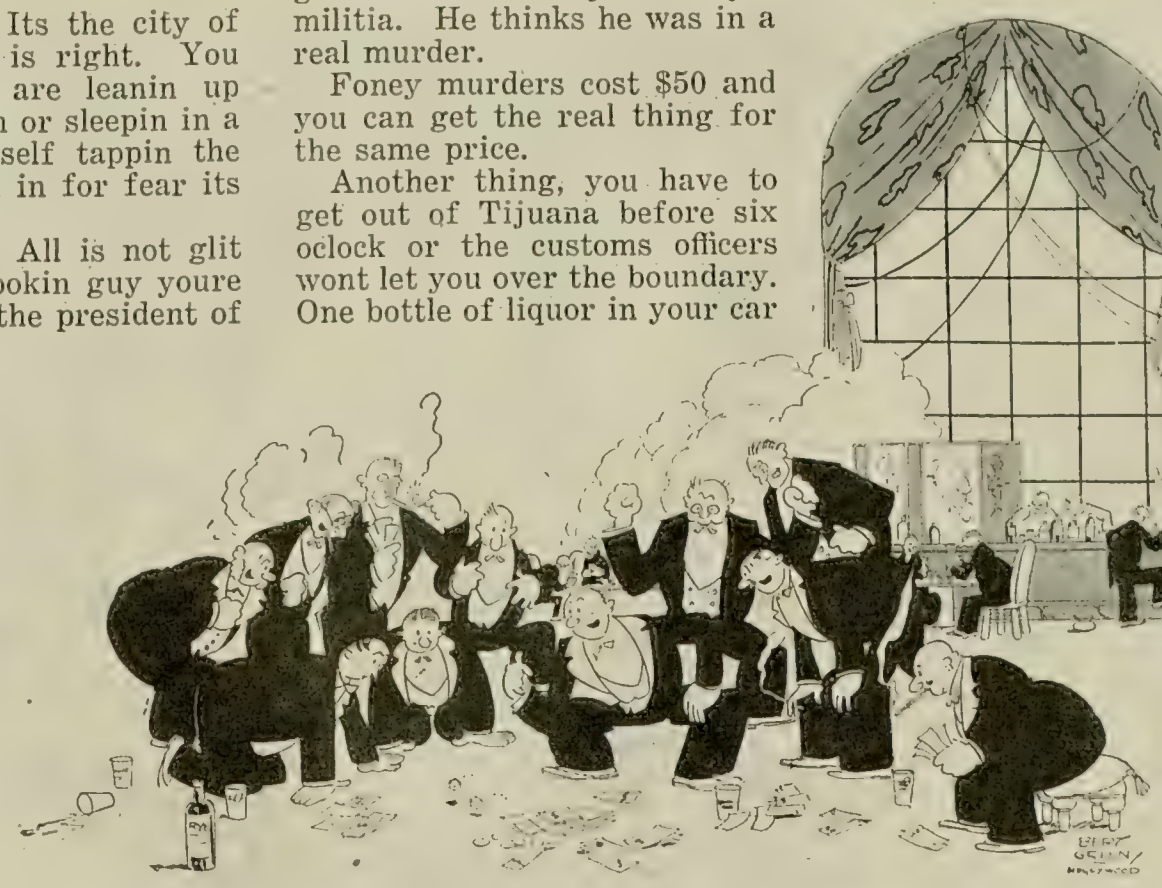
The place is jammed with all kinds of characters. Greasers, cowboys, real and unreel, cow girls, indians, palookas, yes men, hoofers, gangsters, actors, bad actors, directors, prop men and what have you. There all there and then some. Its a terrible joint. In the dance halls they stop at nothing. They dance like they do in the Friendly Islands only there more friendly. You couldnt get a cigarette paper between em with a shot gun.

They stage foney murders for the simple saps that want to put one over on their friends. They take you into a private house, bring in a coupla dizzy lookin frails and everybody starts drinkin. The skys the limit. Just when everybody is neckin everybody else a great big Mexican walks in and catches his jane in the arms of his rival. Hes got enough knives on him to open up a butcher shop and a gat that would shoot holes through the U. S. S. Texas.

Right away he gets wild. He gets the big carving knife in one hand and the rod in the other. He shoots the girl and then shoots the lover. Oh what a panic. The guy whats bein framed makes a dash for the door for fear he'll get shot or his name in the paper. Hes scared stiff. I dont think hes stopped runnin yet. He didnt know he was bein framed. You couldnt get him back to Tijuana if you called out the militia. He thinks he was in a real murder.

Foney murders cost $50 and you can get the real thing for the same price.

Another thing, you have to get out of Tijuana before six oclock or the customs officers wont let you over the boundary. One bottle of liquor in your car and the automobile belongs to the U. S. Government. Great stuff.



Every roll of the dice three or four yards went to sleep. Money laid on the floor like so much cabbage leaves.

. . . . .

LISTEN Marg, Im back in the movies. Yep, Charlie Farrell introduced me to Frank Borzage his director, the fello what directed Seventh Heaven and he gave me a part in this new picture called The River. I havent got much of a part. All I do is foller Charlie Farrell around and see that hes got on the right clothes. You know these actors Marg sometimes forget what they wore in the last scene. It wouldnt look good to see em with bare feet in the long shot and rubber boots on in the close up. Well, thats my job. You have to take all kinds of jobs Marg out here in order to get in the movies. Thats the way you get discovered. I wish I could discover some guy what needs about forty cases of laughing soup because I need the jack.

Wait till I tell you about this scene. Gosh, you would swear you was in some big canyon in the Rocky Mountains. Whew. Heres part of the story what they were shootin. A pretty girl is sittin on a rock in the river. It aint a real rock. Its just a prop rock. They made it. The frail is Mary Duncan, oh shes a knockout. Well, shes sittin on the rock and down the river comes a guy sunnin himself on a log. He aint got a stitch on, no foolin.

The big thick mick took him down to the iron boarding house to get him measured for a nice fresh straight jacket.

When he gets near the rock he rolls off and begins swimmin. He swims over to the stone and raises himself up and looks into the eyes of Mary Duncan. Oh baby, is he embarrased. Shes not supposed to be there. He thinks hes in the forrest primevil where theres no wimin around. Well, he registers embarrasment and ducks down behind the rock, coy like, you know how that works.

On the square Marg if you ever met Charlie I would have to check out. Hes the sweetest guy in the world. Everybody loves him from the president of the company to the office boy. Hes a great actor Marg and its a treat to watch him and Frank Borzage directin him. He directs him like nobody can. They get along like a coupla kids. Charlie is always kiddin on the set when he aint workin.

Frank and Mary Duncan were kiddin Charlie because they had him in the river in his birthday suit. Mary says to Charlie, she says, If Charlies girl could only see him now her estimation of him woud go up 100 per cent. But Charlie just looked like a great big innocent boy. And thats what he really is. Id give him my shirt, and so would the rest of the gang. Just to show you what a real guy he is get this, —The Fox Co made him a present of a big Packard roadster, but Charlie has a new Ford of his own. He thinks more of that Ford than he does of his right eye. When he takes Virginia Valli out for a ride do you suppose he goes in his Packard? Not him! He takes his Ford and she has to go along with him and she has some car herself. Well, thats Charlie.

Oh yea, I forgot to tell you somethin. Sittin on the rock with Mary Duncan is a big black crow. Hes part of the story. Hes supposed to be a bad o'min—whatever that is. Hes supposed to come between the girl and the boy. Well, the crow has a director all to himself. His name is Mr. Gauthier. Hes the guy what trains birds to do all kinds of funny things.

The other day the crow got a bad case of asthma or the bends or somethin like that from bein ducked so much. I says to Gauthier what did you do for him? He says he just put him in the oven and baked him for about half an hour. I says to him Was it hot? And he says hot as hell but it saved his life. Thats a funny racket, aint it, bakin birds?

LISTEN Kid, I went to a party the other night. A maskerade party. Heavens above was that a riot. AND THE COSTUMES! ! Some of the dresses the frails had on you could have put in a pay envelope. They had about as much clothes on as a frog on a lilly pad.

Everything was goin along toodle-oo when who blows in but a crackpot dressed up as a zulu. He had enough make up on to last Al Jolson for ten years. He had on a grass skirt and a flock of curtain rings in his ears. Well everybody was givin him the build-up and the big sap thought he was a riot. They was all feedin him giggle soup and the poor nut got plastered.

About four bells he decided to go home. He didn't know any more where he lived than I did. However, he was alright, he said so. His legs were fuller knees and he started off. When we opened the door to let him out a terrible fog had come up durin the night. It was as black as the inside of a great dane. You couldnt see your hand before your nose. He staggered down to the corner, turned around three times and disappeared. He didn't know whether he was in Canada or the Fiji Islands.

At five bells when the dawn broke and the fog lifted, a cop on the outskirts of Los Angeles discovered a zulu staggering along the streets. He grabbed him by the arm and took him along. The umpchay tried to explain that he was goin home from a maskerade party but the big thick mick took him down to the iron boarding house to get him measured for a nice fresh straight jacket. Laugh that off.

Well, I got to go now. Give my love to your mother and your girl friend with the crockery eye.

Wishing you the same MIKE SHEA.

P. S. Tell your old man not to right me any more letters. Even the druggist cant read em.

With a part in The River he's probably all wet by now. Well, we'll see in a coupla weeks.

Bad MEDICINE!

Pictures by
DOROTHY HOPE
SMITH BARLOW

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to
ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

I MUSTN'T put ALL my toys on her bed. She can't play with them yet.

(Reading time: 4 minutes 24 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

Mary's come back home. She's very quiet. She's white in the face. She can't eat—not much. She makes a funny face when she eats. Also when she tries to talk. Her throat's sore. She says she doesn't want to talk. So I can do all the talking. She'll just listen.

Mary has to stay in bed. She can't get up in the morning. She doesn't have to go to bed at night. Because she's there already. I don't care if she has to stay in bed, though. Just so long as she came back home. I thought she wasn't ever coming back. I was all alone with Mary gone away and Cissy gone away and never coming back. I thought Mary'd gone where Cissy went. And that she'd never come back, too, like Cissy.

I asked Mary if she heard me calling her to come back and play with me. She said did you? And I said yes. I looked up in the sky every night before I went to bed. And I called, Mary, Mary, don't stay up there with Cissy. Come on back and play with me. But she never peeked out from behind a star, either, and said, Hello, Toni.

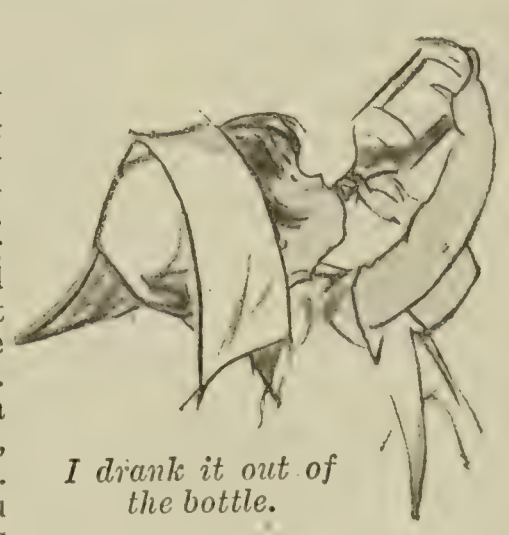
So Mary said she wasn't in the sky somewhere. She was in the hospital somewhere. And I said did you like it? She said yes. Only not the smells. Also, not the man that put something over her nose and mouth and smoth-er-ed her. So I said what did you like? She said the nurse. She gave her ice cream.

I said I wish I could go to a hospital. She said you can't, Toni. You haven't a sore throat. I said I'd get one. She said you can't. You have to have tonsils or you can't get a sore throat. So I said I'd get Mom to get me a tonsil so I could go to the hospital. And Mary said they'd take it away from me if I went. I said they wouldn't. I wouldn't let them. She said they took hers. Also, they took her aden-oids. She didn't know what else they took. The others were all she missed yet.

But they must have taken a lot, because she can't swallow nor talk very well. She goes ga-lum-ph (like this) when she tries. And she's awful white. And I can't play with her like I used to. But I don't care. Because she's back and I can see her. I can sit on her bed and look at her. Only I can't sit long. The nurse says time's up. And I have to go out awhile. Then I come back in again.

Nurse says Mary mustn't get ex-cit-ed. Also, I mustn't put ALL my toys on her bed. She can't play with them yet. That's when I was lifting the doll carriage up on her bed. It's the heavy one. The one Mary likes best. Also, the one I wouldn't let her have before.

I asked Aunt Toni if she wouldn't buy Mary a nicer one even, with a nicer doll in it. And Auntie said maybe she'd buy me a nicer one also for being such a sweet girl. I wasn't sweet. I only wanted Mary to get better quick. I thought if she knew she was going to get a new carriage she'd hurry up.



I drank it out of the bottle.

Well, I guess they won't let me be nurse any more. I guess I'm not a good nurse. Mary said I looked cu-u-te with nurse's cap on. But they didn't let me look cu-u-te very long.

Mary was asleep. So the nurse that come home with her from the hospital said she'd go now and get a little fresh air. And I shouldn't disturb Mary. So I said I wouldn't. I'd only go in and peek at her. She said that would be all right. Only not to wake her up.

So I went in and peeked after nursey went out for her walk. When I peeked I didn't disturb her. So I put on the nurse's cap on the back of my head. Then I sat down on her chair beside the bed. I sat there a long, long time. It must have been almost two minutes.

Then Mary kicked the covers off. So I leaned over like the nurse does to pull them on her again. I couldn't do it without standing on the edge of the bed. So I didn't have anything to hang on to except the blanket, and it pulled me down when I went to put it over Mary. So Mary waked up. She said come on and get into bed with me, Toni. I said all right. But I'll have to give you your med-i-cine first. That's what nurse does when Mary wakes up.

I got the bottle and poured out a big spoonful. But Mary's mouth didn't open in time. So the med-i-cine spilled on the bedclothes. Mary said she didn't mind. She had enough med-i-cine anyway. Also, she wished it was all gone so she wouldn't have to take any more.

So I said if I drink it all up it'll be all gone and then you won't have to take any more and you'll get better quicker. And she promised she would. I didn't pour it into the spoon for fear it would get shaky and spill again. I drank it out of the bottle. It wasn't all gone. But I couldn't swallow any more. Because what I did swallow didn't want to stay swallowed.

I made faces. They weren't like Mary's because I couldn't say ga-lum-ph. I couldn't say anything but I'm sick. So Mary said get into bed with me then, Toni, if you're sick. I did.

WHEN nurse came back in a few minutes she said what are you doing in there? Just wait till your mother hears what you've been up to. But I couldn't tell her what I was doing in there. Because I wasn't doing anything. Not on the outside of me anyway. And inside I wasn't doing anything but getting sicker and sicker.

So Mary said to nurse, "Toni'll have to go to the hospital to get her med-i-cine taken out." And nurse said what med-i-cine? And Mary pointed to the bottle. Then she pointed to me, where most of the bottle was. Then the nurse came and looked me over. She told me to stick out my tongue. Which she shouldn't have told me to do. Because when it was quiet in my mouth I was only sick. But when it moved I was sicker.

And that's how I came to be put into bed where I am now. And why I guess I'm not such a good nurse after all.

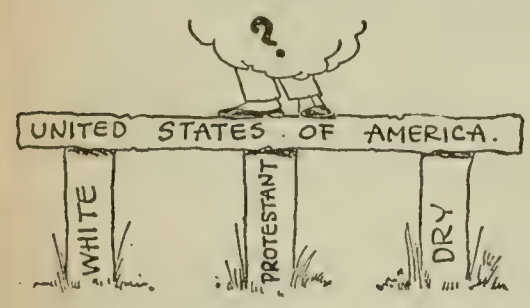
And next week Toni tries her hand at being mailman. Don't miss it.

So much interest in the Presidential election and in the deep underlying questions that flow beneath is being reflected in letters to Liberty that we find ourselves compelled during the campaign to give Vox Pop two pages. They will be continued as long as seems to be necessary.

Speaking of Al Smith . . .

KANSAS CITY, MO.—I am in favor of the way the South handles the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments, and wish that the rest of the country would do likewise. I am in favor of keeping America White, Protestant, and Dry. I would like to see those three girders put under a real platform.

No Negro should hold office over a white man under any circumstances. Why should he? What



have the Negroes done for the upbuilding of the world? Not a thing that I know of.

As for Al Smith or any other Catholic for President—well, we had better forget we are a free people. Talk about bigoted! What religion is more so than the Catholic, unless it is the Mohammedan? The church has done a lot of good, but was it for the sake of doing good or for the sake of getting power? Look over the church's history. See what you find.

There is a lot more that could and will be said before some of us bow to the Roman Pontiff, you bet!—*G. G. Fogel.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—For cat's sake, run more articles about the political situation! I find in the copy of LIBERTY now on my desk an article about Clemenceau, one of a series about Wallace Reid, and one entitled: "The Original Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil." Ancient history! Three of them dead and two of them buried.

Give us an article pointing out ten good reasons why Al Smith should not be elected. There are a hundred good ones, but ten will do for a start.

What are the Democrats thinking of, anyway? Do they want Tammany control? Catholic control? Control of our international affairs by a man who, though he is a good fellow "just among the boys," is too rough a diamond to shine as the head of a great nation?

I know the word "gentleman" is out of fashion, but it partially expresses what I mean. A mayor who's not a gentleman—a governor who's not a gentleman—okay. But a President who's not quite a gentleman—

You get me, I know.—*Meyric M.*

Look What Childress Started!

ORANGE, TEX.—I see that a certain O. A. Childress had a letter in Vox Pop in which he said: ". . . one bright morning the true citizens of the Southland shall come forth leading the new Negroes by the hand, and proudly say: 'These are my jewels.'"

We are certain that the "one bright morning" Childress is waiting for is going to show up mighty late. In fact, we hope he doesn't feel hurt if it shouldn't show up at all.—*R. L. Parkman.*

MERIDIAN, MISS. — Your reader and would-be prophet from Cleveland, Ohio—O. A. Childress—seems to see and know all about what will happen down here "one bright morning." The chances are that he solved the Japanese question for the people in California "one bright morning," and will, no doubt, tell the good people in Illinois how to stop the gunmen in Chicago "one bright morning."

And on a final "bright morning" he will find that the people from Podunk to Poplarville, and from Seattle to Savannah, are capable of taking care of their own little affairs on any "bright morning."—*M. A. Stephens.*

SUFFOLK, VA.—O. A. Childress is right.

"One bright morning" I woke up about 4:30 to find one of his black

brothers ransacking my room. I played golf on his head with a nice iron mashie and called the police.

While they were searching him, I jumped up and shouted: "My Lord, these are my jewels!"—as they pulled my watch out of the black man's pocket.—*An American.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—O. A. Childress just doesn't get the idea at all. No Negro is denied the right to vote. Oh, no. If he knows of his privileges and pays his poll tax, he votes with any white man in any election.

The point is that the greater part of them are too ignorant and shiftless to care. I lived in an Alabama town for years and never in all that time did I know of any Negro being denied the right to vote, but very few of them did vote. Why? Because that dollar for poll tax looked too big to them!

There are no more contented people than the Southern Negroes. If they're too lacking in ambition to vote, that's their own lookout, not ours.—*Mrs. G. S. C.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—If O. A. Childress be white and considers the Negro his equal, he is wrong, for the Negro is his superior.—*Two White Southern Boys.*

The Perennial Question

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Can I take a belated peck at the writer of your editorial entitled "The 14th, 15th, and 18th Amendments"?

May I ask him to let us know how he squares his conscience in regard to the fearful moral and financial debts this country owes the Negroes?

The latter did not willingly come to these shores like ordinary immigrants. They were cruelly torn away from their beloved country, where they had lived happily, and which, I dare say, they loved as much as any aristocratic 100 per cent American from the Southern States loves this country.

They did not hire themselves at their own figure, but they were shamefully exploited by their owners, who lived like leeches and parasites on the forced labors of their slaves. Moreover, the slave owners' descendants hold on tight to the wealth created by the Negroes.

Are the moral and financial obligations involved in these facts to be simply waved aside by a graceful flick of the well manicured hands of the romantic ladies and the Cavalier gentlemen of the South?

The truth is that this country committed a heinous crime against humanity. It is now paying the penalty.

Such is the law of Nature and of God.—*M. Caboin.*

AURORA, ILL.—I think the Negroes should be segregated, all in one reservation—same as the Indians—with their own schools, churches, etc. Their government should be under the supervision of the United States government, as in the case of the Indians.

This would prevent whites and Negroes from associating, except in business affairs, and stop intermarriage of the white and colored races. —*G. E. Morse.*

MASSILLON, OHIO—As a Negro, and constant reader of LIBERTY, I have read all the Vox Pop letters which came in after you published those articles, "The 14th, 15th, and 18th Amendments," by Sidney Sutherland. Some of the letters were disgusting and unfair in their ignorance.

Why not be real good sportsmen, and own up that we are a very progressive race? Why shouldn't we vote? When the time comes to fight and show our patriotism to America, do we hesitate? Have you forgotten the World War, when we suffered and died by your side?

We *are* struggling. We *are* trying. Why push us down on the strength of your prejudice and weak arguments? With odds against us, we *are* brave—for it is a long fight, only half won.

It is like a big boy browbeating a small one, just because he can. But, you know, small boys have a knack of growing.—*Mayme Wright.*

DALLAS, TEX.—I see that a man named R. B. Flowers, of Greenville, S. C., had a letter in Vox Pop in which he said: "For the love of your own daughters and sons, let's don't have Negro public officials with any authority over white men."

I am white—and I work under a Negro.

The Negro race has made rapid progress within the last sixty years. It seems as though the race is something like a rubber ball. The harder you throw it down, the higher it bounces.

I believe that a Negro has as much right as any member of our race to officiate in any public office, providing he has the right kind of education. I only wish that I was educated as well as some of the leading Negroes. Then perhaps I wouldn't be taking orders from one every day.

I'm only trying to bring out the thought that to keep a man in the ditch you have to stay in there with him.—*Just an Observer.*

ZANESVILLE, OHIO—"An Illinois Sucker" said in Vox Pop that the South raised the Negro race from cannibalism to a human stage. I would like to know when did the South reach the human stage?—*Waller French.*

DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.—Contrary to the opinion of certain people, the South has no hard problem to work out in the Negro question. The Negro is not an equal of the white man. Nature did not so make him and no amount of legislation will change the present status.

The Negro knows that as well as the white and is satisfied until some trouble-maker tries to make him feel otherwise.—*C. L. Folsom.*

Conundrum: Why Is LIBERTY *Like a Dead Fish?*

MIDDLETOWN, N. J.—Did you ever hear about how the Indians used to

make their corn grow by burying a dead fish in each hill at planting

time? Well, on my little farm I go them one better. I take a few copies of LIBERTY out to the fields with me and tear off a page to put in each hill of corn.

Really, you would have been surprised at the results I had last summer. The corn averaged fifteen feet in height.—*K. Mickens.*

How About a Graveyard?

CHICAGO, ILL.—It's got so now that I have to sneak off by myself to read LIBERTY.

If I come home and lay it on the parlor table, it's "Hey, you—gimme

that!" and "Shut up! I want it." First one and then another grabs it, and I never get a chance at it.

But if I hide it, and sneak out to the barn at midnight, after they're all in bed, and read it by the light of a lantern, with our cow for company, I get a thrill, I'll tell the cockeyed world!—*E. B. S.*

Undeniable Guilt

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Ever since the recent Sumner drive to expurgate literary America, I shudder in five minute intervals for the fate of your magazine, since it is a matter of record that for the last several weeks LIBERTY has been slipping alarmingly into a swamp of undiluted, first hand, hair raising pornography.

Why, your front pages suggest, as clear as the sun, that *Sandy* and *Lil* have gone and produced a child!

And to think that it was you who struck such a blow at our 100 per cent moral purity!—*J. H.*

Which of These Is Right?

PRINCE RUPERT, B. C.—Mr. P. G. Wodehouse writes some of the cleanest and most humorous stories in the world. LIBERTY could not do better than publish "Money for Nothing."—"*Sparks.*"

KANSAS CITY, MO.—The Lord only knows how anyone ever thought P. G. Wodehouse was a humorist. He's about as funny as a broken leg.

Stop him!—*A Reader.*

He Can't Defend Himself

BOSTON, MASS.—Why laud as an American idol such a type as Wallace Reid was?

Have a heart and don't shove any more such "heroes" down our necks. —*Paul F. Mousby.*

Helping Hands

MENOMONIE, WIS.—I have read Edward Doherty's "An Interview with a Millionaire Who Doesn't Know Where to Will His Money."

Here is a suggestion: Divide the total with every girl in the United States who is twenty years old, unmarried, born in this country, and who is normal as far as mental and physical and social development is concerned.—*L. Corene Baysinger.*

CALDWELL, OHIO—Please pass this suggestion along to your millionaire who doesn't know what to do with his money. His ten or twelve million dollars would build large apartment buildings in some of our large cities, to be rented to young couples just starting out together in marriage. The rent should amount to about what they could afford to put in the dingy furnished rooms where they would have to live otherwise.

The rents could pay the upkeep of the building, janitors, etc., so there would be no income.—*M. L. Eifert.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Thank you, Mr. Doherty, for giving me a beautiful evening. After reading your interview with that millionaire, I drifted into a sort of trance in which I imagined myself walking aboard an ocean liner, into a de luxe cabin. I had a wonderful crossing, went to Paris, bought all the things I've longed for and never could have, and finally met the man of my dreams.

About half-past 11 I snapped out of it, and looked around my damp, dark little room, and wondered how I was going to pay the rent.

But I'd had my evening!—*Anne C.*

DETROIT, MICH.—Tell your good millionaire friend for me that, if he wants to, he can just go and bury those ten or twelve millions, and let me know the exact place—and he will need to have no further worry about it.—*H. F. Fowler.*

Capping Hughie's Climax

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Have just finished reading the article by Hugh Fullerton entitled "Big Del's Four Homers."

I note with interest the passage: "There was one batting feat in the great career of Ed Delehanty that never has been equaled."

I have before me the box score of a game played between the Vernon and Salt Lake clubs of the Pacific Coast League. This game took place in Salt Lake on May 11, 1923. The box score shows that on this day, Pete Schneider, right fielder for the Vernon Club, was at bat eight times and was credited with six hits. Of these six hits, five of them were home runs.

Ask Mr. Fullerton if this feat of Pete Schneider's is not a world record.—*J. E. Johnson.*

Flatterer!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Anent the stories of Viña Delmar—a word or two, please!

Now, frankly, (wo)man to man, how do you fellows expect to find chaste women for your brides, when mighty near all of you start in at an early age, and for ten to twenty years, aye, even more, coax, tease, tempt, induce, entice, lure, charm, decoy (one needs a thesaurus!) maidens galore?—*One Who Knows Men and Likes 'Em, Too.*

Straight Tips from Angels

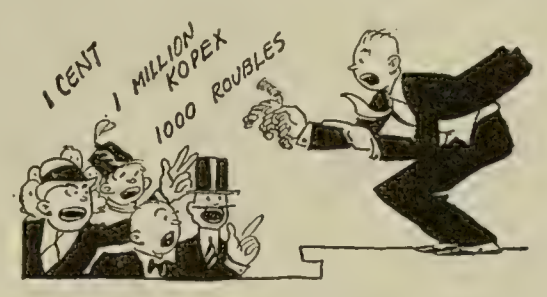
FRESNO, CALIF.—I've just finished reading the story, "Two Hard-Boiled Eggs," by Ruth Hawthorne. You stated underneath the title that it was "A Love Story: 1928 Model." I thought perhaps you had gotten your dates mixed, because in 1928 "the dance" is the Varsity Drag, not the Black Bottom.

Please tell this Ruth Hawthorne to climb off the "shelf" and look around and then maybe she'll be able to write an interesting story. Just maybe.

Also inform her that kids aren't after gin and all that sorta rot, but are hunting for a good time, not a chance for a red nose and puffy eyes. We've tried it and know better.—*A Coupla Angels.*

Museum Pieces

ST. LOUIS, MO.—If and when our Mary Pickford cuts off her curls, I



suggest that they be put up at auction—the bidders to be the curators of museums all over the world.

I believe people would turn aside from Gainsboroughs and Titians to get a long squint at the Most Famous Hair in the World.—*Edward B.*

That "Bad Boy," Captain Brown

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO—Can I register a protest? I've been buying LIBERTY for years, now, and I've never read anything so absurdly silly as Mrs. J. P. Dendy's statement, in Vox Pop, that Captain A. Roy Brown "sneaked up on the most wonderful fighter of the war" and thereby gained fame. Her objection to the fact that he "killed from behind" is also idiotic.

She apparently doesn't know that, in aerial combat, the only safe place is above and *behind* an enemy. If every American flier and the others, for that matter, had lived up to her standards of sportsmanship and approached the Boche from the front, there would be lots more Gold Stars than there are now.—*E. S. Betts.*

Precocious, What?

SAVANNAH, GA.—LIBERTY can dig up more dirt than a steam shovel.

It is only four years old, and knows its sex entirely too well for a babe that age.—*Raymond Weems.*

Room for an Argument

DAVENPORT, IA.—I rise to remark that Germany won the war.

Germany got rid of the Kaiser and his family, and has a good republican form of government, paying dividends on all stock.

While France got Alsace and Lorraine.

Belgium had her debts paid.

Italy got Mussolini.

England got the Holy Land.

And the United States got Prohibition and paid all the costs in gold. —*G. H. Williams.*

A Pilot Gets Mad

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Ye gods, how did that story, "Forced Landing," by Armstrong Perry, ever get into your formerly good magazine? Say, where did he get all the dope about airplanes? Personally, I don't believe that fellow has ever ridden in anything more complicated than a bicycle.

Here are just a few mistakes:

First Mistake: *Taxi.* An airplane taxis only from the hangar to a position at the end of the field, in order to take off directly into the wind. No one ever taxis twice around a field.

Second Mistake: *Mechanician.* A mechanician is never employed on an airplane having definite runs or a schedule. Only used on exploration trips, etc.

Third: *Spare propeller.* Whoever heard of a spare propeller on an airplane? Rot!

Fourth: *Oil feed.* To quote from the story: "The oil feed of the starboard engine showed signs of irregularity, and Wilcox and Harris leaned down to examine the gauge."

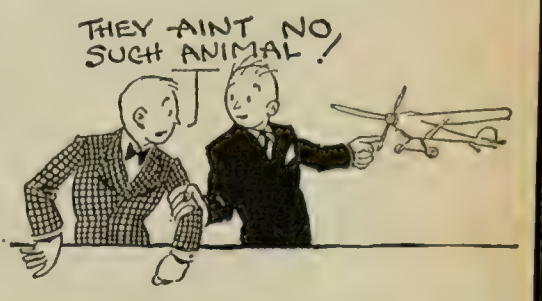
The gauge is located directly in front of the pilot, and it would not be necessary to lean over to see it.

Oh, hell—the more I write the worse it gets!—*Pilot Eugene J. Hasenmiller.*

Sounds a Bit Sarcastic

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—After all that Elliott White Springs has done for you, too!

Will you take Armstrong Perry—who wrote "Forced Landing"—by



the hand and run over to Long Island, and show him an airplane?—*Tom Mathews.*

They Know Where They're Going

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—LIBERTY'S covers are about the first covers that ever had a real purpose and reason for publication.—*Fred E. Frankson.*

Tolstoy *and the* Cossacks

Hollywood Goes Russian Again for a Round of Synthetic Gore

A Movie Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 4 minutes 6 seconds.)

AFTER a prolonged huddle, during which they were penalized for many yards, the Culver City, California, officials of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have emerged to release their version of Leo Tolstoy's Circassian tale, The Cossacks.

This superproduction—a superb example of Hollywood at its limit of recklessness—encountered enough difficulties to swamp almost any film. It was announced something like three years ago. The film company imported a lot of Russian Cossacks for the picture. The original plan was to present the troupe at Madison Square Garden, take it on a triumphal tour of America, and bring the Cossacks to Hollywood in time for the picture.

The Cossacks were one of the flops of the New York amusement season. They held the Garden's failure record up to the appearance of Mr. Pyle's bunion derby. The tour faded, and when what remained of the troupe reached California, the Russians were left to shift for themselves. Some of them, having seen America first, appear in The Cossacks.

Meanwhile, Tolstoy's story was being put into celluloid form. Finally Director George Hill shot the picture. Then it was found that the character played by the star, John Gilbert, was too weak and unsympathetic. So Director Clarence Brown, who had just completed The Trail of '98, was put on the job to recondition the story and its hero.

Even now the plot of The Cossacks wavers through ten reels. *Lukashka*, son of a Cossack chieftain, is branded as unmanly because of his sentimentality. He loves a peasant girl, but she scorns him until he proves himself a real Cossack. A lot of ingenuity was required to prolong this to 10,000 celluloid feet.

Of course, *Lukashka* makes good. He kills Turks galore and comes to love the smell of blood. It seems that in *Lukashka's* jolly part of the Caucasus getting your first Turk is like breaking a hundred. Ten is comparable to a hole in one. So you can realize how *Lukashka* tests his mettle.

The original adaptation made the chief's son a coward who hesitated to save an old man from the hoofs of runaway horses; but the present version makes him just a poetic visionary who isn't appreciated by the uncouth tribesmen.

Naturally, neither the Hill nor the Brown version is that of Tolstoy.

Tolstoy intended to show that culture is an enemy of happiness, and his tale, considerably different from the Hollywood adaptation, pointed that theory.

The Cossacks, in its film form, is a very bloody affair, full of torture, rapine, and murder. Its makers go out of their way to indicate dirt and smell. Some of it savors a bit of the imported film of last year, Jules Verne's Tatar tale, Michael Strogoff. Here, however, the gore is synthetic, and the virile red bloodedness a sham.

Paul Hurst, as Zarka, leading a captured Turkish harem in one of the scenes from The Cossacks, and (above) Renee Adoree and John Gilbert in a love scene from the same film.

The story is long and repetitious, for *Lukashka* merely goes on making good (*i. e.*, disposing of Turks) for ten long reels. This despite the fact that he makes the Cossack freshmen crew in the very first reel.

Mr. Gilbert plays the shy Cossack lad who becomes a hard riding hell and Maria killer. *Lukashka* is not very believable, but Gilbert is not at all bad in the part. Incidentally, it is a rôle that calls for a lot of trick riding by his double.

Nils Asther, who was not in the original cast of Director Hill, now does a regal Moscow Magnificence who tries to carry off our hero's sweetheart.

If the Cossacks were half as bad as the film tried to paint them, they would have sliced up Mr. Asther on sight—and I would not have blamed them.

Ernest Torrence, who has just rushed me a post card that he is having a great time in Scotland, shaved his head for the rôle of the Cossack chieftain poppa. Mary Alden, the unforgettable mulatto of The Birth of a Nation, makes one of her rare film appearances as *Lukashka's* hard plowing mamma.

You will be interested to know that, in the course of the film's changes, Neil Neely, who originally played the Moscow dignitary, joined the millions of faces on the cutting room floor. He isn't in the film now, and Josephine Borio, the much touted discovery who played *Lukashka's* little sister, is gone entirely.

Renee Adoree is the peasant girl, selected, doubtless, because she was such a superb girl of the fields in The Big Parade. There is even a moment where Renee clings to Mr. Gilbert's stirrup, after the manner in which she hung to the motor lorry in The Big Parade. How the Hollywood master minds repeat themselves at times!

Miss Adoree, who once was a child bareback rider in a small French wagon circus, has had a lot of inferior rôles recently. With the right material, she can kick in with a vivid performance. But good parts are far apart.

Do you know that—

Joseph Schildkraut is to play *Gaylord Ravenal* in Universal's filming of Show Boat? . . . Metro-Goldwyn has purchased screen rights to Trader Horn and The Bridge of San Luis Rey? . . . Dick Barthelmess may go to United Artists after completing his First National contract, ending with his next picture? . . . Plans are off for Norma Talmadge to do The Daughter of the Gods?

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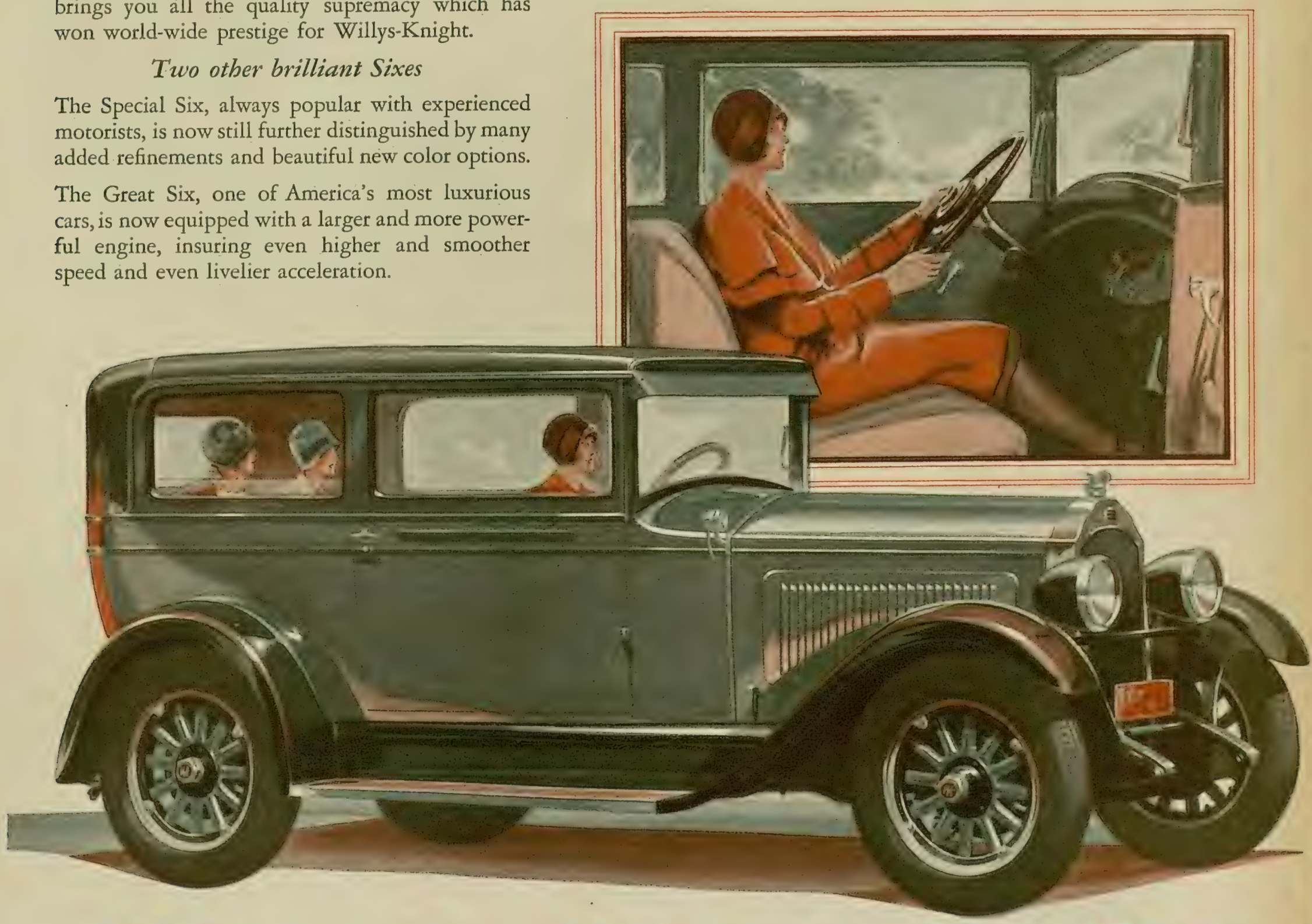

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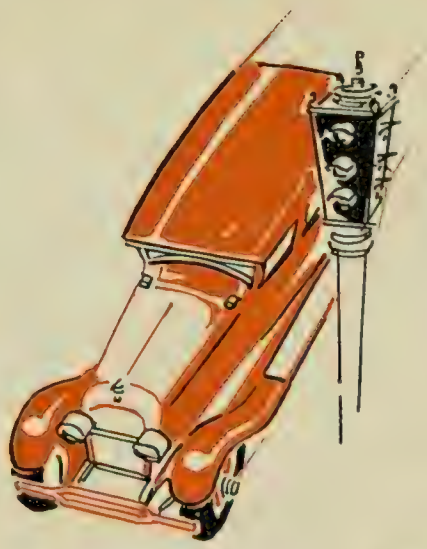

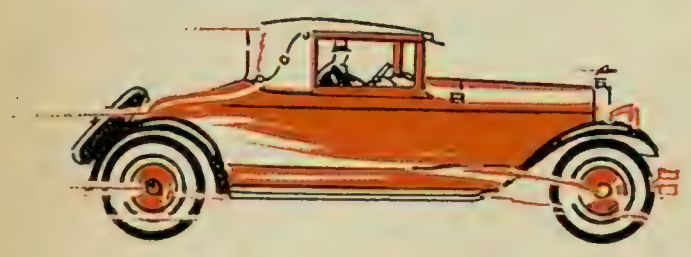

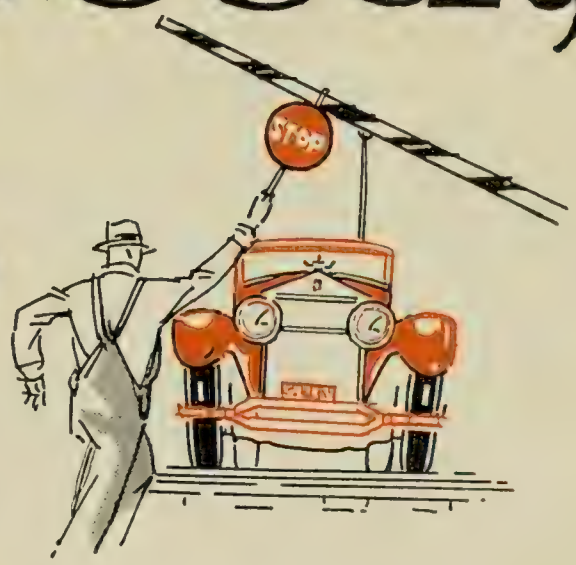

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"There is no occasion to damn my eyes, Mr. Twist. I am only trying to be 'elpful."

Money for Nothing

In Which Thieves Hatch a Plot, and a Girl Goes a-Wooing

A Serial by

P. G. WODEHOUSE

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

(Reading time: 22 minutes 15 seconds.)

DOLLY and "Soapy" Molloy were a pair of smooth crooks. They left their native America and went to London to sell oilless oil stock. For the same purpose they accepted an invitation to visit at Rudge Hall, on the edge of the quiet English village of Rudge-in-the-Vale.

To Mr. Lester Carmody, the money-loving squire of Rudge Hall, they represented the American millions which they pretended to own. Though posing as father and daughter, they were really husband and wife.

Mr. Carmody proving adamant to oil stock, Dolly had an inspiration. She proposed to him that Soapy buy his family heirlooms. When it was explained to her that they were entailed, she countered with: "Fake a burglary and we'll buy the goods." The Molloys' real intention was to exit secretly, once the heirlooms were in their hands. But the apparently unsuspecting Mr. Carmody agreed to do the faking.

At 5:30 one morning he propped a ladder against his house and mounted it. But the ladder slipped and the squire was left perched on an upper window sill. There his nephew Hugo Carmody discovered him.

In explanation, Mr. Carmody said he had climbed to dislodge a swallow's nest. Hugo's version was that his uncle's brains had come unstuck. He expounded this theory to his friend Ronnie Fish, a visitor at the Hall, and also passed it on to Pat Wyvern. Pat wasn't interested. Her concern was with another nephew of Mr. Carmody's, John Carroll. John had proposed to Pat, and though she had refused him, she now rather wished she hadn't.

Mr. Carmody took his discouragement to the Molloys. It was agreed to call in a friend of Soapy's, Dr. Twist, who, with the aid of one Flannery, ran a physical culture establishment. Twist undertook the burgling job and entered the house, but Hugo, much spiffed at the time, first caught him and then lost him.

There was a chase in the grounds, with Emily, John's dog, helping. Twist vanished into a water tank and Hugo bumped his dazed head on a tree. Just here, Ronnie appeared. He listened to Hugo's tale, decided that his friend was nutty, and sent him off to John for first aid. Then he turned to face Mr. Carmody.

PART EIGHT

MR. CARMODY, lumbering along the dim path, was in a condition which in a slimmer man might have been called fluttering. He, like John, had absented himself from the festivities in the village, wishing to be on the spot when Dr. Twist made his entry into the house. He had seen Chimp get through the dining room window, and had instantly made his way to the front hall, purposing to wait there and see the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page fifty-five]

precious suitcase duly deposited in the cupboard under the stairs. He had waited, but no Chimp had appeared.

And then there had come to his ears barkings and shoutings and uproar in the night. Mr. Carmody, like *Othello*, was perplexed in the extreme.

"Ah, Carmody," said Ronnie Fish.

He waved a kindly cigarette holder at his host. The latter regarded him with tense apprehension. Was his guest about to announce that Twist, caught in the act, was now under lock and key? For some reason or other, it was plain, Hugo and this unspeakable friend of his had returned at an unexpectedly early hour from the village, and Mr. Carmody feared the worst.

"I've got a bit of bad news for you, Carmody," said Mr. Fish. "Brace up, my dear fellow."

Mr. Carmody gulped.

"What—what—what—"

"Poor old Hugo! Gone clean off his mental axis."

"What! What do you mean?"

"I found him just now running round in circles and dashing his head against trees. He said he was chasing a burglar. Of course, there wasn't anything of the sort on the premises. For, mark this, my dear Carmody: According to his statement, which I carefully checked, the burglar was a most respectable fellow named Twist, who runs a sort of health place near here. You know him, I believe?"

"Slightly," said Mr. Carmody.

"Well, would a man in that position go about burgling houses? Pure delusion, of course!"

Mr. Carmody breathed a deep sigh.

"Undoubtedly," he said. "Hugo was always weak-minded from a boy."

"By the way," said Mr. Fish, "did you by any chance get up at five in the morning the other day and climb a ladder to look for swallows' nests?"

"Certainly not."

"I thought as much. Hugo said he saw you. Delusion again. The whole truth of the matter is, my dear Carmody, living in the country has begun to soften poor old Hugo's brain. Take my tip and send him away to London at the earliest possible moment."

It was rare for Lester Carmody to feel gratitude for the advice which this young man gave so freely; but he was grateful now. He perceived clearly that a venture like the one on which he and his colleagues had embarked should never have been undertaken while the house was full of infernal, interfering young men.

"Hugo was saying that you wished him to become your partner in some commercial enterprise," he said.

"A night club. The Hot Spot. Situated just off Bond Street, in the heart of London's pleasure seeking area."

"You were going to give him a half share for five hundred pounds, I believe?"

"Five hundred was the figure."

"He shall have a check immediately," said Mr. Carmody. "And tomorrow you shall take him to London. The best trains are in the morning. I quite agree with you about his mental condition. I am very much obliged to you for drawing it to my notice."

"Don't mention it, Carmody," said Mr. Fish graciously. "Only too glad, my dear fellow. Always a pleasure, always a pleasure."

II

JOHN had returned to his work, and was deep in it when Hugo and his wounded head crossed his threshold. He was startled and concerned.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "What's been happening?"

"Fell down a bank and bumped the old lemon against a tree," said Hugo, with the quiet pride of the man who has had an accident. "I looked in to see if you had got some glue or something to stick it up with."

John, as became one who thought nothing of putting stitches in cows, exhibited a cool efficiency. He bustled about, found water and cotton wool and iodine, and threw in sympathy as a makeweight. Only when the operation was completed did he give way to a natural curiosity.

Something soft and scented stumbled against him, and for an instant he was holding her in his arms.

"How did it happen?"

"Well, it started when I found that bounder Twist burgling the house."

"Twist?"

"Yes, Twist. The Healthward Ho bird."

"You found Dr. Twist burgling the house?"

"Yes; and I made him do bending and stretching exercises. And in the middle he legged it through the window, and Emily and I chivied him about the garden. Then he disappeared, and I saw him again at the end of that path above the shrubberies, and I dashed after him and took a toss—and it wasn't Twist at all; it was Ronnie."

John forbore to ask further questions. This incoherent tale satisfied him that his cousin, if not delirious, was certainly on the borderland. He remembered the whole-heartedness with which Hugo had drowned his sorrows only a short while back in this very room, and he was satisfied that what the other needed was rest.

"You'd better go to bed," he said. "I think I've fixed you up pretty well, but perhaps you had better see the doctor tomorrow."

"Doc Twist?"

"No, not Dr. Twist," said John soothingly. "Dr. Bain, down in the village."

"Something ought to be done about the man Twist," argued Hugo. "Somebody ought to pop it across him."

"If I were you I'd just forget all about Twist. Put him right out of your mind."

"But are we going to sit still and let perishers with waxed mustaches burgle the house whenever they feel inclined, and not do a thing to bring their gray hairs in sorrow to the grave?"

"I shouldn't worry about it if I were you. I'd just go off and have a nice, long sleep."

Hugo raised his eyebrows, and, finding that the process caused exquisite agony to his wounded head, quickly lowered them again. He looked at John with cold disapproval.

"Oh?" he said. "Well, bung-oh, then!"

"Good night."

"Give my love to the alpha separator and all the little separators."

"I will," said John.

He accompanied his cousin down the stairs and out into the stable yard. Having watched him move away, and feeling satisfied that he could reach the house without assistance, he was filling his pipe when Emily came round the corner. Emily was in great spirits.

"Such larks!" said Emily. "One of those big nights. Burglars dashing to and fro, people falling over banks and butting their heads against trees, and everything bright and lively. But let me tell you something. A fellow like your cousin Hugo is no use whatever to a dog in any real emergency. He's not a force. A broken reed. He—"

"Stop that noise and get to bed," said John.

"Right ho," said Emily. "You'll be coming soon, I suppose?"

She charged up the stairs, glad to get to her basket after a busy evening. John lighted his pipe and began to meditate. He found his mind turning to this extraordinary delusion of Hugo's that he had caught Dr. Twist of Healthward Ho burgling the house.

John had never met Dr. Twist, but he knew that he was the proprietor of a flourishing health cure establishment, and assumed him to be a reputable citizen. The idea that he had come all the way from Healthward Ho to burgle Rudge Hall was so bizarre that he could not imagine by what weird mental processes his cousin had been led to suppose that he had seen him.

Footsteps sounded on the gravel, and he was aware of the subject of his thoughts returning. There was a dazed expression on Hugo's face, and in his hand there fluttered a small oblong slip of paper.

"John," said Hugo, "look at this and tell me if you see what I see. Is it a check?"

"Yes."

"For five hundred quid, made out to me and signed by Uncle Lester?"

"Yes."

"THEN there *is* a Santa Claus!" said Hugo reverently. "John, old man, its absolutely uncanny. Directly I got into the house just now, Uncle Lester called me to his study, handed me this check, and told me I could go to London with Ronnie tomorrow and help him start that night club. You remember me telling you about Ronnie's night club? Or did I? Well, anyway, he is starting a night club there, and he offered me a half share if I'd put up five hundred. By the way, Uncle Lester wants you to go to London tomorrow, too."

"Me! Why?"

"I fancy he's got the wind up a bit about

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

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241 Rooms, $3.00	245 Rooms, $4.50	35 Rooms, $7.00
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and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT

CLARK AND MADISON STREETS

"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page fifty-six]

this burglary business tonight. He said something about wanting you to go and see the insurance people—to bump up the insurance a trifle, I suppose. He'll explain. But listen, John. It really is the most extraordinary thing, this. Uncle Lester starting to unbelt, I mean, and scattering money all over the place. I was absolutely right when I told Pat this morning—"

"Have you seen Pat?"

"Met her this morning on the bridge. And I said to her—"

"Did she—er—ask after me?"

"No."

"No?" said John hollowly.

"Not that I remember. I brought your name into the talk and we had a few words about you, but I don't recollect her asking after you."

Hugo laid a hand on his cousin's arm.

"It's no use, John. Be a man! Forget her. Keep plugging away at that Molloy girl. I think you're beginning to make an impression. I think she's softening. I was watching her narrowly last night, and I fancied I saw a tender look in her eyes when they fell on you. I may have been mistaken, but that's what I fancied. A sort of shy, filmy look.

"I'll tell you what it is, John. You're much too modest. You underrate yourself. Keep steadily before you the fact that almost anybody can get married if they only plug away at it. Look at this man Bessemer, for instance—Ronnie's man, that I told you about. As ugly a devil as you would wish to see outside the House of Commons, equipped with number sixteen feet and a face more like a walnut than anything. And yet, he has clicked.

"The moral of which is that no one need ever lose hope. Consider the case of Bessemer. Compared with him, you are quite good looking. His ears alone—"

"Good night," said John.

He knocked his pipe and turned to the stairs. Hugo thought his manner abrupt.

III

SERGEANT MAJOR FLANNERY, that able and conscientious man, walked briskly up the main staircase of Healthward Ho. Outside a door off the second landing, he stopped and knocked.

A loud sneeze sounded from within.

"Cub!" called a voice.

Chimp Twist, propped up with pillows, was sitting in bed, swathed in a woolen dressing gown. His face was flushed, and he regarded his visitor from under swollen eyelids with a moroseness which would have wounded a more sensitive man. Sergeant Major Flannery stood six feet two in his boots; he had a round, shiny face at which it was agony for a sick man to look; and Chimp was aware that when he spoke it would be in a rolling, barrack square bellow which would go clean through him like a red-hot bullet through butter.

"Well?" Chimp muttered thickly.

HE broke off to sniff at a steaming jug which stood beside his bed, and the sergeant major, gazing down at him with the offensive superiority of a robust man in the presence of an invalid, fingered his waxed mustache.

The action intensified Chimp's dislike. From the first he had been jealous of that mustache. Until it had come into his life, he had always thought highly of his own fungoid growth; but one look at this rival exhibit had taken all the heart out of him. The thing was long and blond and bushy, and it shot heavenward into two glorious needle-point ends, a shining zareba of hair quite beyond the scope of any mere civilian. Non-army men may grow mustaches, and wax them and brood over them and be fond and proud of them; but, to obtain a waxed mustache in the deepest and holiest sense of the words, you have to be a sergeant major.

"Oo-er!" said Mr. Flannery. "That's a nasty cold you've got. A nasty, feverish cold," proceeded the sergeant major, in the tones in which he had once been wont to request squads of recruits to number off from the right. "You ought to do something about that cold."

"I am doing subthig about it," growled Chimp, having recourse to the jug once more.

"I don't mean sniffing at jugs, sir. You won't do yourself no good sniffing at jugs, Mr. Twist. You want to go to the root of the matter, if you understand the expression. You want to attack it from the stummick. The stummick is the seat of the trouble. Get the stummick right and the rest follows natural."

"Wad do you wad?"

"There's some say quinine, and some say a drop of camphor on a lump of sugar, and some say cinnamon; but, you can take it from me, the best thing for a nasty, feverish cold in the head is taraxacum and hops. There is no occasion to damn my eyes, Mr. Twist. I am only trying to be 'elpful. You send out for some taraxacum and hops, and before you know where you are—"

"Wad do you wad?"

"I'm telling you. There's a gentleman below—a gentleman who's called," said Sergeant Major Flannery, making his meaning clearer. "A gentleman," being still more precise, "who's called at the front door in a nortermobile. He wants to see you."

"Well, he can't."

"Says his name's Molloy."

"Molloy?"

"That's what he *said*," replied Mr. Flannery.

"Oh? All right. Send him up."

"Taraxacum and hops," repeated the sergeant major, pausing at the door.

He disappeared, and a few minutes later returned, ushering in Soapy. He left the two old friends together, and Soapy approached the bed with rather an awe-struck air.

"You've got a cold," he said.

Chimp sniffed—twice: once with annoyance and once at the jug.

"So would you have a code if you'd been sitting up to your neck in water for half an hour last night and had to ride home tweddy biles wriggig wet on a motorcycle."

"Says which?" exclaimed Soapy, astounded.

Chimp related the saga of the previous night, touching disparagingly on Hugo and Emily.

"And thad lets me out," he concluded.

"No, no!"

"I'm through."

"Don't say that."

"I do say thad."

"But, Chimpie, we've got it all fixed for you to get away with the stuff tonight."

Chimp stared at him incredulously.

"Tonight? You thig I'm going out tonight, with this code of mine, to clibe through windows and be run off my legs by—"

"But, Chimpie, there's no danger of that now. We've got everything set. That guy Hugo and his friend are going to London this morning, and so's the other fellow. You won't have a thing to do but walk in."

"Oh?" said Chimp.

HE relapsed into silence, and took a thoughtful sniff at the jug. This information, he was bound to admit, did alter the complexion of affairs. But he was a business man.

"Well, if I do agree to go out and risk exposing this nasty, feverish code of mine to the night air, which is the worst thig a man can do—ask any doctor—"

"Chimpie!" cried Mr. Molloy in a stricken voice. His keen intuition told him what was coming.

"I don't do it on any sigsdy-forty basis. Sigsdy-five thirty-five is the figure."

Mr. Molloy had always been an eloquent man—without a natural turn for eloquence you cannot hope to traffic successfully in the baser varieties of oil stocks—but never had he touched the sublime heights of oratory to which he soared now. Nevertheless, when at the end of five minutes he paused for breath, he knew that he had failed to grip his audience.

"Sigsdy-five thirty-five," said Chimp firmly. "You need me, or you wouldn't have brought me into this. If you could have worked the job by yourself, you'd never have tode me a word about it."

"I can't work it by myself. I've got to have an alibi. I and the wife are going to a theater tonight in Birmingham."

"That's what I'm saying. You can't get alog without me. And that's why it's goig to be sigsdy-five thirty-five."

Mr. Molloy wandered to the window and looked hopelessly out over the garden.

"Think what Dolly will say when I tell her," he pleaded.

Chimp replied ungallantly that Dolly and what she might say meant little in his life.

Mr. Molloy groaned hollowly.

"Well, I guess if that's the way you feel—"

Chimp assured him that it was.

"Chimpie!" cried Mr. Molloy in a stricken voice.

"Then I suppose that's the way we'll have to fix it."

"All right," said Chimp. "Then I'll be there somewheres about eleven, or a little later maybe. And you needn't bother to leave any window opud this time. Just have a ladder laying around, and I'll bust the window of the picture gallery where the stuff is. It'll be more trouble, but I dode bide takig a bidder trouble to make thigs look more natural. You just see thad thad ladder's where I can fide it, and then you can leave all the difficud part of it to me."

"Difficult!"

"Difficud was what I said," returned Chimp. "Suppose I trip over somethig id the dark? Suppose I slip on the stairs? Suppose the ladder breaks? Suppose that dog gets after me again? That dog's not goig to London, is it? Well, then! Besides, considerig that I may quide ligely get pneumonia and pass in my checks— What did you say?"

Mr. Molloy had not spoken. He had merely sighed wistfully.

IV

ALTHOUGH anxious thought for the comfort of his juniors was not habitually one of Lester Carmody's outstanding qualities, in planning his nephew John's expedition to London he had been considerateness itself.

John, he urged, must on no account dream of trying to make the double journey in a single day. Let him have a good dinner in London, go to a theater, sleep comfortably at a first class hotel, and return at his leisure on the morrow.

Nevertheless, in spite of his uncle's solicitude, nightfall found John hurrying back into Worcestershire in the Widgeon Seven. He did not admit that he was nervous, yet there had undoubtedly come upon him something that resembled uneasiness.

He had been thinking a good deal during his ride to London about the peculiar behavior of his cousin Hugo on the previous night. The supposition that Hugo had found Dr. Twist of Healthward Ho trying to burgle Rudge Hall was, of course, too absurd for consideration; but it did seem possible that he had surprised some sort of an attempt upon the house.

Rambling and incoherent as his story had been, it had certainly appeared to rest upon that substratum of fact; and John had protested rather earnestly to his uncle against being sent to London on an errand which could have been put through much more simply by letter, at a time when burglars were in the neighborhood.

Mr. Carmody had laughed at his apprehensions. It was most unlikely, he pointed out, that Hugo had ever seen a marauder at all. But, assuming that he had done so, and that he had surprised him and pursued him about the garden, was it reasonable to suppose that the man would return on the very next night?

And if, finally, he did return, the mere absence of John would make very little difference. Unless he proposed to patrol the grounds all night, John, sleeping as he did over the stable yard, could not be of much help. And even without him Rudge Hall was scarcely in a state of defenselessness. Sturgis, the butler, it was true, must, on account of age and flat feet, be reckoned a noncombatant; but, apart from Mr. Carmody himself, the garrison, John must recollect, included the intrepid Thomas G. Molloy, a warrior at the very mention of whose name bad men in Western mining camps had in days gone by trembled like aspens.

It was all very plausible; yet John, having completed his business in London, swallowed an early dinner and turned the head of the Widgeon Seven homeward.

It is often the man with the smallest stake in a venture who has its interests most deeply at heart. His Uncle Lester John had always suspected of a complete lack of interest in the welfare of Rudge Hall; and as for Hugo, that urban-minded young man looked on the place as a sort of penitentiary.

To John it was left to regard Rudge Hall in the right Carmody spirit—the spirit of that Nigel Carmody who had once held it for King Charles against the forces of the Commonwealth.

Where the Hall was concerned, John was fussy. The thought of intruders treading its sacred floors appalled him. He urged the Widgeon Seven forward at its best speed, and reached Rudge as the clock over the stables was striking 11.

The first thing that met his eye, as he turned in at the stable yard, was the door of the garage gaping widely open and empty space in the spot where the Dex-Mayo should have stood. He ran the two-seater in, switched off the engine and the lights, and, climbing down stiffly, proceeded to ponder over this phenomenon.

The only explanation he could think of was that his uncle must have ordered the car out after dinner on an expedition of some kind. To Birmingham, probably.

John thought he could guess what must have happened. He did not often read the Birmingham papers himself, but the *Post* came to the house every morning; and he seemed to see Miss Molloy, her appetite for entertainment whetted rather than satisfied by the village concert, finding in its columns the announcement that one of the musical comedies of her native land was playing at the Prince of Wales'. No doubt she had wheedled his uncle into taking her and her father over there, with the result that here the house was without anything in the shape of protection except butler Sturgis, who had been old when John was a boy.

"I've got a bit of bad news for you, Carmody," said Mr. Fish. "Brace up, my dear fellow."

A wave of irritation passed over John. He had been looking forward to tumbling into bed without delay, and this meant that he must remain up and keep vigil till the party's return. Well, at least he would rout Emily out of her slumbers.

"Hullo?" said Emily sleepily, in answer to his whistle. "Yes?"

"Come down," called John.

There was a scrambling on the stairs. "You back?"

"Come along."

"What's up? More larks?"

"Don't make such a beastly noise," said John. "Do you know what time it is?"

They walked out together, and proceeded to make a slow circle of the house. And gradually the magic of the night began to soften John's annoyance.

London had been stiflingly hot, and this sweet coolness was like balm. Emily had disappeared into the darkness—which probably meant that she would clump back up the stairs at 2 in the morning, having rolled in something unpleasant, and ruin his night's repose by leaping on his chest. But he could not bring himself to worry about it.

A sort of beatific peace was upon him. It was almost as though an inner voice were whispering to him that he was on the brink of some wonderful experience. And what experience the immediate future could hold, except the possible washing of Emily, he was unable to imagine.

Moving at a leisurely pace, he worked round to the back of the house again, and stepped off the grass on to the gravel outside the stable yard. And, as his shoes grated in the warm silence, a splash of white suddenly appeared in the blackness before him.

"Johnny?"

He came back on his heels as if he had received a blow. It was the voice of Pat, sounding in the silence like moonlight made audible.

"Is that you, Johnny?"

John broke into a little run. His heart was jumping, and all the happiness which had been glowing inside him leaped up into a roaring flame. That mysterious premonition had meant something, after all. But he had never dreamed it could mean anything so wonderful as this.

THE night was full of stars, but overhanging trees made the spot where they stood a little island of darkness in which all that was visible of Pat was a faint gleaming of white. John stared at her dumbly.

Only once before in his life could he remember having felt as he felt now; and that was one raw November evening at school, at the close of the football match against Marlborough, when, after battling wearily through a long half hour to preserve the slenderest of all possible leads, he had heard the referee's whistle sound through the rising mists, and had stood up, bruised and battered and covered with mud, to the realization that the game was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page fifty-nine]

over and won. He had had his moments since then, but never again till now had he felt that strange, almost awful, ecstasy.

Pat, for her part, appeared composed.

"That mongrel of yours is a nice sort of watchdog," she said. "I've been flinging tons of gravel at your window and she hasn't uttered a sound."

"Emily's gone away somewhere."

"I hope she gets bitten by a rabbit," said Pat. "I'm off that hound for life. I met her in the village a little while ago, and she practically cut me dead."

There was a pause.

"Pat!" said John thickly.

"I thought I'd come up and see how you were getting on. It was such a lovely night, I couldn't go to bed. What were you doing, prowling round?"

It suddenly came home to John that he was neglecting his vigil. The thought caused him no remorse whatever. A thousand burglars with a thousand jimmies could break into the Hall, and he would not stir a step to prevent them.

"Oh, just walking."

"Were you surprised to see me?"

"Yes."

"We don't see much of each other nowadays."

"I didn't know—I wasn't sure you wanted to see me."

"Good gracious! What made you think that?"

"I don't know."

Silence fell upon them again. John was harassed by a growing consciousness that he was failing to prove himself worthy of this golden moment which the Fates had granted to him. Was this all he was capable of—stiff, halting, banal words?

He saw himself for an instant as he must be appearing to a girl like Pat, a girl who had been everywhere and met all sorts of men—glib, dashing men; suave, ingratiating men; men of poise and savoir-faire who could carry themselves with a swagger. An aching humility swept over him.

And yet, she had come here tonight to see him! The thought a little restored his self-respect, and he was trying desperately to dis-

cover some remark which would show his appreciation of that divine benevolence, when she spoke again.

"Johnny, let's go out on the moat."

JOHN'S heart was singing like one of the morning stars. The suggestion was not one which he would have made himself, for it would not have occurred to him; but, now that it had been made, he saw how superexcellent it was. He tried to say so, but words would not come to him.

"You don't seem very enthusiastic," said Pat. "I suppose you think I ought to be at home and in bed?"

"No."

"Perhaps you want to go to bed?"

"No."

"Well, come on, then."

They walked in silence down the yew hedged path that led to the boathouse. The beauty of the night wrapped them about as in a garment. It was dark here, and even the gleam of white that was Pat had become indistinct.

"Johnny?"

"Yes?"

He heard her utter a little exclamation. Something soft and scented stumbled against him, and for an instant he was holding her in his arms. The next moment he had very properly released her again, and he heard her laugh.

"Sorry," said Pat. "I stumbled."

John did not reply. He was incapable of speech. That swift moment of contact had had the effect of clarifying his mental turmoil. Luminously now he perceived what was causing his lack of eloquence. It was the surging, choking desire to kiss Pat, to reach out and snatch her up in his arms and hold her there.

He stopped abruptly.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said John.

Prudence, the kill-joy, had whispered in his ear, "Is it wise?" Before her whisper the cave man in John fled back into the dim past whence he had come.

Most certainly, felt the twentieth century John, it would not be wise. Very clearly Pat had shown him, that night in London, that all that she could give him was friendship.

He had read stories. In stories girls drew their breath in sharply and said, "Oh, why must you spoil everything like this?" He decided not to spoil everything. Walking warily, he reached the little gate that led to the boathouse steps, and opened it with something of a flourish.

"Be careful," he said.

"What of?" said Pat. It seemed to John that she spoke a trifle flatly.

"These steps are rather tricky."

"Oh?" said Pat.

It wasn't just the steps that were tricky! Fate had a whole bag of tricks up her sleeve. Watch them tumble out as the story leaps forward in next week's installment.

INVERTED Y'S PUZZLE

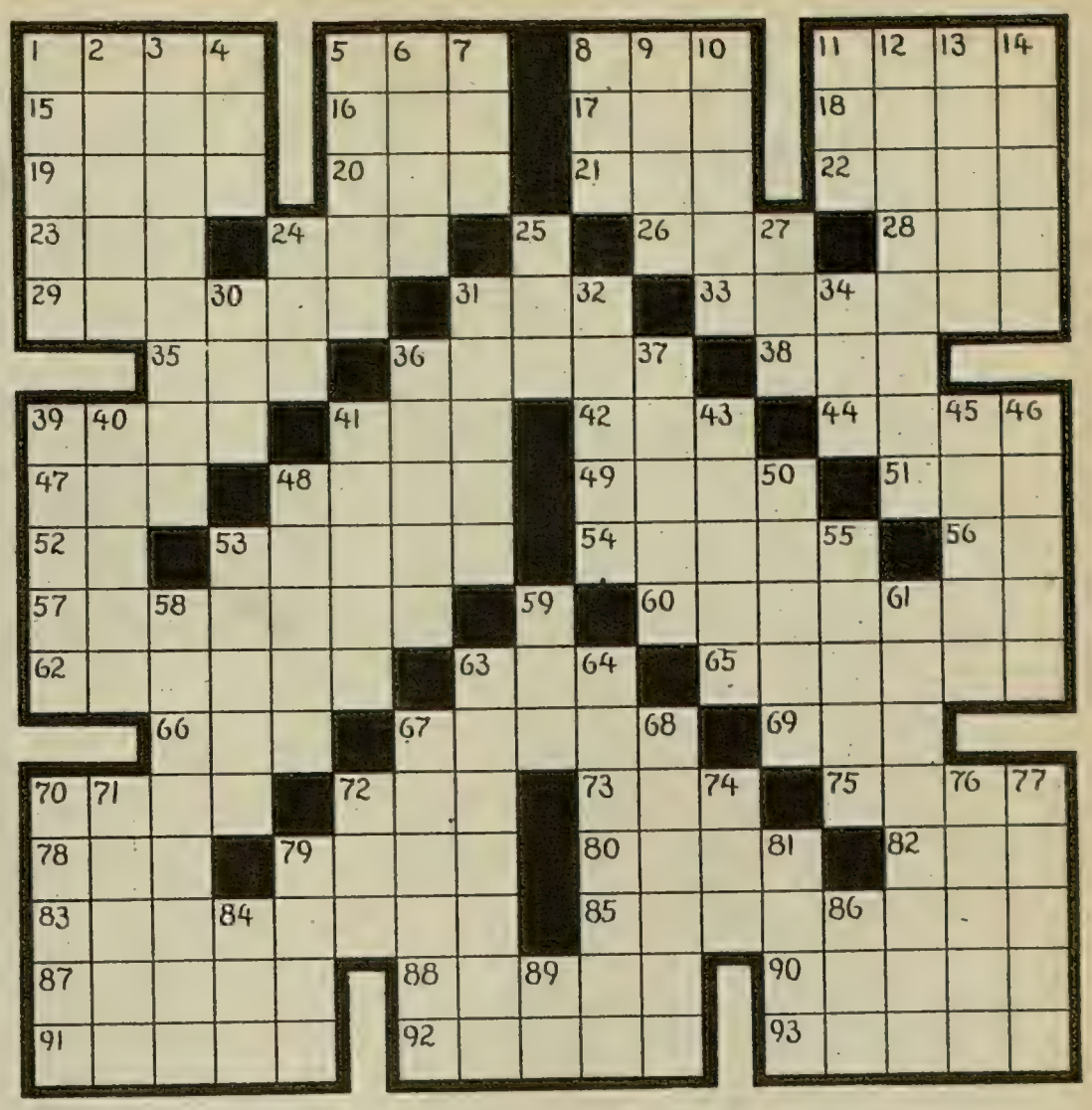
Those who are familiar with a certain celebrated song by Caro Roma will not hesitate over the eight letter name at 61 Vertical.

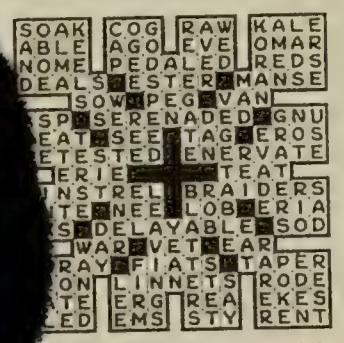
HORIZONTAL

1 Loose garment
5 Sharp, explosive sound
8 Ingredient of varnish
11 Serpents
15 Periods
16 Hail
17 Brazilian macaw
18 Numskull
19 Islets
20 Rodent
21 Obscure
22 Persian poet
23 Disease of sheep
24 Greasy liquid
26 Meadow
28 Letter of the Greek alphabet
29 String for attaching the hook to a fishing line (plural)
31 Acted
33 Hawk
35 Disencumber
36 Broom made of twigs
38 Owns
39 Wheelless vehicle
41 Boggy land
42 Hebrew teacher
44 A following
47 Secreted
48 Level
49 Image
51 Substance distilled from organic matter
52 One indefinitely
53 Conduits
54 Indian of Brazil or Guiana
56 Mother
57 Withdraws
60 Threatened
62 Destroys by slow breaking down
63 Insect
65 Sale at second hand
66 Man's nickname
67 Mingle together
69 Baronet's title
70 Steeps
72 Edible seed
73 Experienced soldier (colloquial)
75 Things given to pacify
78 Form of to be
79 Unyielding
80 Give forth
82 Recline
83 Supplied with pendent ornaments
85 More lonesome
87 A flower
88 Criminal
90 Step rhythmically
91 Cozy abodes
92 Snares
93 Make haste

VERTICAL

1 Lifts to an erect position
2 A constellation
3 Beaten with successive blows
4 Letter of alphabet
5 Son of Priam, King of Troy
6 Ellipse
7 Fondle
8 Youth
9 Seed covering
10 Gem carved in relief
11 Commotion
12 County in southern Pennsylvania
13 Shallow dish
14 Wander
24 Aged
25 Possessive pronoun
27 A tree
30 Cover
31 Small hollows
32 Form of Greek architecture
34 Dance step (French)
36 Seeds of certain leguminous plants
37 Form of address to a lady
39 Allotment
40 Vessel of a fleet
41 Floats in the air, as a kite
43 The shipworm
45 Beast of burden
46 Commerce
48 Lost freshness or brightness
50 Covers the inner surface of
53 Natives of ancient Media
55 Foundation
58 Struggles for superiority
59 Payment for service
61 Woman's name
63 Sac in animals that serves as receptacle of some fluid
64 Surround entirely
67 Made destitute
68 Evil spirits
70 Portion of palm stem
71 Expunge
72 Comrade
74 Metal
76 A portion
77 Scorched (variant)
79 Possessive pronoun
81 Spreads for drying
84 Put in place
86 Lick up
89 Note of the scale





Answer to last week's puzzle

Beauty through Rhythm

By
EILEEN BOURNE

RHYTHM is the basis of all beauty. Certainly it underlies the grace of physical movement. But in the rush of modern life this harmony of body is not spontaneous and is seldom experienced. Unless we cultivate it, our bodies are stiff, unresponsive, inexpressive. We do not feel beauty through them.

For this reason the great system of rhythmic education developed by Jacques Dalcroze is of enormous importance to the world. It is not, as many people think, a school of dancing. Neither is it uniquely a school of music.

Dalcroze originated a fundamental training of the ear, the nervous system, and the motor centers. His aim was artistic, not gymnastic. Through this education physical grace and muscular control are so thoroughly acquired as to become instinctive. Musical forms are studied and then translated into movement in such a way that rhythm is experienced throughout the entire being.

At the school in Paris was selected this group of typical movements inspired by music. They reveal how an inner sense of harmony expresses itself in living, plastic form.

Such expression is possible to any girl of average endowment, and luckily for Americans, who are in sore need of such training, we have Dalcroze centers in most of the large cities.

Some such training as this offers a means both to richer living and to greater physical beauty.

The pictures on this page were posed especially for LIBERTY by one of the professors of the Dalcroze School, Paris.

Photographs by
E. SCAIONI, Paris

FIRST PHRASE

In the circle is shown in terms of physical movement the beginning of a rising melody. With the weight on the toes and the impulse springing from the center, preparation is made for the elevation and extension of the whole body.

As the climax of the musical phrase is reached, its movement (above) results in the expansion and lift of the body.

SECOND PHRASE

(At left) A strongly accented rhythm expressing resistance inspires a dual, contrasted movement. The lower half of the figure presses forward while the upper half pulls away.

THIRD PHRASE

(Above) As the music rises the responsive movement pulls the body up from its center. Thus to echo the rhythm requires perfect light balance.

(At right) Inevitable is the dénouement. Music and movement fall together. Supported at the center, the figure drops lightly on the tips of the toes as the melody ends.

While the music reaches its final resolution the physical movement relaxes and expands (above). Observe that the change in rhythm involves merely the shifting of weight and a gradual transformation of pose.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

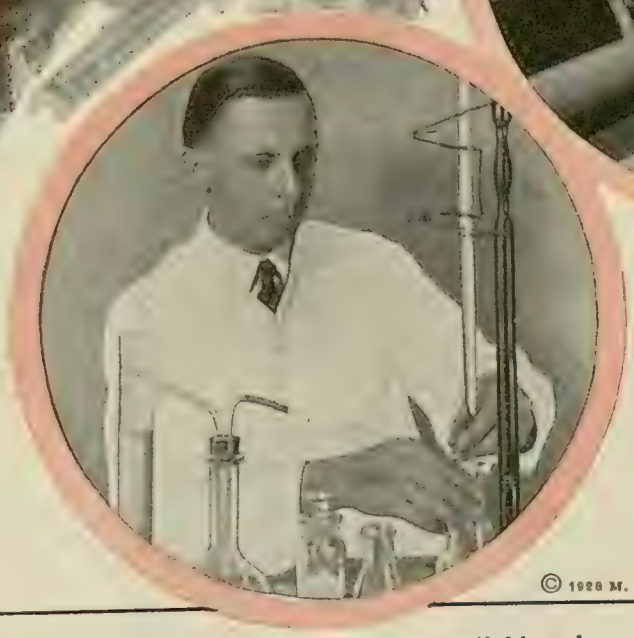
Street and No.....

City.....State.....103

Laundry washing prolongs life of dainty fabrics

HARD WATER has the same effect on your clothes as it has on your hair ⚜ You simply cannot make a real sudsy lather to cut the acrid dirts . . . and though it may look clean, you feel your hair and know better ⚜ Nor will hard water rinse out the soap and dirt ⚜ There's nothing miraculous about laundry methods ⚜ Although modern laundries are scientific institutions dedicated to cleanliness, their results are obtained in a simple manner ⚜ Your clothes are gently washed with pure soap in filtered *rainsoft* waters of accurately determined temperatures . . . and with from nine to thirteen complete changes of water ⚜ Instead of rubbing the life out of fabrics to get them clean, the washing action in the modern laundry is as gentle as when you wash lingerie in a bowl of warm water in your home . . . ⚜ ⚜ ⚜ ⚜

The LAUNDRY *does it best*



ABOVE—The modern laundry irons your clothing with equipment so delicately adjusted that tissue paper may be passed through it without tearing. LEFT—Every modern laundry washing formula has been evolved with scientific, prescription-like accuracy.

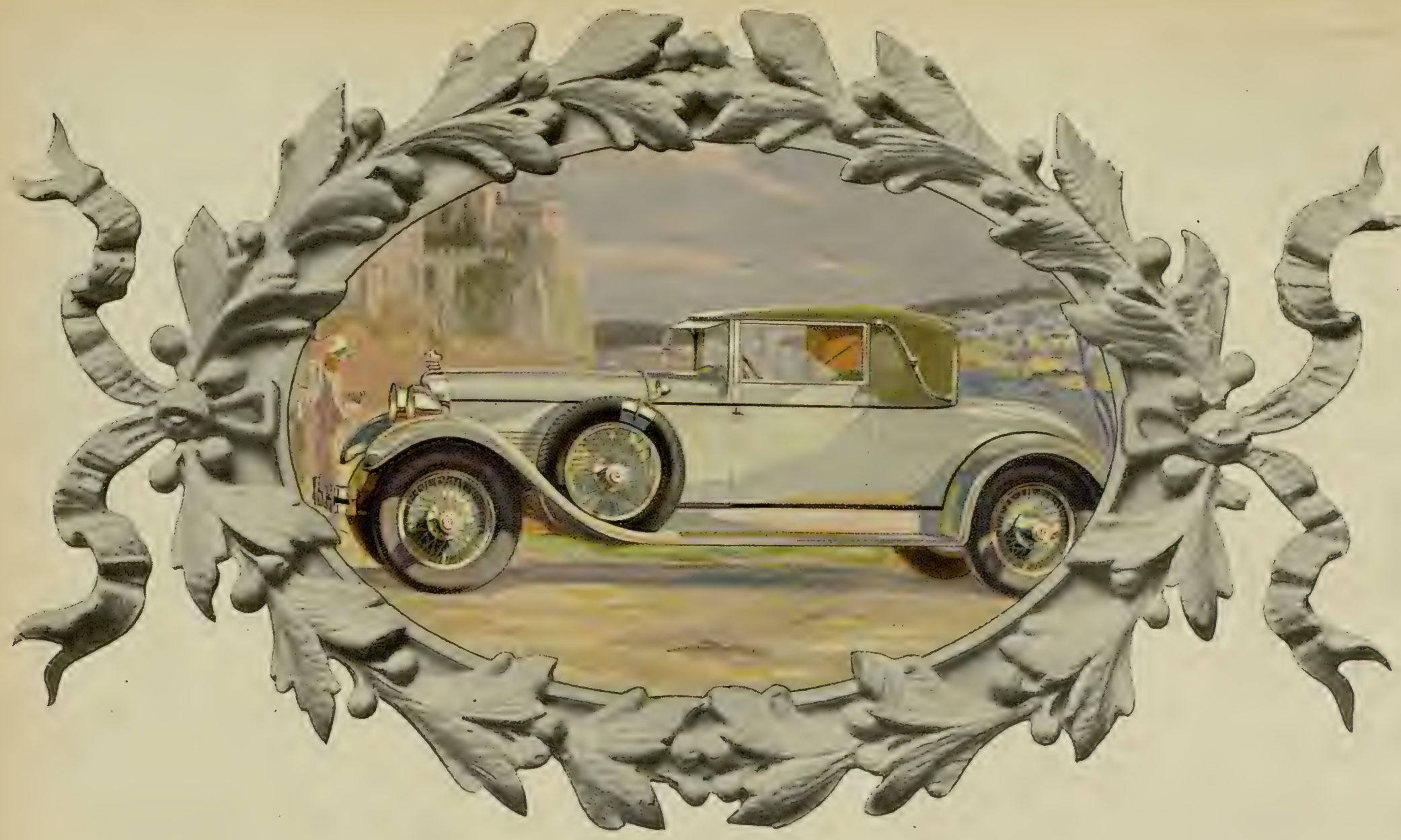
© 1928 M. A. C.

Keeping Faith with American Women

THE modern laundries which stand as sponsors for this series of informative advertisements belong to a great group of progressive institutions. Not only is this group endeavoring to tell you the illuminating facts about modern laundry service, but each modern laundry is earnestly striving to keep its methods on a level with the high standards and ideals reflected in these advertisements.

Modern laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many *individualized* services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now—let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA



OF COURSE STUTZ CHOSE LIBERTY!

"WHEN it was decided that full color reproductions could best convey the charm and grace of the new 'Splendid Stutz' . . . of course we chose LIBERTY. LIBERTY'S four-color printing has faithfully mirrored the attractiveness and suggestion of speed and safety of the Stutz itself."

F. E. Moskovics

President Stutz Motor Car Company

THE advertiser's original plates, used in a recent Stutz advertisement in LIBERTY, have been used again in this reproduction. The paper is of the same grade, made exclusively for LIBERTY—11 pounds heavier than the paper used in four-color printing by the Saturday Evening Post. Paper is one of the factors which has made the *difference* in LIBERTY'S superior four-color printing.

Stutz advertising is prepared by the Glen Buck Company.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Jerry Auth is one of our boys happy with a prize bicycle.

Boys! get a fine bicycle free!

HOW would you like to win a wonderful bicycle, all your baseball equipment, musical instruments, or any of the 375 free prizes offered to boys who sell LIBERTY Magazines? It's easy. Just send the coupon for full details.

You can get these wonderful prizes and earn a regular weekly income besides. No experience needed. Just work in spare time—right in your own neighborhood. We supply carrier bags, magazines, and full information. Thousands of boys are happy and independent selling LIBERTY Magazines. Why not join them? Just send the coupon below and we'll tell you how to get started at once. We will send you our booklet, "The Liberty Boy Salesman," which tells what all our boys are doing, and our Big Catalog of Free Prizes. Join the Liberty Boys. Be a money maker.

Mail today!

LIBERTY Magazine, 8-4-28
Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Avenue,
New York City, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Liberty Boy Salesmen, and make money.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Cash Prizes *for* Word Golf

FOR every *original* WORD GOLF hole that it prints LIBERTY will pay $5; but there are no prizes for solutions, and unaccepted contributions cannot be returned.

Address entries to
WORD GOLF, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

In laying out holes, remember that obsolete and foreign language words will not get by, and that your best chance for landing among the topnotchers of WORD GOLF lies in confining your problems—every stage of them—to words of reasonably familiar usage.

Those who have made the grade this week invite you to have a shot at beating par on the following holes:

C. W. HAYNES
Marion, Ky.

F	L	A	S	K
D	R	I	N	K

ROBERT LOVE,
Roslindale, Mass.

C	O	L	D
Z	E	R	O

MRS. VICTOR PLATH
Davenport, Ia.

S	C	O	W	L
F	R	O	W	N

MRS. J. R. EDWARDS
Scranton, Pa.

S	P	E	A	K
Q	U	O	T	E

R. C. HAWTHORNE
West Point, Ind.

C	R	A	N	K
S	T	A	R	T

HELEN SHARP
Portland, Ore.

F	L	A	G
P	O	L	E

Answers to Last Week's WORD GOLF

MOLD	TRAP	BLAND	OASIS	SNAP	START
MOOD	CRAP	BLANK	BASIS	SOAP	STARE
MOOT	CROP	PLANK	BASES	SOAR	STORE
MOST	COOP	PLANE	BAKES	BOAR	SHORE
MAST	HOOP	PLATE	WAKES	BOAS	CHORE
CAST	HOOD	SLATE	WAGES	BIAS	CHOSE
	HOLD	SLAVE	WAGER	BITS	CLOSE
	HOLE	SUAVE	WATER	BITE	

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 44

1—The sardonyx.

2—Robert M. La Follette, Jr., of Wisconsin.

3—No; it is a region in Canada, in the Yukon River basin.

4—Starboard, green; port, red.

5—A billion.

6—A line officer serves with combat troops; a staff officer is one who is attached to headquarters.

7—A rope by which the mainsail is trimmed and secured.

8—Bedloe's Island.

9—Sir Arthur Sullivan.

10—Christopher Mathewson.

11—In the Library of Congress in Washington.

12—Much in little.

13—No. "Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them,—but not for love" is correct.

14—Massachusetts.

15—The one-horned rhinoceros. The unicorn.

16—The last book of the New Testament, otherwise called The Revelation of St. John the Divine.

17—Victoria Falls in the Zambezi River, British South Africa.

18—All are names of varieties of grapes.

19—The fifth.

20—Da Capo, meaning "from (the) head or beginning."

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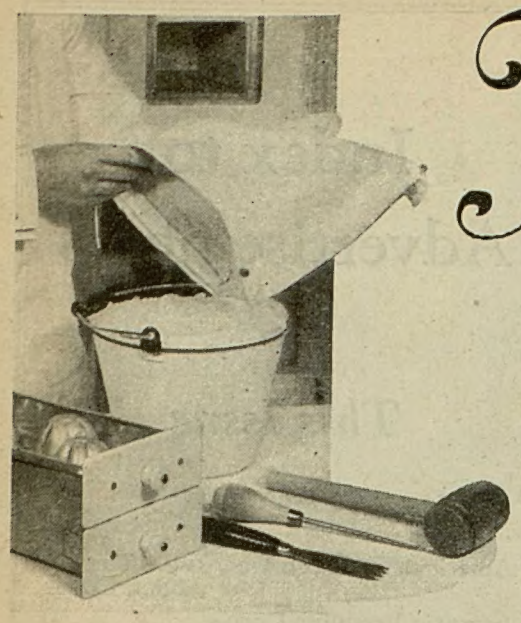
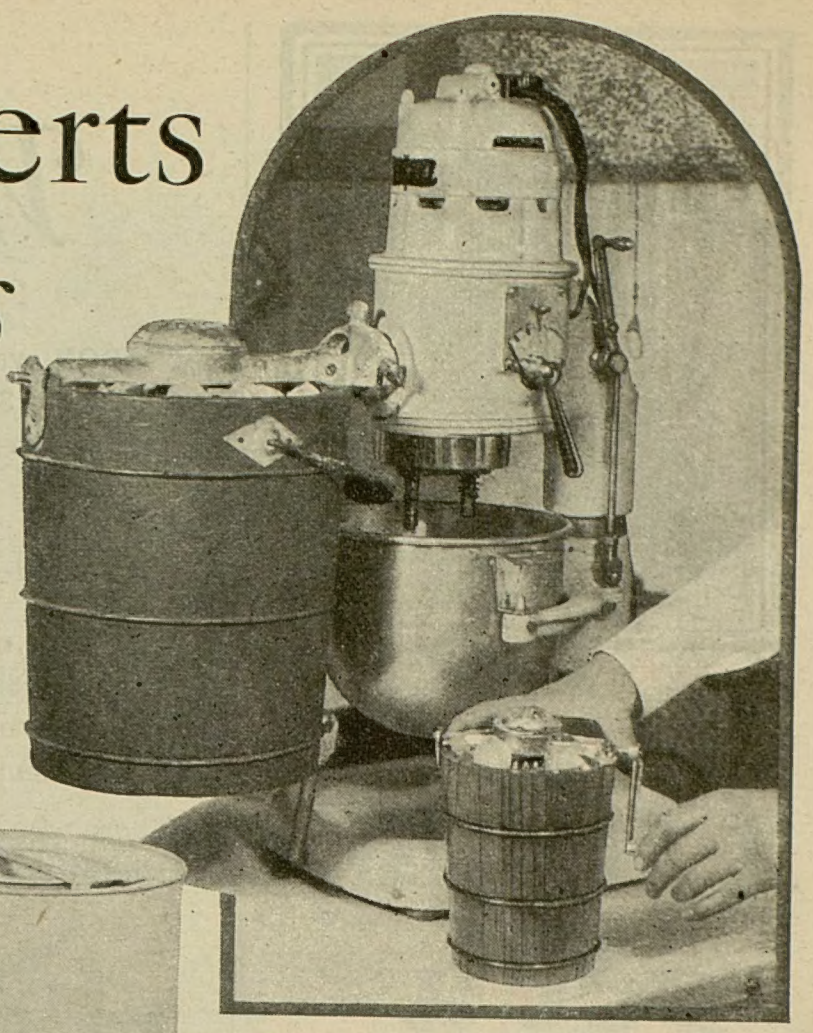


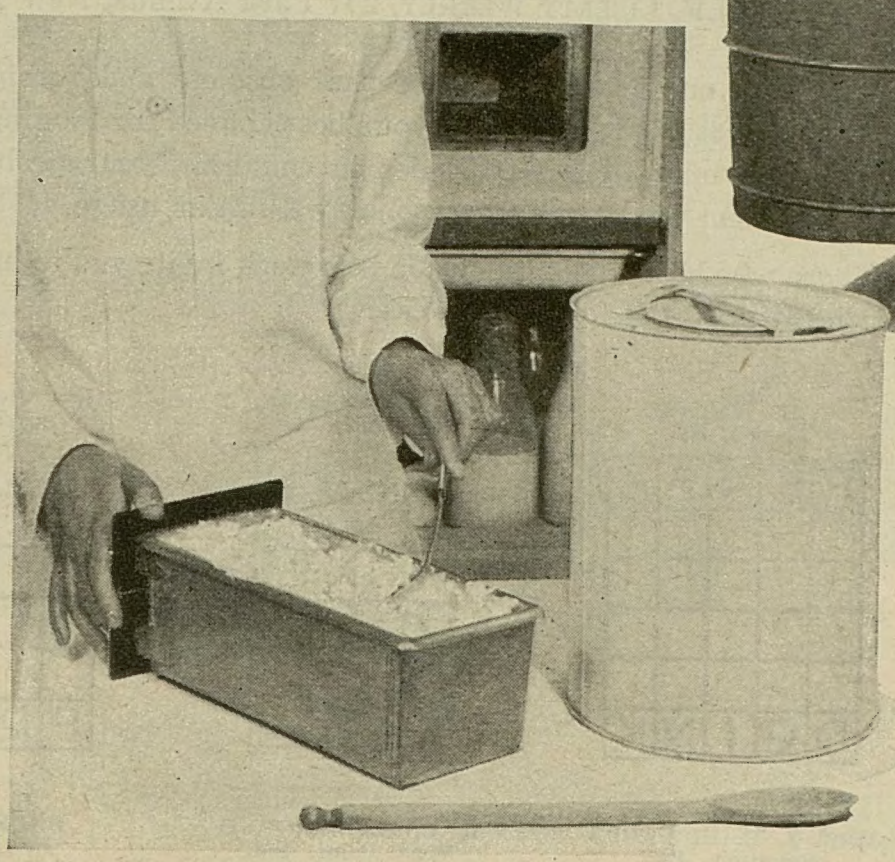
Whipped mixtures, as mousses, need only be packed in molds and frozen.

Frozen Desserts *for* Hot Days

By
ETHEL SOMERS



No matter what size the freezer is, churned frozen foods demand a slow, rhythmical churning to achieve the desired smoothness.



Mechanical ice box and vacuum freezing demands a certain richness in the mixture and complete stirring every 20 minutes until it thickens.

FROZEN foods are favorite desserts with everyone. They are an effective means of utilizing the day's quota of dairy products. No coaxing is necessary when it comes to partaking of the vitamins in ice cream. Nor is the gain in bodily strength and vitality one whit diminished because of this pleasantness.

Fortunately, the old bugaboo about ice cream unduly chilling the stomach has been scientifically dispelled. Provided one eats slowly and in moderation, as of course one always should, only healthful benefits can result from serving ice creams.

There are three common methods of freezing cream mixtures: whipping, stirring, and churning. The first is the simplest. This method requires that a rich cream, after being beaten till light and fluffy, be seasoned and put to freeze for several hours. The product is known as mousse. The butter fat in the cream and the fluffiness resulting from beating prevent the formation of ice crystals or its becoming solid.

Stirred ice creams, if desired, may be somewhat less rich than mousses, though for the best texture a filler will be needed. With stirred ice cream, success in producing a velvety texture lies, first, in the make-up and consistency of the mixture to be frozen, and then in the stirring, which should be at intervals of 20 to 30 minutes. No further stirring is needed once the mixture thickens on freezing.

Perhaps the so-called churned method of freezing ice cream is most common. Still less rich and unfilled creams may be frozen by this method. They require constant stirring or churning at a slow but uniform speed, with perhaps a slight acceleration at the end to whip the frozen mixture to a desirable fluffiness. If you are in doubt about the proper cranking, it is far better to turn the freezer too slowly than too fast. About 20 revolutions a minute will give good results.

Why not take inventory of your culinary equipment for freezing desserts, select basic recipes for the types of freezing at your command, then proceed to offer your family frozen desserts in variety?

STIRRED ICE CREAM—Use whipping cream in recipe for plain ice cream and whip rather than cook. Fold in ¼ teaspoon gelatin dissolved in 1 teaspoon cold water.

Increase cornstarch to 1½ tablespoons in recipe for ice cream made with cornstarch.

Increase gelatin to 1 tablespoon added to hot milk. Let congeal and fold in the whipped cream before freezing in recipe for ice cream made with gelatin.

Increase yolks to 4 or eggs to 2 in recipe for ice cream with egg.

WHIPPED ICE CREAM—Use 2 cups of cream, whipped, and flavor as for recipe for plain ice cream or variations thereof.

CHURNING METHOD OF FREEZING—(Used for Recipes 1, 2, 3, and 4, and variations thereof.) Pour the ice cream mixture into the scalded freezer can. Insert the dasher. Cover and surround with an 8 to 1 ice and rock salt mixture. Pack solid with ice and salt until the freezer can is completely buried, punching the ice down with a mallet handle. Pour in ½ to 1 cup of water to start the ice melting. Then churn slowly and steadily. The time depends on the freezer used and the quantity being frozen. It is best judged by the fact that the handle turns with effort to overcome the considerable resistance offered by the frozen cream. Remove the ice and salt from the top. Wipe cover clean with a damp cloth. Remove cover and, using a wooden spoon, scrape the dasher and freezer clean, molding the frozen cream ready for packing. Cork the dasher hole in the cover. Pour off any water from the outer bucket. Repack in an 8 to 1 mixture of ice and salt to ripen. For the finest flavor and texture, let stand at least 1 hour before freezing.

STIRRED METHOD OF FREEZING (See stirred ice cream)—Pour the cream mixture to be frozen (preferably a whipped mixture) into the freezing chamber. If a vacuum type is being used, pack with ice and salt (4 or 6 to 1). Add ½ to 1 cup water to start the ice melting. If yours is an iceless refrigerator, insert the filled tray in its proper chamber. Stir thoroughly every 20 to 30 minutes, scraping the frozen cream from the sides and blending it with the whole. When the cream solidifies, let stand to ripen. Serve after a 30 minute to 1 or 2 hour ripening period.

WHIPPED METHOD OF FREEZING (See whipped ice cream)—Pack the flavored, light, fluffy whipped mixture into molds with tight covers, or for iceless freezing into paper cups or uncovered molds. If covers are used, insure a water-tight seal by buttering the outer rim of the mold and cover and covering with a layer of waxed paper. Pack in a 3 or 4 to 1 ice and salt mixture for 2 or 3 hours, or let stand in the freezing chamber of an iceless refrigerator 3 to 6 hours.

TABLE OF RECIPES FOR ICE CREAMS

Churned Vanilla Ice Cream

RECIPE	CREAM	SALT	MILK	SUGAR	FLAVORING	ADDITIONS
Plain [1]	2 cups	1/16 tsp.	None	⅜ cup	1½ tsp. vanilla	None
With Cornstarch [2]	1 cup whipped	1/16 tsp.	1 cup	½ cup	1½ tsp. vanilla	1 tsp. cornstarch
With Gelatin [3] ...	1 cup whipped	1/16 tsp.	1 cup	½ cup	1½ tsp. vanilla	1 tsp. gelatin
With Egg [4]	1 cup whipped	1/16 tsp.	1 cup	½ cup	1½ tsp. vanilla	2 yolks or 1 egg

Method of Mixing

[1] Scalding the cream before using will give a finer grain to the ice cream. Dissolve the sugar in the scalded cream, add the vanilla, and freeze. (Eighteen, 25, or 32 per cent cream may be used. The higher percentage of fat in the cream, the richer, yellower, fluffier, and less apt to melt is the resulting ice cream.)

[2] Mix the sugar and cornstarch until thoroughly blended. Gradually stir in the hot milk. Cook over hot water at least 15 minutes—30 minutes is better. Add the scalded cream and cool.

[3] Soak the gelatin in ¼ cup of the cold milk 5 minutes and dissolve this in the hot milk. Add sugar and scalded cream and cool.

[4] Heat the milk over hot water. Beat the eggs slightly and blend with the sugar. Pour the hot milk into the egg and sugar mixture. Stir and cook over hot water until the mixture coats the spoon, or for about 3 minutes. Add the scalded cream and cool. If the mixture is at all "curdly" it is better to strain before freezing to prevent lumping.

ICE cream is, as Ethel Somers points out, always a welcome dessert in warm weather. But there are many other desserts that are just as refreshing on a summer day. You will find recipes for these in the cookbooks Miss Somers has prepared for LIBERTY readers. In one of these cookbooks are recipes for delightful frozen desserts, as well as frozen salads. In another you will learn of more than 240 ways to prepare delicious cooling summer refreshments. There are many suggestions in the three cookbooks that will lend variety to summer meals. Each book, 10¢; all three for only 25¢. Order them today. Use the coupon, please.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
Please send me a copy of ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I inclose.....cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)
Name .....
Street or R. F. D.....
City..... State.....
8-4-28

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Candy Restores Energy!

A bite or two peps you up
like an afternoon nap

Sweeten the day
with Candy

NATURE provides all of the choice things that go into candy—the wholesome sugar, the pure country milk, the luscious chocolate, the delicate fruit flavors, the meaty, nourishing nuts. And nature provides *you* with the appetite for all these things. What nature says is *right*. And it's certainly *human* nature to love candy. What's more, it's good for you.

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"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation No Cough.

The Cream of the Tobacco Crop.